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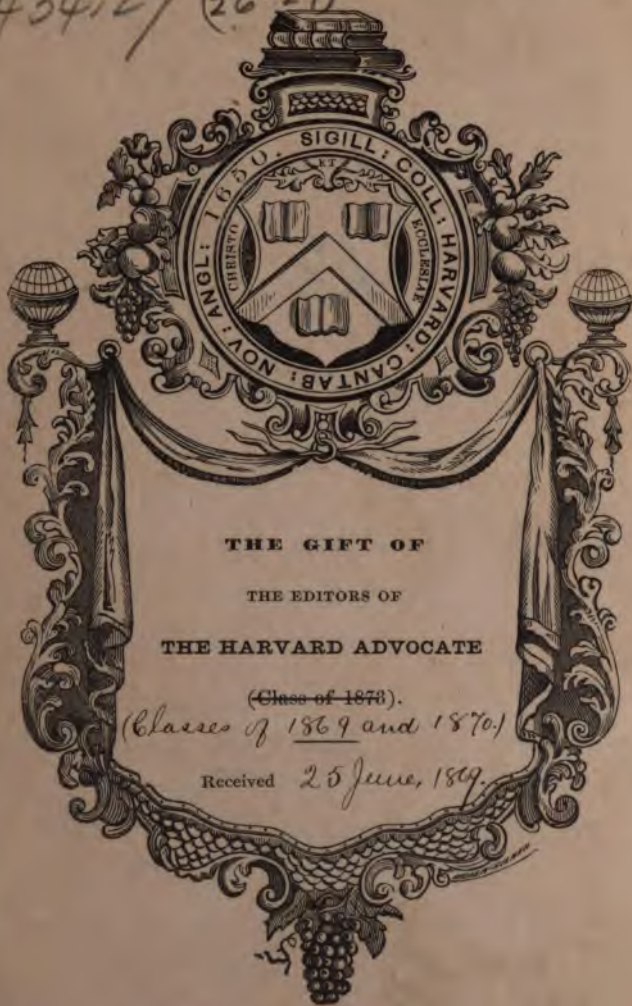
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[No. 201.]

MY HUSBAND'S MIRROR.

43 5 31 6

A Domestic Comedietta,

IN ONE ACT.

WRITTEN BY
William Harland
W. W. CLAPP, JR., ESQ.,

EDITOR OF THE BOSTON SATURDAY EVENING GAZETTE;

AUTHOR OF

"A RECORD OF THE BOSTON STAGE," A DRAMATIC TRIFLE, ENTITLED
"JOHN GILBERT AND HIS DAUGHTER;" &c., &c.

WITH

ORIGINAL CAST, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY
MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER
OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
123 NASSAU STREET, (Op. STAMPA.)

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

FRED DELMANN,	Boston Museum, Dec. 22, 1866.	Boston Theatre, Jan. 5, 1867.
MR. RICKS,	Mr. William Warren	Mr. John Gilbert
POURCE,	" Wilson	" G. Johnson
	" H. L. Bascom	" N. T. Davenport
Mrs. DELMANN,	Mrs. Sterrett	Miss Lizzie Emmons
MARGARET,	Miss Fredericks	Miss Ida Vernon
CHILDREN,	{ Miss M. Thomson }	{ Miss Jones }
	" C. Thomson }	" Watson }

SCENE. — BOSTON.

TIME. — PRESENT DAY.

COSTUMES. — MODERN.

NOTE. — This COMEDY was originally produced at the Boston Museum, and was subsequently retouched and adapted for the Boston Theatre.

11434

1869, June 25.

Bought with the
 gift of
 the Editors of the
 MY HUSBAND'S MIRROR.
 Howard Advocate.

27

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Breakfast Room in the House of DELMAINE. C. D. open, backed by chamber. D. F. R. H., practical, to open on stage, backed with closet backing with several coats hung up in the closet. Set door, 2 E. L. H.; set door, 1 E. R. H.; window, L. flat; round table covered, on R. H., on it pens, ink, paper, hand bell, envelopes, books, and written letter; two chairs on R. H.; two chairs R. and L. of C. D.; sofa on L. C. 2 G.; table on L. H., covered with white cloth, and set for breakfast for two persons; newspaper on L. table, (written;) set fire place, 2 E. R. H., and fire burning; two chairs R. and L. of table L. H.; reticule, (with two written letters in it,) hanging on chair R. of L. table; carpet, hearth rug, and fire stand on by fireplace, R. H.*

Enter FRED DELMAINE, door 2 E. L. H.

Fred. If there is an unhappier man than myself in this world, I should like to see him. I should like to take his hand and condole with him. Misery likes company, they say; and as I feel now, it would be a luxury, yes, an actual treat, to see some individual a shade or two more miserable than myself. And this comes of getting married — of deserting those bachelors with whom, until thirty-five years of age, I lived, and had an existence. I was happy then, free as the air, and contented — till I saw the present Mrs. Delmaine. It was an unfortunate day for me, when I came across this village beauty. She was so plump, so jovial, and so kind of social, that I popped the question. She accepted, and we were married before I really knew what I was about. It makes my head snap to think of it. The first year of wedded life that cherub Peace sat smiling on our hearth — I should say stove, for we occupied a single room in a highly respectable boarding house in Bowdoin Street, and the room was heated by an air-tight. Those were happy days. We didn't have room enough to swing a cat round; but as we didn't have any leisure for that recreation, we didn't care. Mrs. Delmaine was the very *beau ideal* of a wife. I never found a button off a shirt; but now, hang me, I am a sort of perambulating pincushion. I've got my dickey pinned on now, and my sleeves are pinned too. Every thing in the house is going to rack and ruin. Children are not cared for — servants do as they please. Belzebub's back kitchen must be a paradise to such a place as this. I wonder why Mrs. Delmaine does not make her appearance. (*Rings bell violently several times.*) Margaret! Margaret!

(3)

Enter MARGARET, door R. H. 1 E., yawning and rubbing her eyes — dressed very slatternly.

Mar. Dear me — I believe I heard a bell. (*Yawns.*) What a situation I've got, to be sure! (*Yawns.*) O, you rang, did you, Mr. Delmaine?

Fred. I think I did. Where's your mistress?

Mar. She's dressing, sir. — (*Aside.*) Dear me, I do wish I knew how fashionable ladies get along with such a little sleep — she didn't come home till near daybreak.

Fred. Don't stand there mumbling. Go tell Mrs. Delmaine that breakfast is waiting, and then just rub the slumber out of your eyes with the Cochituate — if it ain't froze up.

Mar. (*Going.*) Slumber! I don't know what that word means since I've lived here. What with mistress's late hours, and master's early hours, and the children at all sorts of hours, day and night, I haven't time for a dream. (*Yawns.*) (*Exit, door 1 E. R. H.*)

Fred. That's the way it goes. When I bought this house and furnished it, I thought nothing was wanting to complete our happiness. Friends called and congratulated us; we gave little parties, and I was proud of the attention paid Mrs. Delmaine; but, hang me, it spoiled her. So soon as she thought she was *somebody*, she imagined I was *nobody*. It's a way *some* wives have of looking at their husbands; but I'm not going to be turned into a mere money-making machine to supply the extravagant wants of any female that walks. Rather than do it, I'll get a divorce — a divorce — a divorce.

Enter MRS. DELMAINE, door R. H. 1 E.

Mrs. Del. What's that you are talking about, Frederick — what's that you say?

Fred. Madam, I was thinking aloud; and as you overheard a portion of my cogitations, you might as well know the rest. I am tired of talking to *you*, Mrs. Delmaine, and, what's more, I am tired of receiving every July and January a perfect avalanche of bills, when I supply you liberally with sufficient for every want.

Mrs. Del. Go on, sir, go on — I suppose I'm to be favored with one of your semi-annual lectures on poverty.

Fred. No, madam — you are going to hear my ultimatum; for I have made up my mind to put a stop to the unhappiness you cause me, by a divorce, if necessary.

Mrs. Del. That don't worry me, Frederick, my dear: I've heard you threaten before to-day.

Fred. And now you are about to see the realization of my threats.

Mrs. Del. Come, come, sir, let us understand each other. If you wish a separation, I'm ready. Draw up the papers, give me this house, the children, and an income of three thousand dollars per annum, and you may start for New York, Halifax, or Hamilton, just as soon as you please.

Fred. Thank you, madam, thank you; but I decline your offer in

toes. As little as I care for the mother of my offspring, I shall never leave these precious children,

Enter MARGARET and two small children, door R. H. I. E., very dirtily dressed, hair over their eyes, bits of bread in their hands. Stand R. H.

dirty and neglected as they are, to the guidance of such a woman. I ask you, Mrs. Delmaine, to look at them. I ask you, as a believer in the great truth that cleanliness is next unto godliness, if that couple aren't enough to make you blush.

Mrs. Del. Margaret, I've told you time and time again to keep those children looking neater. I've told you not to spare the scrubbing brush, if they did cry.

Mrs. (R. H.) I knew it, mamma, but I haven't time to attend to them. If there were forty-eight hours in the day, I couldn't get through all my work. I cleanse 'em up as well as I can, but while I'm cleansing one t'other gets dirty, and 'tain't no use trying.

Fred. You can go along, Margaret — it is not your fault. (*Exeunt MARGARET and children, D. R. I. E.*) No, Mrs. Delmaine, don't try to throw the blame upon Margaret. You are the person to blame — you are the one who should set a better example in your own household, and the servants will soon follow it. But the coffee is cold now — just pour me out a cup, for I am an hour late at the counting room.

Mrs. Del. Any thing to stop your mouth. (*They sit at breakfast table on L. H.*) The Lord knows what a life I lead. It is sordid before breakfast — sordid at breakfast — sordid when you come home to dinner — sordid after dinner — and sordid when you go to bed! It's a wonder to me that my temper ain't seared before this.

Fred. (*L. H. of table.*) By Heavens, madam, it's a wonder to me that I've got patience enough left to remonstrate with you! You lead me a dog's life!

Mrs. Del. (*R. H. of table.*) I lead you a dog's life! That's a pretty accusation — I scarcely see you. Your desertion of me is the town talk. If you were fond of parties, and concerts, and balls, and the theatre, we should live as happy as the day is long.

Fred. And you might add, the night, too. I like them all in moderation; but you never tire, month in and month out. You must be in the midst of a whirlpool of excitement, or you are troubled with the blues, or the (*emphatic*) highfartode, or some other infernal complaint, which no medicine, homoeopathy or allopathy, can cure.

Mrs. Del. Sir, you grow extravagant in your assertions.

Fred. The truth, madam, in your case is extravagant enough, without resorting to any fancy sketches.

Mrs. Del. You are losing your temper, sir; you'll be profane in a moment.

Fred. Dam' me, madam, if you wouldn't make an archangel swear — you'd exhaust the patience of a second Job, and puzzle a Babel to solve you.

Mrs. Del. (*Softening.*) I know you think so — I know you never loved me — I was a fool to marry a man who was so peevish.

(*Commences sobbing. Rises.*) But you'll break my heart one of these days — you will — you'll be a widower before you think of it. (*Advances, crying, towards R. H.*) Yes, sir, I know you'll not shed a tear. You ought to have a slave for a wife — but strychnine can accomplish a relief. I'll leave you, sir, and when you have left, I'll finish my meal. (*Exit, D. R. H. 1 E.*)

Fred. (*Who has sat very quietly looking at her, rises.*) That's all humbug. She is acting all that. It used to affect me once, but tears run off from my marble heart, now, like rain from a slated roof. They used to soften me once, but she's tried them on so often that I'm kind of petrified. She's a good soul, though, and possibly I am a little to blame. If I could only contrive some way to give her a lesson, I think I could reform her. While I've been hard to work trying to realize a fortune, she has been making progress in fashionable life — pah — fashionable fooleries. My junior partner told me the other day that there was a flirtation going on between her and young Mr. Flouncer. At the club, last night, some one asked me about little Flouncer, and appeared to think it a joke; and yesterday I received an anonymous note, which said, "BEWARE OF FLOUNCER." But she is a woman of too much sense, of too much purity, to be led away by such a manikin. I'll not trouble myself about him, at any rate. I'll look over the morning paper, and run down town. This little matrimonial junket has quite taken away my appetite. (*Sits down in the chair R. of table L. H. which Mrs. Delmaine has vacated, hanging on the side of which is her reticule. Takes up paper and looks over it leisurely.*) There isn't any thing very astonishingly new this morning. The editors have kind of exhausted bleeding Hungary and bleeding Kansas. (*Reads.*) "Copper stocks are rather down." — Don't like that, for I've been let in for a few hundreds in a mine, the location of which hadn't been ascertained at last accounts. (*Reads.*) "Potash is firm, and beef has a downward tendency." Here's a proposition to erect an equestrian statue of Washington on Boston Common — it ought to be done. "Triumphant success of Mrs. Barrow and Mrs. Wood in New York." — Glad to hear it. They went from our rural theatre, which hasn't its equal, I think I may say, even in the Empire City. — "A new play, written by a Boston boy, entitled 'My Wife's Mirror.'" Let me see. (*Reads.*) "The play is rather taking, and the idea is good. The wife, by adopting the follies of her husband, shows to him his own vices, with which he becomes disgusted." (*Taps his head.*) A thought strikes me — "'tis engendered here," as they say on the stage. (*Rises.*) "My Wife's Mirror!" And why not "My Husband's Mirror"? I'll manufacture one at once, frame it, hang it up. I'll run down town, and get my partner, Ricker, to assist me. I'll stop in at my tailor's, and buy the most fashionable ready-made garments that I can find. (*Sits down in same chair.*) Let me think — to correct her husband's vices she adopted them. I'll counterfeit the male counterparts of my wife's feminine delinquencies. I'll be the glass of fashion. (*Puts his hand on reticule.*) What's this? I feel paper inside this reticule. (*Opens it.*) A letter, and addressed to Mrs. Delmaine — "BEWARE OF FLOUNCER" — I'll read it. (*Reads.*) "Dearest: Your sweet look yesternight was sweet solace to my distracted

soul. I have asked myself a thousand times why I did not cross your path before——" Some one is coming! (*Thrusts the letter and bag under him, and keeps his seat.*)

Enter MARGARET, door R. H. 1 E., and mopes slowly around the stage, but does not say a word. FRED twists round, and as MARGARET is about making her exit, R. H., speaks to her.

Fred. Are you looking for any thing?

Mar. (*Going out, R. H.*) Only wanted to see if you were gone—that's all. (*Exit, door R. H. 1 E.*)

Fred. (*Taking out letter.*) I don't believe it; but the letter—"BEWARE OF FLOUNCER!" "Why I did not cross your path before he whose name you bear seized the priceless gem, the value of which he knows not. Let me bask in the sunshine of your smiles; let me alleviate the hard lot which you endure, and, by mingling our souls in sweet communion, find that affinity which is happiness here below. Name the hour when I can call, and believe me eternally your devoted friend." No signature. "BEWARE OF FLOUNCER!" Ah! those horrid words are ringing in my ears. I feel that the green-eyed monster is hovering around me. (*Feeling in reticule.*) Ah! here is another note, and in my wife's handwriting. "BEWARE OF FLOUNCER" is written in glowing letters before my eyes. (*Reads.*) "Dearest: Your kind note reached me safely; but I know not what reply to make. I seek—I feel I need an affinity like you—one who can lift the veil of mist which shrouds that world of spiritual love which I pine for. I believe your friendship for me partakes of that nature; for however much I may be neglected by my husband, his honor is a priceless gem, which I would rather die than see tarnished, even by suspicion. At two o'clock to-day you may come—till then, adieu." "BEWARE OF FLOUNCER!" (*Rushes round the stage in a terrible passion.*) I'll not hold the mirror up to nature. I'll hold a revolver, which will let daylight through the head of this affinity. I'll lift the veil of mist from this world of spiritual love with a vengeance. (*Looks at the letter.*) "My husband's honor"—ah! there is a spark of honor left, at least; and, after all, rashness may only kill what a little stratagem may cure. But some one comes. I'll put the letters back, and watch my chances. (*Hangs reticule in same place.*) Ah! it's Lizzie.

Enter MRS. DELMAINE, door R. H. 1 E.

Mrs. Del. Not gone yet, sir?

Fred. (*Aside.*) I'll commence the mirror now. I'll put on the first coating of quicksilver. (*To MRS. DEL.*) No, dearest, no. I couldn't bear to leave you in a pet, and I was just coming to ask your forgiveness for talking as I did.

Mrs. Del. (*Aside.*) He's been drinking.

Fred. You know I love you, you little pussy. You know you've got an eye like a daisy, with a soul in it, as the poet says.

Mrs. Del. (*Aside.*) He's wandering.

Fred. You know you always control me. You always make me do just what you please, you little pink.

Mrs. Del. (Aside.) He's insane.

Fred. I was very rough this morning, I know it, but my railroad didn't declare any dividend this January, and I was a little down in the mouth. I wanted to buy the diamond necklace that I saw at Jones's for you, but our road didn't pay, and I felt I couldn't afford it.

Mrs. Del. But that is no reason for scolding me — was it?

Fred. No, my love, no — but I have taken new resolutions. I'm an altered man. I have been a wretch, but am so no longer. Henceafter I'll live for you. Business may go to the devil. I've got some little land up, and so let's be gay. But —

"Should you ask me whence these feelings,
Whence these emotions and sensations —
I should answer —"

O, hang Hiawatha — but whenever I feel happy, I always feel two-
chale —. But, love, I tell you, I'm going to be the devoted slave of
the dearest little gilliflower of a wife that man was ever blessed with.
(*Holds her in his arms.*)

Mrs. Del. (Looking up lovingly.) But, Freddy dear, I wouldn't neglect my business if I were you. I'd attend to that, for without money one can't live very well.

Fred. My dear, I've worked hard enough, and I've got a soul above trade. I have other aspirations. But, wife, here's your reticule.

Mrs. Del. Ah, so it is — let it hang there. — (*Aside.*) It is all right — he hasn't opened it. But that stupid Margaret not to see it!

Fred. You'd better take it; the children might get it.

Mrs. Del. Perhaps I had. (*Takes it from him.*) It wouldn't be much of a loss if they did get it.

Fred. What's that bit of white paper sticking out of it?

Mrs. Del. It's only a little bill, which is paid. Don't be too inquisitive.

Fred. Well, I won't, love. It's one of my old faults, I know. I must go down to the office for a few hours, but I'll be back at two o'clock, sure.

Mrs. Del. Say four, my dearest — for I have an engagement with Mrs. Parker about that hour.

Fred. Four be it — and now, love, give me a kiss. (*Kisses her.*) Do you know that carried me back six years, to that evening when I —

Mrs. Del. I don't recollect any evening.

Fred. You do, you witch — you know you do — that evening when I looked up at the moon —

Mrs. Del. Now do go along.

Fred. You blush — well, I won't. Good by till four o'clock.

(*Exit, C. D. L. M.*)

Mrs. Del. (Solus.) That man is certainly bedeviled. Such a change in so short a time — what can it mean? Perhaps this is but a symptom of that moral insanity which has just been discovered in

New York. Possibly he is socially insane. I wish I had asked him for fifty dollars — that would have tested him. He intends to neglect business, does he? I should like to see him do it. Who would pay Chandler's bill, or Jones's bill, or Moseley's bill? He is, after all, only my material husband; I seek my affinities among congenial spirits. There is Flouencer — poor fellow, he is spiritually in love with me, and I couldn't help giving him an interview. He talks so sweetly too — I must send him this note. (*Takes an envelope from table on R. H. and encloses letter in it — addresses it and rings bell.*)

Enter MARGARET, door 1 R. H.,

Mar. I thought I heard the bell ring, ma'am.

Mrs. Del. Yes, Margaret, just take this letter and leave it at Dr. White's. It's for the expressman who brings in flowers from Milton. You needn't say any thing, but leave it — that's all.

Mar. (*Turning to go — looks at outside of letter.*) That's the first time I knew that Edwin Flouencer was an expressman. But we girls live and learn. (*To Mrs. DELMAINE.*) Will you take care of the children?

Mrs. Del. No, no, I haven't the time. I am obliged to run down to Mrs. Parker's. Leave them in the kitchen with the cook. Bless their dear souls! And, Margaret, be sure you don't stop by the way. There is nothing which gives me more trouble than to have girls waste time by looking in at store windows.

Mar. Yes, ma'am — any thing else?

Mrs. Del. Yes, bring my hat and shawl.

Mar. Yes, ma'am.

(*Exit door R. H. 1 R.*)

Mrs. Del. Upon my word I forget all about my breakfast — but the late supper at Mrs. Powers's took away my appetite. That frozen champagne was delicious — though I must confess it gave me a headache. Poor Frederick had been in bed five hours when I got home, for what with the iced champagne, the Roman punch, and old Madams, I felt very singularly. Come, hurry, Margaret.

Enter MARGARET, door R. 1 R., with six bonnets.

Mar. I didn't know which hat you wanted, and so I brought the first half dozen I saw.

Mrs. Del. O, stupid! I want my eleven o'clock hat — ah, this is it — run out of the back door, Margaret, with that note, and be back as quick as you can. (*Exit MARGARET, door R. 1 R. MRS. DELMAINE exits C. D. R. H. almost immediately.*)

Enter FREDERICK DELMAINE, C. D. L. H.

Fred. As good luck would have it, I met my partner at the door, and we dropped into the grocery store opposite and talked my scheme over. He approves it, and has entered heart and soul into it. He has gone to procure me every thing needful, and has promised to aid and abet in this plan to reform a wife by the apparent ruination of

her husband. And we have laid a trap for Flouncer. I don't exactly like those letters. I think I'll shoot Flouncer slightly. I just saw Mrs. Delmaine flaunt down the street like the wife of a millionaire. She did look pretty, and I'd like to see the man who don't feel kind of happy when he sees a fine woman walking along, well dressed, and can say to himself, "That's my wife." But I must, shall, and will put a stop to the rig she is running. But I must have a spiritual affinity, imaginary or real, and I believe the first are the safest. I'll write a letter to my dream love, and take good care that Mrs. Delmaine shall see it. (*Sits himself at table, E. H., and writes, reading as he progresses.*) "Dearest: Your last gentle token of spiritual love is embalmed in my heart of hearts, and you yourself shall keep the key." I think that is sufficiently transcendental to suit any one. "Your breathing words, 'uttered not, yet comprehended,' were like the lava of Vesuvius upon the arid plains of my warm heart." If Mrs. Delmaine can make sense out of that, she is a better scholar now than she was when I married her out of a farm house. "I know that every pulsation of our congenial spirits are in unison, and that the throbbings of our warm hearts vibrate like — vibrate like —" I'd a great mind to put, the harp of a thousand strings, but that isn't exactly spiritual. I have it. "Vibrate like the aspen leaves when wooed by the soft breezes of the south wind. I'll meet you again soon, but till then believe me your true affinity." I'll try that at a venture. (*Door bell rings, L. H.*) Ah, there's my clothes, I guess. (*Walks to door 2 E. L. H.*) John, if that is a bundle for me, carry it to my room; and now I'll drop this letter here, put on my new clothes, and see what's to be done. (*Exit door L. 2 H.*)

Enter MRS. DELMAINE, C. D. E. H.

Mrs. Del. O Heavens! such news, such sensations! Mr. and Mrs. Crosby are going to separate on account of supposed moral delinquency on his part — the gossips are full of it. Mrs. Blake has bought the one thousand dollar camel's hair shawl at Warren's. Mrs. Simpson has procured a brocade from New York which will stand alone. Mrs. Parkman has received, direct from Paris, a crinoline skirt which measures sixteen feet in circumference, and will wear it at Mrs. Popham's reception on Thursday evening. Mrs. Johnson — (*Sees letter.*) What's this? Has Flouncer been imprudent? (*Picks letter up.*) No direction. (*Opens it.*) No signature — but I'll swear it's Frederick's handwriting. (*Reads letter.*) What — what — what is all this? I must be dreaming. Such glowing words, such soul-fraught language! Have I been deceived? Does not this account for his indifference in times past, and for this sudden change? Some old love I presume. (*Tragic.*) "O that I should live to be the leaveings of a man!" (*Tenderly.*) It will break my heart, I know it will. Frederick, who made a pet of me, to be weaned from my side! (*Fiercely.*) I'll have the heart's blood of this fiend in female shape. I'll teach her how to invade the sanctity of my household, to steal away the honor plighted at the altar. (*Looks at her watch.*) It's two o'clock, I declare, and Flouncer will be here. I told Margaret to let him in. Ah, I hear him coming up.

Enter MR. FLOUNCER, C. D. R. H.

Floun. Ah, my dear Mrs. Delmaine, I just left our circle—they were all curious to know where I was going. Some predicted that I was going here, others there, but not one thought of you. While they were discussing it I stole away, like the Arabs who fold their tents.

Mrs. Del. You have a splendid memory, Mr. Flouncer. Your quotations from the poets are singularly correct.

Floun. Madam, you flatter me. There is a congeniality between myself and the unseen spirits of departed poets. When I am at a loss for a quotation, I merely press the bump of memory, No. 26, and I am impressed at once. My dear Mrs. Delmaine, this gift, great as it is, I value as nothing when compared with the pride I feel in being regarded as your affinity.

Mrs. Del. I don't exactly understand what you mean by affinity. If I confess that you are mine, what rights are exercised by you?

Floun. Well, madam, you have not progressed far enough in the study of spiritual love to understand. It is my belief that Mr. Delmaine is somebody else's husband.

Mrs. Del. What's that you say? (*Agitated.*) Do you know where she lives—can you show me the house only?

Floun. Madam, be calm—I mean that spiritually you were not intended for each other. There is a dissimilarity in your tastes—you are ethereal, he is terrestrial. *We*—(*takes her hand*)—*we* are of the same mould—let me imprint one—

Enter MARGARET hastily, C. D. R. H.

Mar. O madam, Mr. Ricker, your husband's partner, is on the stairs, and is coming up.

Mrs. Del. I am lost, lost, lost! Mr. Delmaine will hear of it, and you'll be killed. But stay—go in here, (*points towards her husband's room, 2 E. L. H.,*) and remain concealed till I call you.

Mar. He can't, madam; John says master has been in his room some time.

Mrs. Del. Mr. Flouncer, you are no better than a corpse.

Floun. Don't say so—do take and put me somewhere, I beg of you. My constitution is spiritually feeble, and I cannot cope with two men. Do, miss, take me away.

Mar. Get in here, into this closet, and don't breathe or move. (*He is hustled in door E. F., and the door is closed. MRS. DELMAINE seizes a book and seats herself at table E. H. MARGARET clears the table L. H., and carries the things off E. H.; trembling with fright she drops a few plates, and exits door E. H. 1 E., as MR. RICKER enters at C. D. L. H.*)

Rick. A careless servant you have there, Mrs. Delmaine. But it's good for the trade. I don't suppose the Sumners would object to having one such girl in every household.

Mrs. Del. She is careless, but very faithful. She is so kind to the children, and takes such good care of them, that I hate to part with her, and therefore I pardon her clumsiness.

Rick. Is your husband ill to-day? He has not been at the store. It is something so unusual that I called round to learn the cause of his absence.

Mrs. Del. O, no; he was quite well this morning. He went out, but during my absence he returned, and is now in his chamber. Shall I call him?

Rick. Not yet, if you please. Have you noticed, my dear Mrs. Delmaine, any thing peculiar in his actions of late?

Mrs. Del. O, no—yes—I mean nothing but a slight eccentricity.

Rick. Is there no cause of trouble at home? Excuse my asking, but his neglect of business and his constant talk about affinities led me to suspect that there might be a cause for it at home.

Mrs. Del. I have not given him any cause, that I know of.

Rick. Possibly there may be another who has. What time does he come home of nights?

Mrs. Del. I confess I do not know. — (*Aside.*) I more than suspect—this note and this conduct—he has fallen a prey to some back woman. — (*Aloud.*) Ah, Mr. Ricker, let me confide in you—let me — (*Noise is heard in FREDERICK'S room L. M. T. E. He enters dressed in the most extravagant style.*)

Mrs. Del. My Heavens! Frederick, what are you dressed up in that style for? Are you insane?

Fred. (*Taking stage ad lib.*) Ah, Ricker, I am happy to see you. My wife asks me if I am insane—do you think I am? Madame, is it any proof of a feeble intellect when you put on your three hundred dollar ball dress? Ricker, do you think I am slightly loony?

Rick. Upon my word, you are rather peculiar—but I don't see any signs of lunacy.

Fred. I am glad to hear you say so—for I've come to the conclusion that I wasn't born to hide my candle under a bushel any longer. You may attend to the business, or the business may go to the devil.

Rick. You surprise me, Mr. Delmaine.

Fred. By the gods, sir, you'll not be the only one who'll be surprised. I'm bound to shine in the political world. I'm going to offer myself as candidate for the Common Council from our ward. I've got three axes to grind.

Mrs. Del. (*To RICKER.*) Do you hear that? He's certainly insane.

Fred. Mrs. Delmaine, I'm going to settle the jail land question in a manner which will suit all parties. That is axe No. 1. I'm going to relieve Washington Street of all the omnibuses, and Tremont Street of the railway, by opening a new avenue where you little expect it. That is axe No. 2. I'm going to have a public wash-house established on Back Bay, where all the public officers can have their linens washed and their shirt buttons sewed on—free gratis for nothing. That is axe No. 3.

Mrs. Del. Do, Mr. Ricker, run down to the station house, and ask some men to come up and take him to the hospital. He will do something rash.

Fred. Those three ideas will make me famous; and next year I

shall be sent to Congress. In anticipation of going there, I intend to perfect myself as a good shot, (*takes out pistol*;) for they don't trouble good marksmen down there. By way of trial, I'll show you what I can do now. (*Goes towards door, R. E., where FLOUNCER is concealed, and draws a circle, with a large dot in the middle, on the door, and commences measuring the distance by paces.*)

Mrs. Del. Great Heavens! Flouncer will be killed. I beseech you, Mr. Ricker, take that pistol away from him. Frederick, I implore you, don't fire. Don't neglect the appeal of your wife.

Fred. Madam, you neglect my appeals; you neglect your household duties, and neglect your children. Why should I listen to you?

Mrs. Del. But, Frederick, you are going to do a foolish thing.

Fred. Madam, you do a hundred foolish things.

Mrs. Del. I implore you, then, as you value your hopes of heaven, and my peace of mind —

Fred. Madam, I begin to suspect. Is any one concealed in that closet?

Mrs. Del. (*Prosely.*) Sir, you insult, by such a suspicion, the mother of your children.

Fred. So I do. I didn't think of that before. As there is no one in there, it can't do any harm to fire at the door. No matter if the ball does penetrate; it will only damage a few old hats and coats.

Mrs. Del. If you present that pistol at that door again, I'll expose you, sir, to Mr. Ricker. (*Showing letter.*)

Fred. You found the letter I lost, then. Well, I care not — I will have my affinities.

Mrs. Del. O that I should live to hear you speak thus! Have I lost all hold upon your affections?

Fred. No, madam, you are slowly regaining them; but I tell you that I am bound to rise in the world. You shall yet be a shining star at Washington. But I must be a good shot before I start; and, Ricker, here goes — ten to one that I hit the centre the first shot.

Rick. Done! (*FRED fires, and FLOUNCER, rolled up in old coats, tumbles out, door R. E., and while FRED and RICKER are attending to MRS. DELMAINE, who faints into RICKER's arms, MARGARET rushes on, door 1 E. E. H., and rolls FLOUNCER off, C. D. E. H.; they place MRS. DELMAINE on a sofa, L. C.; MARGARET returns, and goes off, 1 E. E. H.*)

Rick. Great Heavens! Mr. Delmaine, I am afraid we have carried this joke too far.

Fred. She's coming to — now sit down. Margaret, send the children. (*MARGARET enters with children, door R. E. 1 E.; the children are neatly dressed, with white aprons; DELMAINE takes them on his knees, as he sits in a chair, R. C.; MRS. DELMAINE slowly recovers.*)

Mrs. Del. This is some horrid dream. I thought there was blood here. (*Takes hold of her dress.*) I thought there was murder on his hands. Frederick, where am I? — It's but a dream. — Is Flouncer dead? (*MRS. DELMAINE, on sofa, L. H. C., looks up, and sees her husband and children, R. H. C.; uttering an exclamation of delight, she rushes towards them, and leans her head on FRED's shoulder.*)

Mrs. Del. Have I been in the land of spirits?

Fred. Yes, my dear, in the land of wicked spirits; but at the

smell of gunpowder they disappeared. It is a powerful disinfecting agent.

Mrs. Del. And is no one killed?

Rick. No one, madam. A man tumbled out of that closet.

Fred. Yes, love, and Margaret rolled him out.

Mrs. Del. And will you — can you forgive me?

Fred. Yes, my dear, if you will give me assurance that the mirror I have held up has been sufficiently powerful for you to see the reflection of your foibles. I will not call them vices; for your head, not your heart, led you astray.

Mrs. Del. I see it now — I see the motive. This extravagance in dress is but a reflection of my own — your assumed neglect of business the counterpart of my delinquency as a good housewife. Your pretended political aspirations but a burlesque of my love of follies, which are as transient as political honors — but, husband, this letter!

Fred. Only a little invention of my own. — My affinities are here. (*Embracing his wife and children.*)

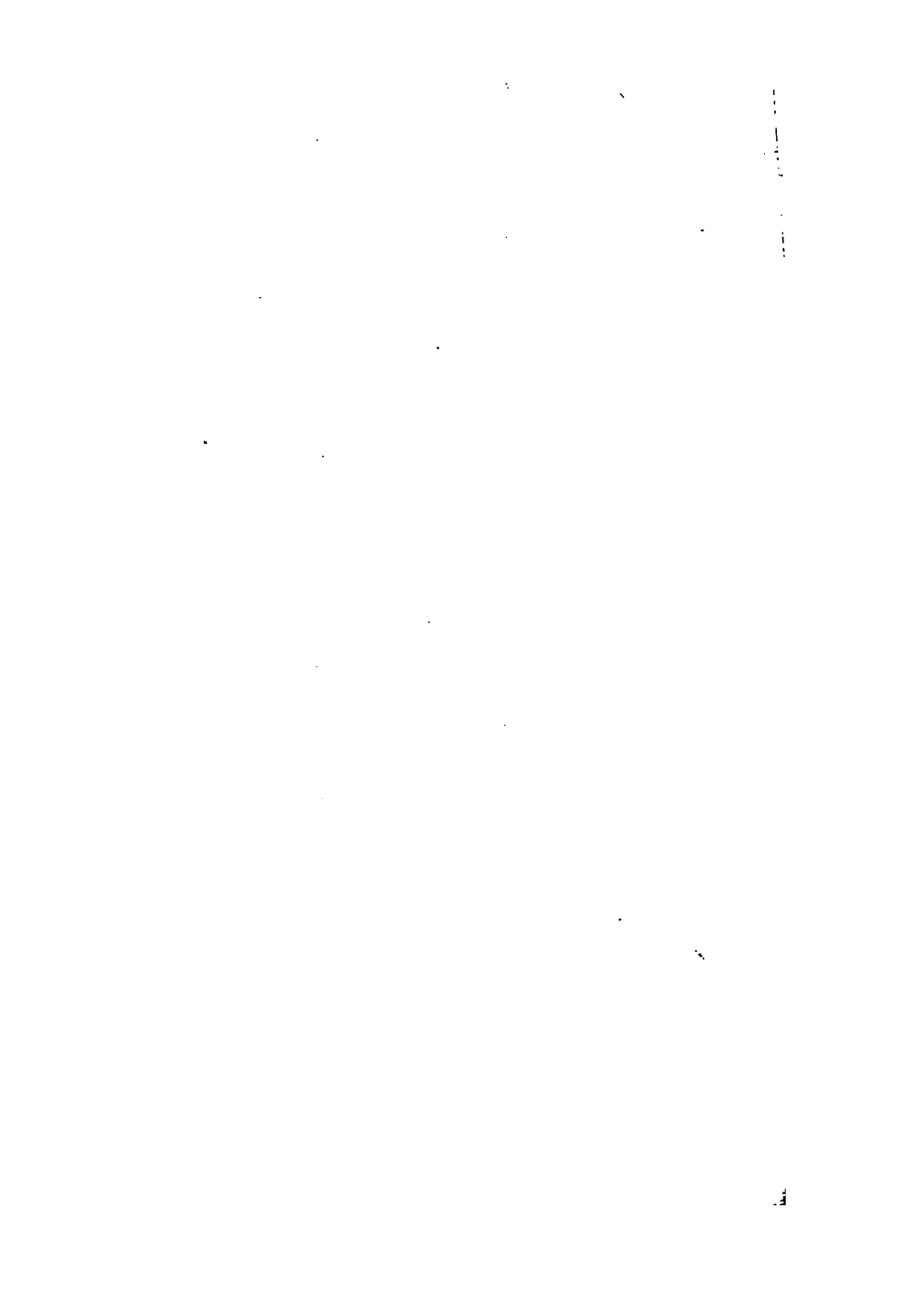
Rick. Have you no others? Are these good people not of your circle? (*Pointing to audience.*)

Fred. Certainly; and, ere the curtain falls, let me express the trust that this trifle has its moral. If there are any here who have seen a reflection of those follies acted on the great stage of life, may I hope that a little good has been accomplished by the exhibition of —

Mrs. Del. (*Promptly.*) "MY HUSBAND'S MIRROR!"

SITUATIONS.

MARGARET. MR. DELMAINE. MRS. DELMAINE. MR. RICKER.
TWO CHILDREN.
Curtain.
A. H. L. H.



6

[No. 202.]

YANKEE LAND.

A Comedy,

IN TWO ACTS.

By C. A. LOGAN, ESQ.,

COMEDIAN.

WITH

ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY
MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER
OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.



NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,
122 NASSAU STREET. (Up Stairs.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

SIR CAMERON OGLEBY,	<i>Park's, New York,</i> 1884.	<i>National, Boston,</i> 1882.	<i>Providence, R. I.,</i> 1883.	<i>Trenton, Boston,</i> 1883.
LIEUTENANT OSTRAND,	Mr. Blakely	Mr. W. Taylor	Mr. W. H. Curtis	Mr. G. Haynes
HARRY ASHTON,	" Harrison	" N. Johnson	" N. Johnson	" W. L. Ayling
MR. MALSON,	" J. Mason	" A. W. Fenno	" G. Howard	" G. Howard
MR. OTTO MANIKIN,	" Clarke	" J. G. Carrilich	" W. M. Leman	" W. M. Leman
SENIL,	" Rae	" C. Muzzy	" E. F. Leach	" C. Howard
LOT SIF SAGO,	" Fisher	" C. H. Saunders	" C. H. Saunders	" J. Greene
JOE,	" J. H. Hackett	" Robinson	" G. G. Spear	" J. S. Slinbee
JOSEPHINE,	Mrs. Sharpe	Miss E. Mettayer	Mrs. Webster	Mrs. W. L. Ayling
MISS STARCHINGTON,	" Wheatley	Mrs. Meer	" G. G. Spear	" J. Gilbert
MRS. ASHTON,	" Wallace	" C. Muzzy	" J. Greene
SIR CAMERON OGLEBY,	<i>Walnut St., Phila.,</i> 1884.	<i>Federal St., Boston,</i> 1883.	<i>National, Boston,</i> 1884.
LIEUTENANT OSTRAND,	Mr. D. Eberle	Mr. J. Byrne	Mr. E. Duff
HARRY ASHTON,	" Henkins	" W. McFarland	" Morton
MR. MALSON,	" Young	" H. Watkins	" P. C. Byrne
MR. OTTO MANIKIN,	" Hackurt	" J. B. Booth, Jr.	" G. Stoddard
SENIL,	" Radcliffe	" Currier	" W. H. Curtis
LOT SIF SAGO,	" G. G. Spear	" W. F. Johnson	" G. E. Locke
JOE,	" Heath	" G. G. Spear	
JOSEPHINE,	Miss S. Cushman	Miss E. Mettayer	Mrs. Cunningham,
MISS STARCHINGTON,	Mrs. W. Jones	Mrs. J. Reid	" Hald
MRS. ASHTON,	" Thayer	" H. Cramer	" Marshall

YANKEE LAND.

COSTUME.

Sir Cameron—Brown coat; buff vest; brown breeches; brown overcoat; knee boots; broad-brimmed hat.

Lieut. Ostrand—Naval frock; blue trousers; naval cap; gray wig.

Harvy Ashton—Blue coat, gilt buttons; black velvet vest; gray or black trousers; black hat.

Mr. Malson—Plain gray coat; breeches and vest; gray stockings; shoes and buckles; black bald wig.

Manikin—Plaid shooting coat; plaid trousers and vest; shoes and gaiters; fancy cravat; white modern hat; fowling piece; shot belt; game bag, and powder flask. *Second Dress.*—*First Act.* Morning gown; handkerchief around head; fancy slippers. *Third Dress.*—Extreme of modern fashion.

Senil—Black coat, vest, and breeches; black stockings; shoes and buckles; gray wig.

Lot—Drab long tail coat; broad striped vest; eccentric striped trousers; straps and boots; yeoman crown hat; bright-colored cravat.

Joe—Shooting coat; red vest and drab trousers; drab wideawake.

Two Officers—Plain coats and trousers; hats.

Josephine—White muslin.

Miss Starchington—Gray gown; white handkerchief pinned over chest and neck; demure white cap, mobbed.

Mrs. Ashton—Plain dress of merino.

YANKEE LAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Plain Apartment at MR. OSTRAND'S, 1 G. Table and two chairs on R. H. Cricket on R. H.*

Enter LIEUTENANT OSTRAND, R. H. 1 E.

Os. Why taries my child? She should not leave me at a moment when my fate seems to urge me to despair. My stern oppressor refuses to defer his demand, even till the last remaining pittance of my wasted fortune can be transmitted from my agent in London.

Enter HARVY ASHTON, L. H. 1 E.

Har. Pardon me, sir, if I break upon your privacy; but my business requires your immediate attention. Malson, your inexorable landlord, bade me say, in answer to your solicitation, that he will wait no longer for his money. He now forbids, what but a week ago he so strongly urged, your removal. He hinted mysteriously that you not only had it in your power to discharge the debt, but also had the means of securing to yourself an indisputable title for life to the premises you occupy.

Os. The means I — Has he dared to asperse my honor? accuse me of a fraudulent design to evade the honest dues of a creditor? This instant shall he retract his insinuation, or by the honor of a soldier! — but no, no —

Enter JOSEPHINE, R. H.

Har. Josephine!

Jo. Father!

Os. Have you returned at last? Why did you leave me for so long a time, Josephine, when your presence here was necessary?

Jo. My presence necessary? I did not know that, father, or I should have returned sooner. I met our landlord, Mr. Malson. He is rather mysterious, to be sure; but, no doubt, he will explain himself to you, for he says he intends seeing you on particular business.

Har. His errand may require privacy. If my sincere friendship can be of service to you, I respectfully trust that no mistaken feelings of delicacy will prevent your claiming its assistance. Perhaps, dear

sir, I speak freely ; but when I see honorable poverty in one scale, and grasping cupidity in the other, the horse that carries me and the true rifle I carry shall be turned into dollars to make the griping rascal kick the beam. *(Exit, L. H. 1 E.)*

Jo. Bless me, he never said good by. *(Runs to L. H. 1 E.)*

Os. Josephine, what did Mr. Malson say to you ?

Jo. Nothing, father ; that is, nothing worth repeating.

Os. Yet you said it was something mysterious.

Jo. Well, all that is strange is not worth repeating. Harvy went away without saying "good by" — that is strange ; but that's not worth repeating. *(Knock, 1 E. L. H.)* Some one knocks. *(Knock, 1 E. L. H.)* The knock seems worth repeating. *(Goes to L. H. 1 E.)* It's Mr. Malson, father.

Enter MALSON, L. H. 1 E.

Os. Leave us.

Jo. Yes, father. — I trust he won't find his visit worth repeating. — *(Aside.)* And — *(Exit, R. H.)*

Os. Mr. Malson, I will not for a moment affect ignorance of the object of your visit — you want money.

Mal. You are ignorant of the object of my visit. — I do not want money.

Os. What, then, has procured me the honor of this conference ?

Mal. Hear me, sir. I am a straightforward personage, and use no more words than serve to express my meaning. I would marry your daughter.

Os. You marry my daughter ?

Mal. Why not ? She is poor — I am the richest man in the country. Why should she not, and you consider the match a good one ?

Lot Sap Sago. *(Speaks outside, 1 E. L. H.,)* No ; I guess you, all on ye, had better stay outside a spell. I want to talk to the lieutenant. *(Enters, 1 E. L. H., with gun, game bag with rabbit, flask, shot pouch, and powder horn.)* Why, lieutenant, how are ye ? Hallo, Malson ! you look rather riled ; you an't got the cramp in your eyebrows, have ye ?

Mal. Fool, what brought you here ?

Lot. What brought me here ? Why, the biggest skunk you ever did see. We chased that critter more than three miles and a half — at last he div into a swamp, and we couldn't see nothing on him arter that but the smell. *(Places the gun against the wing, L. H.)*

Mal. Launcelot, you had better withdraw. Lieutenant Ostrand and myself are conversing on a subject interesting to ourselves, but of no consequence to you.

Lot. O, that amounts to a kind of a hint that you want me to go. Why, now look here, Malson. You come this browbeaten purty strong to hum, and in your own house I don't like to say much about it. But the lieutenant lives here ; he and I are friends ; so, if you've any thing to say, blaze away ; and as that skunk give me a pretty loud run, I'll set down on this cricket and rest, for I've got a kind of a jumping colic in my knees. You needn't mind me none. *(Bone.)* I'll amuse myself demolishing this knuckle of ham. — Have

a bite, lootenant? — No — why, it's clean. I raised the shote myself, and killed it, and cured it tu — and now I'm going to eat it tu.

Enter JOSEPHINE, R. H.

Miss Josey, how de du? I seed you on the beach, hollered out to you to head that skunk — 'spose you didn't hear, though. If you'd a headed him he wouldn't a doubled, and I should a let slip, and may be I wouldn't a shot you.

Mal. Miss Ostrand, your father and myself have had some conversation of which you were the subject; he will detail to you the purport of it, and when I call again I hope to find your father reasonable, and you obedient. *(Exit MALSON, 1 E. L. H.)*

Lot. Hallo, Malson — if you meet that skunk you needn't tell him I'm here waiting for him.

Jo. Father, you look displeased. Have I offended you?

Os. (c.) You, my child? No, no. 'Tis nothing.

Lot. O, I'll go now. I never intrude on folks. I wasn't going to go 'cause that old Malson told me — if he did raise me — a purty kind of a raising it was tu — he says he found me in an apple orchard, and I wasn't no highern a corn cob. I wonder who on arth put me there — they must have thought I was fond of fruit. Malson says, when he found me, I was playing ninepins with the rotten apples. He made a kitchen maid of me till I got old enough to find out I was the wrong gender for such chores; and since that I've shot woodchucks enough, if they was all harnessed up, to work a steamboat — that is, if it went by horse power. *(Exit LOT, 1 E. L. H.)*

Os. (L. H.) Josephine, my child, I have news for you. Our landlord, Mr. Malson, has proposed for your hand.

Jo. (R. H.) Sir! Mr. Malson! O father, you are jesting with me! My hand! Excuse me, but positively, sir, I cannot help laughing at such an odd conceit. Ha, ha!

Os. Restrain your mirth, girl: the time's unfitting. Mr. Malson is wealthy; and in an alliance with him you would change the prospect of poverty and destitution for easy affluence.

Jo. And an aching heart. O sir, gladly would I relieve your distresses by any sacrifice; but this is full of bitterness! and I feel — I know you would spurn the relief purchased by the misery of your child.

Os. Then nothing would induce you to become the wife of Mr. Malson?

Jo. Nothing, sir, your commands alone excepted.

Os. Then never shall a father's authority seek to sway those sacred feelings in which the first blessings of life are compressed; but as with a parent's solicitude I watched and guided the footsteps of thy childhood, so will I shelter thy young hopes and affections from the disasters which have blighted mine. *(Exeunt, R. H.)*

SCENE II. — *A Room in MALSON'S House, 2 and 3 G. Set door, R. 2 E.; table and two chairs on L. C.; C. door practical, backed by chamber.*

Enter SENIL and MISS STARCHINGTON, L. H. 1 E.

Sen. (R. H.) Nay, nay, don't fly out so, Miss Starchington. I don't say for a certainty, I only surmise; from what I overheard, 'tis certain your master —

Miss S. (R. H.) Master! Mr. Senil, let me inform you that I have no master. I am the mistress of this house — that is, I am the housekeeper; I have been these twenty years. It must be confessed the household was small at first, consisting of Mr. Malson, — and a personable sort of a man he was then, Mr. Senil, — a foundling boy, and myself. I was then a buxom lass, as fresh and as free as a trout in a stream.

Sen. And now you're as staid and as stale as a pickled mackerel.

Miss S. Your comparisons, Mr. Senil, are offensive. If you wish to make an impression on my susceptibility, comparing me to a pickled mackerel is not the way to succeed.

Sen. Nay, Miss Starchington, as to impressions, I thought that business was settled — you told me a month ago you would be mine.

Miss S. Why, Mr. Senil, now you mention the circumstance, I believe your ardent professions may have prevailed on my tender nature to accord you a smile; but then the agitation I should experience! How much did you say you had saved in the service of your mistress?

Sen. Upwards of four hundred pounds. With your earnings and mine we might buy a genteel farm.

Miss S. And as I live, now I think of it, the farm occupied by the English officer, Lieutenant Ostrand, is for sale. I heard Mr. Malson say this morning that he meant to sell it over his head; and I doubt not, in consideration of my long services, Mr. Malson would let us have it cheap.

Sen. Sell the house tenanted by Lieutenant Ostrand! I heard nothing of this.

Miss S. 'Tis true; and this circumstance makes me discredit what you tell me of Mr. Malson's marrying the daughter of the lieutenant; and I think Mr. Malson would be mad to bring an ignorant young chit like that into a house where a woman of my experience has presided for twenty years.

Sen. Ah, Miss Starchington, there are soft places in a man's heart, even at Mr. Malson's age, which the bright eyes of Miss Josephine would not find impregnable, I warrant.

Miss S. When I was at her age, Mr. Senil, I was taught something else than looking after soft places in old men's hearts; but what can be expected of one who has been brought up among soldiers, who has seen no other society but twaddling drummers and drill sergeants?

Enter LOT, L. H. 1 E.

Lot. Hallo, Senil, my old codger. What! soft-soaping the old woman, hey?

Miss S. Soft soap ! Launcelot, shall I never be able to teach you any thing ?

Lot. No, you never have been. (*Round to R.*)

Miss S. (*Aside.*) Now that young bear has come : there's an end of all quiet and privacy. — Mr. Senil, good day. I shall be glad to see you again this evening (*Pushes Lot.*) Out of the way, you unmannerly porpoise. (*Exit, 1 E. R. H.*)

Lot. Whew ! there she streaks it. So, old slow and easy, you've been bucking up to the old woman, have ye ?

Sen. And what then, sir ?

Lot. (*R. H.*) O, nothing, only she's a nice woman — ain't she ?

Sen. Certainly — a very fine woman.

Lot. How long have you know'd her ?

Sen. I have known her for several years.

Lot. O, I've know'd her most a fortnight longer than that. — She never was married, was she ?

Sen. Of course not ! I shall be the first happy man to press her maiden lips.

Lot. O, no, you won't ! — Her maiden lips was pressed by a happy man twenty years ago.

Sen. Eh ! what do you mean, Launcelot ?

Lot. O, I can't tell you.

Sen. Do, for Heaven's sake, relieve my suspense. She surely was never married ?

Lot. No, she never was — more's my misfortune.

Sen. Yours ! What have you to do with it ?

Lot. O, nothing now ; but I rather guess I had something to do with it. — You know I'm a foundling.

Sen. Yes, I know — well.

Lot. I was found in an apple orchard.

Sen. I know. Well, Miss Starchington —

Lot. She's my mother.

Sen. Wha—what ?

Lot. She's my natural born mother.

Sen. She is — the devil !

Lot. No, she ain't — she's my mother.

Sen. (*In a passion.*) How came she your mother ?

Lot. Don't know — never inquired how she come so.

Sen. I'll — I'll — I'll —

Lot. I wouldn't, if I was you.

Sen. No, I won't. I'll — I'll — (*Walks about, Lot following.*)

Lot. So I would.

Sen. O, faithless Miss Starchington !

Lot. She's my mother considerably.

Sen. Who the devil was your father ?

Lot. Never had none. — I was found in an apple orchard. (*Lot follows SENIL across the stage.*)

Enter MALSON, C. D. L. H.

Mal. (*Down c.*) What's this disturbance ?

Sen. (*L. H.*) Curse your apple orchard.

Mal. Are you mad?

Lot. (*On R. H.*) In a state of nudity.

Mal. (*Comes down and seizes SENIL, on L. H.*) You old scoundrel, what do you want?

Sen. Miss Starchington.

Mal. Leave the house, doting idiot. (*Pushes SENIL off, 1 R. L. H. — To Lot.*) Now, sir, a word with you. What was your business at the house of Mr. Ostrand to-day?

Lot. Hadn't no business, only stopped in to rest myself.

Mal. Seek another resting place in future, sir; visit that family no more, without my permission.

Lot. Why, look here, Malson; it don't look friendly to stop going to a house where a feller's been used to going. I like the lootenant, and I like his darter too.

Mal. What! like his daughter?

Lot. Yes; don't you? O, Deuteronomy, how I should like to marry that gal!

Mal. You marry! you — a foundling — a beggar.

Lot. I ain't a beggar — I never was one — never want to be — I never begged but once; that was when I took like Jasper for a moose, and plugg'd him through the shoulder, and then I begged his pardon.

Mal. Unthinking fool! what provision could you make for a wife?

Lot. Why, as for provisions, punkins is cheap, and peneryal you can get for nothing. But now you talk bout my being a foundling, — don't you never hear nothing about that rascally father of mine? nor my mother nuther?

Mal. How often have I told you not to speak on this subject!

Lot. Well, all I can say is, when they left me in that apple orchard they must have had hearts as hard as the rule of three; but I've been of some use to you ever since I was knee high to a tadpole. When I wan't bigger than a lump of cheese, you used to smear me all over with milk, and bait the rat traps with me; and when that saw mill caught fire, and you hadn't no bucket, didn't you souse me into the river, and squeeze me till the water squirted the fire out? And now I want to do suthing for myself, you won't let me. Last spring I wanted to go to the Banks of Newfoundland a-fishing, and you wouldn't give me a flannel shirt, and said I shouldn't go no how. You only give me four and sixpence, and I'll start off for Boston to-morrow morning.

Mal. No more of this. Press not rashly on a temper the dark points of which you have not seen, (*crosses R.*,) lest, being urged beyond control, you rouse a passion in which all former tenderness may be forgotten. (*Exit, R. H.*)

Lot. Dark pints — I hain't seen none of your light ones yet. (*Knock at C. D. R. H.*) What's the use thumping on the door? Why don't you open it?

Enter MR. OTTO MANNIKIN, C. D., his dress the extreme of modern foppery, with hunting equipments and carrying a fowling piece, which he places against flat, L. H.

Why, what in the name of the great sea serpent is this?

Man. Young man, do you live here?

Lot. Yes. Do you?

Man. No — I'm lost.

Lot. Is there any reward offered for you?

Man. No. I'm one of a deputation who came, of our own accord, from Portland, to inquire into the merits of the boundary question; and, having a day's leisure, I set out on an expedition of discovery, in hopes to take home some specimens of zoölogy, ornithology, and conchology.

Lot. We've got some first rate clamology.

Man. I saw a little reddish animal, with a bushy tail. Supposing it to be a rare variation of the lizard genus, I ran after it, and the diminutive creature ran away, till it led me into a swamp, where I stuck; at last it got away, and I see I have spoiled one leg of my pants.

Lot. Why, the critter's a natural born fool. — Ha, ha! Take a chipmunk for a lizard, and chase him into the swamp. I suppose, as you took it for a lizard genius, you thought it was a young crocodile.

Man. Would you have the humanity to show me to the settlement?

Lot. Why, as you've been chasing that young crocodile a most five miles, you must be hungry.

Man. Five miles! Am I five miles from town? Have you a horse you could lend me?

Lot. No, but I've got a pair of oxen. You can get straddle the yoke, and they'll carry you through the swamp dreadful safe.

Man. I ride straddle of a yoke between two oxen? I, who used to sport my silk-reined tandem sulky in Broadway!

Lot. O, if you like to go tandem, you can get on Jehosaphat's back, and I'll put the old blind bull in the lead.

Man. Back! Blind bull!

Enter HARVY, C. D. L. H.

Har. Launcelot! quick! — get your rifle and some balls: there is a bear in the swamp.

Lot. A bear! and I left my rifle at the lieutenant's. What on earth shall I do? Here, you crocodile hunter, lend me your fowling piece. (*Lot takes it.*)

Man. Don't take my gun.

Lot. Why, you can't make no use on't, and I don't know as I can, for it's a darn'd flimsy consarn: it ain't fit to shoot any thing but gallinippers. I say, lizard genius, you stay here, and I'll bring you a bear home for dinner. (*Exeunt Lot and HARVY, C. D. L. H.*)

Man. A bear for dinner! and one of my legs was in that same swamp where the bear now is. — Well, 'pon honor, instead of having a bear for dinner, I had like to have been a dinner for a bear. (*Gun fired without, v. E. R. H.*) They are discharging their firearms at the horrid creature. I begin to feel quite alarmed. Suppose the savage animal should take refuge in this house. Ah, what to do I see — a bed with blue and white drapery. Receive me in thy downy bosom, *thou elysium of weary limbs* — wrap me in thy fragrant purity, *thou comfortable antithesis to a swamp with a bear in it.* (*Exit, v. R. R. 2 v.*)

SCENE III. — *Same as Scene I.**Enter JOSEPHINE, R. H. 1 E.*

Jo. O, dear, I wish I was a man! then I should have been at the bear hunt to-day. — O, how I should like to have had a pop at him! to have seen him grinning and gnashing his teeth with pain and rage — then the deadly spring, the cracking of the rifles, the shouts of the victors — he reels — he falls — he dies. O, how I wish I was a man!

Enter LOT, L. H. 1 E.

Lot. Well, I'm a man. Won't I do?

Jo. You? no. You are fit for no human purpose. Now what, for instance, would you do, if that great bear, which has just been killed, was making towards you?

Lot. Du? what I dun jest now.

Jo. What was that?

Lot. Shoved a bullet through his head with such all-fired force that I driv the ball clean through, and picked it up behind him.

Jo. O Launcelot, my friend, that is stretching it too far, to send your bullet lengthwise through the body of a large bear.

Lot. Why, yes, I had to stretch considerable. — I had to gin the trigger an almighty hard pull.

Jo. Now, Launcelot, I am certain that you did not even shoot at the bear; for I know that when you were here this morning, you left your rifle standing in that corner. How could you shoot without a rifle?

Lot. I had a fowling piece, and the infernal machine never had a bullet in it afore, and its stomach seemed to turn agin it, for it squirmed and twisted so like the devil, that I was glad to fire it off to ease it.

Jo. Now, Launcelot, I know you don't own a fowling piece.

Lot. Well, I guess I borrowed one of a strange critter that's got hair enough on his upper lip to stuff a cart saddle.

Jo. Indeed. Who is he?

Lot. He's a lizard hunter.

Jo. A lizard hunter?

Lot. Yes; he takes red squirrels for crocodiles, and chases 'em into mud swamps.

Jo. Where did he come from?

Lot. New York, he says.

Jo. Where is he now?

Lot. Can't find him, high or low. I rather guess he must have melted away, and his whiskers have soaked up the fat.

Jo. Ha, ha! Come, Lot, tell me all about the chase. I heard the firearms, and I want to know the particulars and result.

Lot. Why, you see, there was nine of us, including your father, and we surrounded that animal. When he seed himself hemmed in, he wanted to sneak out the worst kind. He kept turning round and round, jest to make us think he wanted to chastise his tail; but he was

only looking for an opening to get out of. I know'd what was passing in that feller's mind; so I jest stretched out jest so. He come towards me, and I blazed away. I meant to hit him in the eyeball, but that crocodile hunter's gun was crooked, so I bored a new hole in his nose. That staggered him; and just then your father let slip, and that wound up his airthly affairs; and Harvy and I had him skun and slung on our shoulders before the serpent know'd he was hurt. (*JOSEPHINE laughs and goes up.*) Now I've got her alone, I will — I swan I will — I'll spark her. Malson says I shan't, but I will. — Miss Josey.

Jo. (*Coming down.*) Well, Launcelot.

Lot. You — I — Malson says — that I — no — you — hem, have you got a rabbit?

Jo. Why, Launcelot, what ails you? You seem to feel like the bear; you want to sneak out the worst kind.

Lot. Why, Malson says I can't get no provision, and — but I can't late to go a-fishing next spring, and I'll bring home a hog'shead of salted eels, and then you and I —

Enter HARVY, L. H. 1 E., and catches JOSEPHINE's eye, who runs off,
R. H. HARVY takes her place.

will get pickled — married, I mean.

Har. Pickled will do, Lot.

Lot. A pretty kettle of chowder I've made on it.

Har. Salted eels! I heard you. Have you any pretensions to that young lady?

Lot. No — hain't got no pretensions. I was talking of provisions.

Har. Would you like to marry her?

Lot. She's a nice gal, ain't she? Her eye rolls up jest like that bear's when he wanted to get out. She squirmed me all up one-sided.

Har. Here's her father. I'll urge your suit to him.

Lot. No, don't, Harvy; I can't stand it.

Enter LIEUTENANT OSTRAND, R. H. 1 E.

Har. I visit you, Lieutenant Ostrand, in behalf of my friend, Launcelot Sap Sago —

Lot. No, no.

Har. Who has conceived —

Lot. I hain't conceived.

Har. A violent attachment —

Lot. Tain't violent.

Har. For your daughter.

Lot. It's out now.

Os. Sir! Harvy, what mean you? Launcelot, what is the drift of it?

Lot. Drift! I wish I was adrift on a hencoop. Why, you see, lootenant, Harvy was saying I had better make up to Miss Josey, and so I thought I'd better ask if — How like thunder you did plug it into that bear right through the heart — didn't you?

Har. That's not to the purpose, Lot.

Lot. No; but I cal'late it settled his purpose — don't you?

Har. But you employed me to intercede in your behalf to Lieutenant Ostrand, and I will not have the discourse diverted from its intended object; therefore, as I have introduced the subject, it now becomes you to proceed with it. — Relate the conversation that passed between you and his daughter.

Lot. Why, lieutenant, Malson told me that I shouldn't; so that's the reason I thought I would — so he said I had no provision, and salted eels, and chestnut burs to make pork pies.

Os. Very explicitly explained. Launcelot, listen to me. You are a boy whom I esteem.

Lot. Boy! where'll you find your young men?

Os. Pshaw! drive this nonsense from your head: you cannot marry my daughter. (*Retires up.*)

Lot. Come, Harvy, let's go home and get a beefsteak off that bear's rump.

Har. Stay, Launcelot — here comes Josephine.

Lot. I'm hungry.

(*Exit LOT, L. H. 1 E.*)

Har. Have you received another visit from Mr. Malson yet, sir?

Os. No! He, perhaps, but defers the stroke that it may fall more heavily.

Har. Again, dear sir, I must entreat pardon for touching upon affairs of so delicate a nature; but suffer me to advance the sum required, accept it as a loan, and repay me at your leisure.

Os. Harvy, you have prevailed. With feelings like yours I need not blush for the obligation you would impose upon me. Should Mr. Malson again urge his claim, I will owe to you the means of satisfying him.

Har. Sir, you oblige me beyond measure. This pocket book contains the sum. (*Gives it.*) Farewell, sir. Now for a gallop over the heath. Will you not accompany me? (*OSTRAND declines.*) O, spring on the back of a spirited horse, and you will outstrip melancholy.

Os. Urge me not, my boy: I am not in the humor. — Farewell.

(*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*)

Har. On a bright, breezy morn, when the fields are smiling, the birds rejoicing, and all nature celebrating her matin jubilee, I, like my steed, am inspired with the scene; and, bounding o'er the plain, leave care and blue devils behind.

(*Exit, L. H.*)

SCENE IV. — MALSON'S House. Same as Scene II. Set door, R. 2 E.; table and chairs on L. H.; two chairs on R. H.

Enter MISS STARCHINGTON, R. H. 1 E.

Miss S. The moments of expectation are as tedious as a rainy Sunday. Mr. Senil was beyond his time before. The more I reflect on his proposal, the more I am charmed with it; and, I do believe, I must allow him to fix the day. Ah, he is here! — the cords of my fluttering heart —

Enter SENIL, L. H. 1 E.

Sen. I'll restrain my rage, and question her calmly. Miss Starchington — witch of Endor — Miss Starchington, I presume you have given the subject of our late conversation due consideration. (*They sit.*)

Miss S. I have, Mr. Senil, and have come to the resolution of blushingly yielding to you my virgin hand.

Sen. Virgin! (Aside.) — Miss Starchington, you have never made any disclosure to me respecting your earlier days. Will you allow me to ask if you ever had any love affairs on your hands in the days of your youthful bloom?

Miss S. Why, Mr. Senil, you must not suppose that a young woman of my appearance and education could have passed my youthful days without exciting admiration, and even love. There was Henry Taffrail went to sea on my account; George Picklesam took to drinking because I refused him my smiles; but I must confess that Reuben Rosy was such a sweet youth, and had such a seducing air about him —

Sen. There, I knew it. (*Jumps up.*) I knew Reuben Rosy was the man — he's the father of young Apple Orchard.

Miss S. What do you mean, Mr. Senil? — Did you know poor, dear Reuben Rosy?

Sen. No; but you did. — Farewell, madam. (*Going, L. H.*)

Enter LOT, L. H. 1 E. — runs against him.

Here, you lad, here's your mother, and I have found your father — at least I know his name.

Lot. Well, what do they call the old man?

Sen. Reuben Rosy!

Lot. So, then, my name's Lot Sap Sago Starchington Reuben Rosy?

Miss S. What, you wretch! — I the mother of that cub? O, support me! (*Faints.*)

Lot. If you're my mother you ought to support me. (*Supports her.*)

Sen. Quick — get some salts.

Lot. There's some pork brine in the barrel.

Sen. Get some burnt feathers, then.

Lot. Here's a rabbit: singe his tail.

Sen. Get some vinegar.

Lot. Here's some new rum. (*Lot pours some rum down her throat from flask; she throws it at him.*)

Miss S. You wretch! would you poison me?

Lot. Poison — guess you indulge in a leetle of that sort of pison every day. Mind, it was cut glass tu. — I scored it myself with a clam shell.

Miss S. Mr. Senil, will you explain this business to me? Why am I treated in this manner? What did you mean by calling me the mother of that bear?

Lot. We call a bear's mother a dam —

Miss S. What!

Lot. Dam if we don't.

Miss S. Did you say I was your mother?

Lot. I don't know nothing about it. I was found in an apple orchard. You don't think I grewed there like a tree, do ye? — Something must have been done with me afore I got there any how, and you might as well had a hand in it as any body else, you know.

Miss S. Inform me, sir, what is your reason for thus injuring me in Mr. Senil's eyes?

Lot. I hain't done nothing to Mr. Senil's eyes.

Sen. Say no more, Miss Starchington — his malice falls pointless at the feet of virtue.

Miss S. Ah, well! — to renew our conversation. Launcelot, leave the room.

Lot. What for?

Miss S. You'll find something prepared for you to eat in the kitchen.

Lot. Don't wan't nothing to eat. — O, court away: don't mind me. (*Miss S. stamps her foot.*) O, well, if you're particular I don't care. (*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

Miss S. I told you, my dear, that it was one of my youthful vanities to have my miniature painted. Until now I never beheld the man on whom my heart prompted me to bestow it — now it shall be yours. As a pledge of this reconciliation, the original will shortly follow it — 'tis in my bed chamber. — I'll go and fetch it.

(*Exit, D. R. H. 2 E. Screams, and rushes in.*)

ReEnter Lot, L. H. 1 E.

Lot. Hulko! cats a-fighting.

Miss S. Save, save me — a man in my bed — a ghost in my bed room.

Enter, D. R. H. 2 E., OTTO MANNIKIN, with morning gown on, slippers on, his coat on his arm, boots in his hands.

Man. 'Pon my honor, madam, I beg your pardon. — I didn't think I should have slept so long in your bed.

Lot. That must be Reuben Rosy, by all that's fatherly. I say, Mr. Crocodile-hunter, do you have any idea that you're my father?

Sen. O, you horrible old woman!

(*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

Miss S. O, dear, this is a monstrous combination to undermine and destroy my character.

Lot. Don't you go to flummux agin — cause I hain't got no more rum to bring ye tu — cause you broke the bottle.

Miss S. Robbers! thieves! — Mr. Malson, Mr. Malson!

(*Exit, R. H., calling.*)

Man. (*Yawning.*) What ails that elderly lady?

Lot. She's been complaining all day of having the hickups in her elbows. — But how come you in her bed?

Man. I don't know. You took my gun away, and, as I was tired, I thought I had better find a bed till you murdered the bear. I observed a most inviting couch in that room, and threw myself upon it, and soon found I had not invoked the aid of Morpheus in vain. I was disturbed from my visions of bliss by that old lady. I started up, and she fled, dropping, in her flight, this miniature.

Lot. It's the old woman's pictur.

Man. 'Tis set in mother of pearl.

Lot. Yes; she's the mother, and I'm the pearl.

Man. Return her picture, and yoke up your oxen for me to get home on.

Lot. Come on. — I'll hitch 'em up. Can you ride double?

Man. Double! What do you mean? — Two men on one ox?

Lot. No — one man on two oxes. I tell you them critters of mine won't go single.

Man. Why not, fellow? (*Yankee story by LOT.*)

(*Exeunt LOT and MANIKIN, L. H. 1 E.*)

SCENE V. — *Apartment in the House of OSTRAND, 1 G.*

Enter MALSON, L. H. 1 E., meeting OSTRAND, R. H. 1 E.

Os. Mr. Malson, you would see me?

Mal. I called, sir, to renew a conversation that was yesterday interrupted — the subject was your daughter.

Os. My daughter will not marry you.

Mal. I have nothing, then, to hope from your intercession with your daughter?

Os. Nothing, sir. My daughter has distinctly stated her repugnance to a connection of the nature you allude to; and in a matter of so much importance, I shall neither bias her judgment nor control her inclination.

Mal. Then, sir, hear me. You have driven me to a disclosure, and its consequences must fall on your head — your fate, nay, your life is in my hand.

Os. Yours! What mean you?

Mal. Your name is not Ostrand.

Os. Ha! How know you that?

Mal. Lieutenant Melville, I saw you in England.

Os. In England?

Mal. Let me recall it. — 'Twas night; the gloomy purlieus of Westminster echoed to the crash of swords; two men were furiously engaged; one fell by the sword of his adversary; his accusing shriek of "murderer" came wildly on the air. But the other — a solitary lamp gleamed faintly on his countenance, pale, horror-stricken, and bloody! That man is now before me. (*Pause.*) Now shall I marry your daughter?

Os. Never, villain! What would you do?

Mal. I would convince you that if you refuse to receive me as a friend, I may prove a dangerous enemy.

Os. How did you arrive at a knowledge of that fatal transaction?

Mal. I was the steward of Cameron Ogleby, and a witness of his murder.

Os. Hush! Did he then perish, and by my hand?

Mal. Yes!

Os. So the hope I have clung to, through twenty years of anguish and remorse, is then destroyed; and the fearful conviction it has been my effort to shun is at last forced upon my shrinking senses. — I am a murderer!

Mal. I bore him in my arms to a tavern. He pronounced you, Lieutenant Melville, his assassin. The death throes were upon him when he despatched me to his mother, imploring her to witness his last moments. I executed his commission, and left England that night. Your secret still is safe on one condition — your daughter's hand.

Os. Never! Recollect yourself — a hireling — a menial — base-born and base-bred — you aspire to the daughter of —

Mal. A murderer! yes! Nay, spare your rage: 'twill serve your purpose here but scantily.

Os. Leave my house, sir! — If I am an assassin, beware you brave me not!

Mal. And dost thou threaten? you a worm my slightest breath could crush? Well, since you will brave your fate — (*Going, L. H.*)

Enter LOT, 1 E. L. H. — runs against MALSON.

Lot. Hullo! What's the row? What on airth you duin? See here, Malson, you've squashed the rabbit, and the essence of the animal is all running down, and greasing my boots inside.

Mal. Mr. Ostrand, I shall defer all proceedings in this case until my next visit, when we can with more calmness decide upon the most prudent course of action. Then I hope to be honored with your determination. Out of the way, fool! (*Pushes LOT aside, and exit, 1 E. L. H.*)

Lot. Fool! I say, Malson, if you're going hum I wish you would drive them pigs out of the turnip patch. I would ha done it myself, but one of the shotes begun to laugh at me.

Os. Launcelot, what relation are you to Mr. Malson?

Lot. None.

Os. In what capacity do you serve him?

Lot. Capacity? none. He told me this morning I hadn't no capacity.

Os. Tell Mr. Malson, then, that — But, no, no. — My child, must she be sacrificed? — Must she be the victim of my coward fears? — No! The dark, dishonored grave that awaits me were a thousand times more welcome. (*Exit, R. H.*)

Lot. What on airth is the matter with the lootenant? He fumes like a hooked skulpin.

Enter JOSEPHINE, L. H. 1 E.

Jo. I thought my father was here.

Lot. So he was till he went away.

Jo. Where have you been?

Lot. To hum.

Jo. Where are you going?

Lot. To hum.

Enter HARVY, L. H. 1 E.

Har. What are you going to do "to hum"? If you get no better treatment to hum than old Senil did, you had better stay this side of it.

Lot. Why, has any body been hunting the old man?

Har. I don't know what has happened to him: he came home in a sort of canine canter.

Lot. I think that would jingle a leetle better if you would say dog trot.

Har. He has been walking around the house, muttering to himself about some person he calls Reuben Rosy, and something about an apple orchard.

Jo. Rosy! apple orchard! Launcelot, what can he mean?

Lot. O, I don't know nothing about it.

Enter MANIKIN, L. H. 1 E.

Man. Can you, good people, direct me towards the village?

Lot. Well, if it ain't the crocodile hunter, there's no snakes.

Har. Walk in, sir. What village are you seeking?

Man. Castine. There was a young man put me astride of two gentlemen cows, with but one tail between them; but what the mutilated animal wanted in dorsal appendage he made up in horns. He took my foot for a great horsefly, and in endeavoring to transfix it, he nearly drilled a hole through my ankle bone.

Lot. Why, he's a natral born fool. He had only five miles to straight, and he's come du south: he must have druv through Slush Lane.

Jo. (L. C.) Sir, will you have any refreshments?

Lot. We've got some first rate squirrel pie and pitch pine sarce.

Man. (L. H.) Ah, are you there, my facetious friend? What do you call your tailless ox?

Lot. Sneezer. One advantage that ox has, is, he don't strain his spinal marrer jerkin his tail round.

Har. (R. C.) Launcelot, don't trifle with the gentleman. Take him to our stable, and lend him my horse to go to the village on. You can leave the horse at the hotel, sir.

Man. Sir, you are very much of a gentleman, and I should be happy to see you in New York.

Har. Perhaps we may meet there, sir. (*Goes up with JOSEPHINE.*)

Lot. Well, come on, Mr. Reuben Rosy.—O, well, if that ain't

your name, Mr. Chipmunk-chaser, you see this horse I'm going to put you on is a reglar snorter. When he fust starts, he goes mostly on his hind legs. When he gets tired of that mode of progressing, he jest sticks up to 'ther end, takes the bit in his mouth, and streaks it. If he should get tu skittish, why, you'll have to haul on to one rein, and slew him round into the wood, and if the trees grow pretty thick, you can get him to stop cheap.

Man. A horse running away with me in the woods? Why, he'll break my neck.

Lot. You must let go of the bridle, hold on to the mane, stand on your knees, and put your legs up behind, and by the time you get through your journey, you'll look jest like a crumbled johnny cake.

(*Exeunt LOT and MANIKIN, L. H.*)

Har. (*Coming down with JOSEPHINE.*) And, therefore, I say —
Jo. You have said enough: you had better let me say a few words now.

Har. Speak, my angel; the music of those coral lips —

Jo. My lips are not coral, but pure flesh and blood. Now, all this time while you are weaving love meshes for me, and congratulating yourself on the facility with which I have been caught, you seem to have forgotten that two worthy, middle-aged gentle people, who may be supposed to have some interest in this matter, yea, "a voice potential double as the duke's" — Mr. Harvy, has the name of our parents chilled your rapture? Why, I declare, your mercury has fallen to zero.

Har. Ah, Josephine, however I may be depressed, however agitated by a lover's doubts and fears, the warm sunlight of those eyes can elevate me to fever heat; but be serious, Josephine.

Jo. I am serious. Know, Harvy, that my hand and heart have already been laid siege to, and I'll venture to say how near you are to a defeat; but, perhaps, you may have some conception when I inform you that the besieger is no less a person than the youthful and interesting Mr. Malson!

Har. What! Malson love you? — It shall not be! By Heaven I'll prevent that instantly!

Jo. You'll prevent his loving me? Ha, ha, ha! Perhaps you could, with equal facility, induce me to love you. (*Laughs.*)

Har. Ah, Josephine, how can you indulge in these light humors when my heart is so sad?

Jo. Sad! and wherefore, Harvy?

Har. It pains me to hear the haughty objections of my mother.

Jo. How? Your mother's haughty objections! Do they refer to me, sir?

Har. Don't be offended. I'm sure her affection for me will ultimately control those prejudices which now oppose our union, and she will fondly welcome to her maternal heart that image now enshrined in mine.

Jo. Mr. Ashton, your advantage over me in having a mother claim your duty and direct your feelings I am now painfully compelled to acknowledge. The passiveness, perhaps the pleasure, with which I have listened to your addresses, has not superseded any sentiment of

respect I owe either to my father or myself; and I am indebted to you, sir, for an intimation which has recalled me to a sense of what is due to both. (*Crosses, R.*) Consult your mother's feelings, sir, and assure yourself that I resign, most willingly, any right to interfere with them. Mr. Ashton, we must meet no more. (*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

Har. Thus runs the world away. My mother said, yesterday, she wished me to visit Europe. I hesitated, because I would not leave Josephine. Now she resigns me thus calmly, my mother shall be obeyed. I'll go — I'll go. (*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

SCENE VI. — *Parlor in the House of OSTRAND, 3 and 4 G. Table and two chairs on L. H., with books; sofa on R. H.; JOSEPHINE discovered, L. H., reading; C. D. practical, backed with chamber; window, L. flat, practical, backed with garden.*

Enter OSTRAND, R. H. 1 E.

Os. Josephine, an event has occurred, which renders it incumbent on you to open your heart to me, to declare whether it has not received impressions which would make it painful to quit this neighborhood.

Jo. No, dear father! To the end of the earth — this hour — this moment — to any place where these scenes may be forgotten.

Os. My child —

Jo. No, no — not forgotten — but what is the cause of this abrupt removal?

Os. Listen to me, Josephine, and from the fate of your parents receive the first lesson of your life. Though the recital must wring my heart with shame and anguish, yet it is necessary you should become acquainted with the circumstances attending your birth. I first beheld your mother in an obscure village in England. We loved; she was simple, confiding, and devoted. She was betrayed: Josephine, you are the offspring of guilt.

Jo. I? — O father!

Os. Be calm, my child. I was called to join my regiment in a distant part of England. Obstacles, not necessary to be mentioned now, had prevented our marriage at that period; but it was my full intention to have the ceremony performed as soon as those obstacles could be removed. Of this your mother was aware, and seemed satisfied with the arrangement. Judge then my surprise and horror, when I read in a public newspaper the intended marriage of the honorable daughter of Sir George Forrester (your mother) to a Sir Cameron Ogleby! In a state of mind bordering, I fear, on insanity, I flew to London, and arrived at the porch of the church at the very moment the ceremony was concluded. I saw your faithless mother borne home the bride of another. Burning with my wrongs, I penned a challenge to Sir Cameron Ogleby: he sent a cold reply. He said he did not know me, had not injured me, and would not fight. I wrote again, declaring myself the affianced husband of his wife, disclosed the secret of your birth, proclaiming your mother's shame. To this no answer came. Lashed to madness, I rushed forth into the street, and

encountered him in the dark. He was skilful and collected. But what could skill or coolness do against the tiger fury of my assault? I shivered his useless weapon in his hand, and drove mine madly through his heart.

Jo. Horror! horror!

Os. I sought the cottage where your mother had left you, engaged your nurse to accompany us, and set off with you to the continent. I fixed my abode in a remote town in Switzerland, where, as you know, we lived, until two years ago we moved, for greater security, to this eastern wilderness.

Jo. And my mother — does she yet live?

Os. I know not; but, by an inscrutable ordination of my fate, this landlord — this villain Malson — proves to be the former servant of my rival, and a witness of our fatal encounter. He has threatened to denounce me to the laws of the country unless —

Jo. Unless — what?

Os. Your misery should purchase my safety.

Jo. How? By what?

Os. (R. H.) He demands your hand in marriage.

Jo. (L. H.) He shall have it — he shall have it, though the grave should be my bridal couch.

Enter MALSON, L. H. 1 E.

O, agony!

Os. Mr. Malson, your visits are not attended with much ceremony.

Mal. I seldom use it with friends.

Os. Friends! — Leave us, child.

Mal. She had better stay: what we have to say concerns her nearly.

Os. Come near me, Josephine. (*JOSEPHINE on L. H. — crosses to C.*)

Mal. I now wait on you for your decision.

Os. Mr. Malson, I am conscious of the power you have to enforce your wishes; yet I trust, for the honor of humanity, for the respect due from man to woman, you will not urge me to drive my daughter into a connection which will imbitter her future days, without adding a happy moment to your own.

Mal. I come not here for this, sir! Shall I become the lady's husband?

Jo. (*Suddenly.*) My husband? Never!

Mal. Then, madam, your father's life shall answer it. (*Going, L. H.*)

Jo. Stay, stay.

Os. Nay, hold, my child. Go, sir, do your worst! Denounce me to the ministers of justice! My life is worthless when weighed against a daughter's peace. Hence, ruffian; pollute my house no longer with your presence!

Mal. Beware, sir: 'tis not a soldier's death you die. The murderer ends his life on a gibbet.

Jo. O father, I do consent! — I will — I will. (*Nearly fainting.*)

Os. Never! Villain, leave my house!

Mal. What! Will you, then, be dragged to a loathsome prison?

Who then shall tear your daughter from my arms? Manacled, as a felon *should* be, sent to England as the fugitive assassin, who for twenty years escaped his merited doom — the public trial, the merited condemnation, the gaping multitude, the fatal rope, the hideous gibbet! —

Jo. I am yours — yours eternally! (*Faints in OSTRAND's arms. MALSON attempts to cross to her, but is restrained by OSTRAND.*)

Os. Touch her not, accursed villain, or I will rend thee joint from joint. (*Music, hurried; JOSEPHINE recovers; MALSON grapples with OSTRAND, who throws him to L. H. corner; OSTRAND takes R. H. corner; JOSEPHINE rushes between them; LOT appears at window, L. F., levels his rifle at MALSON.*)

TABLEAU.

QUICK DROP.

Lot at window, L. F.

JOSEPHINE.

OSTRAND.
R. H.MALSON.
L. H.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A Room in the House of Mrs. ASHTON. Table and two chairs on c. Mrs. ASHTON discovered.*

Mrs. A. Time passes heedlessly on; he takes no note of tearful eyes or bleeding hearts! and his relentless footsteps have left but graves and blight to track his progress! Harvy shall learn from me the secret of his birth — shall learn that he is not my son; that my unhappy sister gave him being. I feel impatient for his return.

Enter HARVY, L. H.

Harvy, my child.

Har. Mother, dear mother! we spoke yesterday of the daughter of Lieutenant Ostrand, and, fearful of wounding cherished prejudices, I restrained the true expressions of my feelings; but now circumstances have made me desperate. I love that maiden: she is my heart's first passion. I love her with an energy that nothing can overcome. Beware, then, mother, of controlling events, which must impart their colors to my future life.

Mrs. A. Harvy, I will see the object of your affection; I will visit her father this day. If they are the persons you describe, I will not

oppose your wishes. I spoke freely, perhaps harshly — forgive me: 'twas the last flash of a lamp, whose light is now forever extinguished. The impulse that awakened those dying embers of family pride was followed by bitter self-reproach. On that rock, honor, reputation, hope were wrecked.

Har. Mother, what mean you?

Mrs. A. You are the child of my sister. Harvy, your father died by violence: your mother perished from a broken heart.

Har. O Heavens! — My poor mother and my father — he met a violent death. — Murdered?

Mrs. A. He was!

Har. Who — O, who was the accursed assassin?

Mrs. A. A challenge (conceived in error, and executed in madness) was found upon his person, and bore the signature of Lieutenant Melville.

Har. And the villain closed his coward life upon the scaffold?

Mrs. A. No; he fled.

Har. Fled! May an orphan's curse pursue! may his hated life be prolonged till —

Mrs. A. Hold! curse him not: he was my husoand —

Har. Ha!

Mrs. A. My affianced husband! O, bitter recollections! Years have heavily rolled away since that fatal period. Passion was my monitor, and I became a wretch! That such passions may never darken your path, ought to be my first care. If your choice be sanctioned by your judgment, Harvy, my consent will confirm your happiness; but remember my friendly warning, nor let repentance come too late.

(*Exit Mrs. A., R. H. 1 E.*)

Har. What horrid mystery is this! Can it be! — my poor, unhappy parents! — the knowledge of their sad fate will cloud the happiness I hoped to share with Josephine. But no; this should be a day of brightness. If brooding misery is to be my lot, I'll even defer it until to-morrow.

Enter SENIL, 1 E. L. H.

Sen. I have mended up the posies and fed the pasture, madam. O, she is not here! I have been observing the happiness of those pigeons in our barn. All natural objects remind me of the unnatural conduct of Miss Starchington.

Har. Senil, my old friend, in soliloquy? Why, if your respectable age did not forbid such a profane inference, I should suspect you were in love.

Sen. No, sir; whatever my follies may have been, I have leisure to repent of them.

Har. Did I not hear the name of Miss Starchington? I hope that staid person is not comprehended in the follies you deprecate.

Sen. Miss Starchington may have mingled in my waking dreams. I do not profess to be without my share of human frailty; but it is unfortunate for me that the lady in question has a devilish deal more than her share of it.

Har. Come, come — this is a lover's quarrel, the offspring, no doubt, of some little fault!

Sen. No, it was the offspring of a very great fault; and, at the present time, a very great offspring he is too.

Har. Indeed! Has any thing come to light that —

Sen. Yes, sir; Mr. Lot Sap Sago — Reuben Rosy — came to light.

Har. Why, my old friend, where is your brain wandering?

Sen. (*Abstracted.*) In the apple orchard.

Har. Indeed. How are you wandering there?

Sen. In a state of nudity. — Reuben Rosy — she's his mother.

Har. Who's his mother?

Sen. (*Turns.*) Miss Starchington; and I was just going to marry her.

Har. And why didn't you?

Sen. What! after her peccadilloing it in that manner? Cease, young man, cease. — I feel the blood chilling in my veins: my brain swims round. — O, Miss Starchington — Reuben Rosy — apple orchard — apple orchard. (*Rushes wildly off, 1 E. L. H.*)

Har. Poor Senil! One would have thought that, at his age, the heyday of his blood was cooler. — Now, then, to Josephine.

(*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

SCENE II. — *A Wood, 1 G. Half dark.*

Enter LOT, 1 E. L. H.

Lot. Well, if I hain't had trouble enough with that crocodile hunter; but I got him safe at Castine at last. As soon as the beast found the foolish critter astride on him, he knowed he had a simpieton on his back; so he give one loud snort, and set off full chisel. I headed the horse and stopped him, or it would have been all dickery with Reuben Rosy. I took off the saddle, and tied the fellow's legs under his belly with the surcingle; and when he got into town, he had no more sign of trousers on his legs than the horse had. I stowed him away in the bunk in the bar room at the tavern, and told the landlord there to give him a strong dose of pepper sarce and molasses, to settle his internals — that's the last we shall see of him. The old woman at the post office gin me this letter to give to Mr. Malson — had to pay ninepence and fourpence halfpenny for it. Malson shall pay me a quarter, or he shan't have it. Boston — I never knowed Malson to get a letter from Boston afore. I wonder what it's all about. Why, it's prying open at t'other end, and I do believe that old woman at the post office has been prying into it. The old critter ought to have her eyes turned inside out — trying to find out other folks secrets! "Be assured that I" — that I ain't got no dot over it — "I shall expect a full and satisfactory account of your conduct for the last twenty years." — That's an almighty reckoning, whoever's got to make it.

Enter JOE, R. H. 1 E.

Joe. Why, Lot, what are you doing here when we are going to have such a rousing dance to-night? We can't get on without you, *no how.*

Lot. Well, see here, Joe, as I'm considerable busy, you take this letter, and give it to Malson. Make him pay you a quarter for it, and you take the money and spend the hull on it for the ball: that will make the consarn magnificent. Run along, and be spry about it.

(*Exit JOE, L. H. 1 E.*)

Enter HARVY, R. H. — crosses hastily to L.

Why, Harvy, where on airth you streaking it tu?

Har. Lot, my boy, rejoice!

Lot. What for?

Har. I'm going to be married.

Lot. Du tell —

Har. Rejoice!

Lot. I will.

Har. Exult!

Lot. I du.

Har. Shout.

Lot. Hullo!

Har. Wish me joy.

Lot. Sartin I du, everlastingly!

Har. Lot, I want you to —

Lot. To what?

Har. Go to the devil.

(*Exit HARVY, 1 E. L. H.*)

Lot. Well, lend us your hoss. — O, if you're going to be married you'll want him to go there yourself!

Enter SENIL, L. H. 1 E.

Sen. What an old fool I am! Notwithstanding I have the most positive proof of the youthful deviations of Miss Starchington, still do I find my stiff joints bearing me to her habitation. O, dear, I fear the dews of the evening will chill my old frame.

Lot. You ought to get your old frame glazed.

Sen. Ah, Mr. Launcelot, I am glad I have met you. I am going as far as your house, and shall be glad of your pleasant company through this piece of wood. (*Yankee story. Exeunt LOT and SENIL, R. H.*)

SCENE III. — *A Room at MALSON'S House, 2 G. Table and chairs on L. H.; lighted candle on L. H.; MALSON discovered reading letter.*

Mal. Is there a devil lying at watch to foil me of my purpose, to enfold me in the very meshes he bade me weave for the ruin of others? Let me once more peruse the hideous scroll. (*Reads letter.*)

"NEW YORK, JUNE 28.

"Mr. Malson: This letter will precede myself one day. On returning from Rome to England, I found you had transmitted no account of your stewardship to my London agent. After having managed so large an estate for so long a time, you have, no doubt, a consider-

able sum of money belonging to me in your hands. It will give me pleasure to learn a portion of the sum (however large) has been devoted to the education of my poor son. I shall expect a full and satisfactory account of your proceedings for the last twenty years.

CAMERON OGLEBY."

Is it not now a delusion? Did I not see him stretched livid and ghastly at my feet? Scarce had he breath to utter his commands; yet, after twenty years, he rises like a spectre from his grave, to blast me with his presence. He arrives to-morrow, (*referring to letter,*) may be to-night. He, doubtless, will travel alone, at least from the village to this house. It shall be so — he dies. (*Exit, 1 E. R. H., with lighted candle. Lights down.*)

• Enter LOT, L. H. 1 E. *Lights up.*

Lot. I wonder where mother Starchington keeps her water bucket, for that cider and new rum blackstrap has made my throat as dry as punk: my tongue feels as dry as a baked corn cob. I've been dreaming that I was making believe to be a female bull-frog, and she was playing on the p forte-anna, "Love was once a little pollywog."

Enter MALSON, R. H. 1 E., with lighted candle and two pistols.

Mal. How far, my victim — What do you here? To bed — to bed.

Lot. To bed! Why, I've just got up. What the old boy are you doing with them pistols, Malson? You look as white as a miller; and your hand shakes tu. Where you going tu, Malson?

Mal. Hence to your bed: dare not pry into my purposes. If you come for more liquor, you will find it in the next room; but follow me, and your life shall answer for your temerity.

(*Exit MALSON, L. H. 1 E.*)

Lot. What can ail the old feller? He's been growling round all day, so that I shouldn't wonder if he intended to set himself up for a mark to shoot at. If he does intend murder on himself, I swow I'll have him put in jail arterwards for manslaughter. (*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

SCENE IV. — A Wood, 1 G. *Dark stage.*

Enter MALSON, L. H. 1 E.

Mal. This is the path: the darkness of the night may detain him at the village. If so, my scheme may be foiled. Here I'll wait till morning. — Hark! a voice — footsteps — it is he. (*Retires, L. H.*)

Enter SIR CAMERON OGLEBY and MANIKIN, R. H.

Sir C. Yet I think we could have got through the morass better with our horses.

Man. Sir, it is a swamp five feet nine inches deep. I have been

to the bottom of it. There is a bear's nest in one part of it; but perhaps the family have retired for the night.

Sir C. I should have preferred travelling over the road by daylight; but the small inn at the village was so crowded that I chose rather to grope my way to the house of Malson, where I am sure of a good supper and comfortable bed.

Man. Do you own the bear swamp, sir?

Sir C. I believe the estate includes this marsh.

Man. Then, sir, you should take some pains to improve the breed of the brain community: they are a very uncivil family at present. The patriarch of the tribe was killed to-day; and now, I presume, the lady mother rules with gentle sway. But as the juvenile members of the bear family may be early risers, had we not better proceed?

Sir C. Certainly. Are you sure you know the house?

Man. Perfectly.

Sir C. Have with you, sir. (*Exeunt SIR CAMERON and MANIKIN, L. H. 1 E. MALSON comes forward.*)

Mal. A companion; it is unlucky; but it shall not save him. (*Cocking the pistol.*) But may I not turn this to account? Shall not this young man be branded as the murderer? Good! It shall be so. (*Going, stops.*) Hark! 'twas nothing but the distant surf upon the beach. The pale moon, as if conscious of my purpose, shrinks appalled, and draws her veil, as horror-stricken at the dreadful deed. Away with such weak fancies! Hark! his jocund laugh. I silence it forever. (*Exit, 1 E. L. H.*)

Enter LOT, R. H. 1 E.

Lot. Now, what can Malson be going to do, follering that old man and that crocodile hunter? and what could have brought that teetotal silly fool away from the village agin at this time of night? Hullo! Malson's raisin his pistol to fire at the old feller. Why, he's going to commit infanticide. — Stop, Malson; don't fire till I get up to you. (*Exit, L. H. 1 E. Two pistols fired without, 1 E. L. H.*)

SCENE V. — *Parlor in OSTRAND'S House, 3 and 4 G. Table and two chairs on L. H.; sofa on R. H.; c. doors practical, backed by chamber; two lighted candles on table.*)

SIR CAMERON without, C. D. R. H.

Sir C. Bring him along! bring him along!

Enter SIR CAMERON, with MANIKIN, and MALSON in custody of two officers, c. doors, L. H. Enter OSTRAND, 1 E. R. H.

Os. What is the meaning of this, sir?

Sir C. Sir, the urgency of the case must be our excuse for breaking in upon you so rudely. This villain here attempted my life, and this being the nearest house

Mal. (*In custody of officers.*) Release me, gentlemen: I had no design upon your life. The visit of a patron — a friend, whom I long thought dead — was a matter of joy to me. Would I then have sought his life? Your letter informed me you would arrive to-night. I apprehended you might attempt to pass the solitary road between the village and your house alone — perhaps unarmed. Ferocious bears have been this very day seen in the path you had to travel. Is it unaccountable, then, that I should have armed myself, not only for your defence, but my own, and have proceeded towards the village to meet and protect you?

Man. That's very natural, upon my honor. The bears about here are very ferocious. You are a very considerate gentleman; and had you met us before we had got to the swamp, you would have saved me a devilish deal of fear.

Sir C. But why did you fire?

Mal. My foot struck a mound, and my pistol discharged by accident.

Sir C. True, true, it must have been; for surely you could have no cause for the perpetration of such an act. — Malson, my old friend, forgive me. Does my son still live?

Mal. He does.

Sir C. (*L. H.*) Where is he?

Mal. (*C.*) At home, I presume.

Os. What! Ogleby? (*Crosses R. H. to C., looking intently upon him.*) Do my senses wander, or do I again behold Sir Cameron Ogleby?

Sir C. You certainly do, sir. And whom have I the honor of addressing?

Os. He lives — he lives, and I am not an assassin.

Sir C. Gracious Heavens! who are you, sir?

Enter HARVY and MRS. ASHTON, C. D. L. H.

Har. Lieutenant Ostrand, I bring my mother to visit you. (*Mrs. ASHTON advances.*)

Os. (*Seeing Mrs. ASHTON.*) What do I behold? Adelaide?

Mrs. A. Lieutenant Melville! (*She rushes towards him; he repulses her.*)

Har. Melville! the murderer of my father? (*Advances menacingly towards OSTRAND.*)

Sir C. (*Interposes.*) Hold! What would you do?

Os. O Adelaide, your treachery has broken the heart of your husband!

Mrs. A. My husband! Where?

Os. There, perjured woman! Sir Cameron Ogleby —

Mrs. A. Fatal, fatal error. That deadly delusion has caused years of misery. He is not my husband. I have no husband.

Os. Did I not see him lead you from the altar?

Mrs. A. No, no: 'twas my twin sister — my ill-fated sister.

Os. Your sister! Can it be? Could my eyes have deceived me? Adelaide, forgive — O, forgive me! (*Embrace.*)

Mrs. A. But my child, my daughter, does she yet live? — O, lead me to her!

Os. She is within. Allow me to conduct you.

(*Exeunt OSTRAND and MRS. ASHTON, 1 E. R. H.*)

Enter LOT, C. D. L. H.

Lot. Well, old feller, I'm glad you're safe. Malson's bullet didn't hit hard — did it?

Sir C. I rejoice to say it did not hit at all. Mr. Malson had no intention of injuring me.

Lot. That's because he couldn't get a fair crack at you.

Mal. Hence, babbling fool!

Lot. Look here, Malson; you needn't come any of your conglomerated exhibitions of coadulated wrath round here: nobody cares nothin about it.

Har. What, Launcelot! You don't say that Mr. Malson attempted the life of this stranger?

Lot. Yes, but I du, though. He was just taking aim at that old codger there; but just as he was going to fire, I shied this jackknife at him; it struck him on the knuckle; so he fired a leetle sooner than he meant tu, and missed his man.

Mal. Ha! my finger — (*Endeavoring to conceal it.*)

Lot. 'Tain't no use of your trying to hide it: it's bleeding now.

Mal. Villain! 'tis false!

Lot. False! Look here, Malson. I care nothin about your saying it's false; but if you was to just mention I lie, I would hit you such a poke under the short ribs, you wouldn't get sight of your breath again for half an hour.

Sir C. You told me your pistol went off by accident. What, then, caused the wound upon your hand?

Mal. 'Twas — 'twas —

Lot. No, it wan't: 'twas that jackknife. When that old bumble-bee begun to laugh, you said you'd silence it forever. Now, I don't like to see people stop laughing, cause I never seed a real hearty laugher that wan't an honest man; but I never seed you laugh in my life, and I think it's tu late for you to begin now.

Sir C. 'Tis too evident. Monster! ingrate! the finger of Heaven has brought this black design to light.

Lot. Yes, some — that and Malson's finger together.

Sir C. Let the doors be locked and guarded. (*MALSON moves towards C. D.; HARVY and LOT rush up to prevent him; he draws his remaining pistol, and stands on the defensive. Pause.*)

Lot. Darn me to darnation if he hain't got another pistol. Where's the chipmunk chaser's fowling piece?

Mal. "Who follows me dies." (*He moves towards the C. D. As MISS STARCHINGTON and SENIL come on, C., they run against MALSON, who drops the pistol. LOT seizes it, aims it at MALSON, and prevents him from flying. Tableau.*)

Lot. I guess you're rather flummuxed now.

Sir C. He must be detained till morning, when we will convey him to a magistrate. Young man, (*to LOT,*) who are you?

Lot. Nobody. — I was born in an apple orchard.

Sir C. In an apple orchard?

Lot. Yes, in a state of nudity. I was setting up corn cobs, and knocking 'em down, with juvenile crab-apples. I narrowly escaped being rammed into a cider press, and having my natural juice squeezed out of me. — O, it's true. Ask Malson: he raised me.

Sir C. Malson, speak! This is not —

Mal. (With a sneer.) He is your son.

Sir C. My son! my son! (Embracing him.)

Lot. Why, you antediluvian old griffin, what on airth are you hug-gin me for?

Sir C. I am your father.

Lot. Du tell — you — Then I warn't found in the apple orchard?

Sir C. Even in this your villany is evident. Did I not, on what I thought my death bed, command you to educate this boy, and afford you the means of doing so?

Lot. But he never did, daddy. If it hadn't been for old mother Starchington, I never should have been a scholar.

Enter LIEUTENANT OSTRAND, MRS. ASHTON, and JOSEPHINE, R. H. 1 B.

Har. Josephine! heavens! she is the daughter of my father's murderer! (Aside.)

Sir C. Lieutenant Melville, one fatal error has involved us all in years of misery; but that shall not prevent us from being friends for the future. (They shake hands.)

Lot. Malson, you look rather riled. We can spare you. You can jest go down into the kitchen, where I have stationed two fellers with rifles, and they'll riddle your internals darned quick if you try to cut stick. — You can't get away, no how.

Mal. Lieutenant Melville, that my vengeance cannot reach you is not my sole regret; but if the last bitter maledictions of a ruined man can throw one shadow over your restored happiness, may mine cling to you forever. (Exit, L. H. 1 B., with officers.)

Lot. I say, Malson, you'll be apt to go through a feat on the tight rope, only the rope will be perpendicular instead of horizontal, and the balance pole will be over your head. Harvy, I've got a daddy — nice old cock, ain't he? He han't got much hair jest here. Here, you whiskered hippopotamus, what will you take for hair enough off your upper lip to cover the old man's head?

Os. Your father, boy? Tell me, Sir Cameron, is this the son of Lady Ogleby?

Sir C. No; this poor boy is my natural son.

Lot. (Down L. C.) Yes, I'm a natural. — Why, fathers and mothers fly about here as thick as bonnyclapper. Are you sure you're my father?

Sir C. My hapless wife died of a broken heart, before I had recovered from my wounds. My cruel mother persuaded her that I was dead; and, to give color to the rumor, hurried me to Italy. My ill-fated wife never was a mother.

Mrs. A. She was. Harvy is the lawful son of Sir Cameron Ogleby.

Har. What! Is this my father? (Kneels.)

Sir C. My dear, dear son. (*Embrace.*)

Lot. What on airth agin — I say, old feller, are you going to father any more on us? Now here's the chipmunk chaser: 'twould puzzle you to father him, whiskers and all. Why, Harvy, you and I are kind of brothers — ain't we? (*All retire except Lot. MANIKIN comes down, R.*)

Man. Mr. Lot Sap Sago, will you allow me to trouble you for my fowling piece?

Lot. O, yes; I don't want the flimsy thing. Do you want to borrow Harvy's horse?

Man. No, nor your blind ox either.

Lot. That bull got blind looking cross-eyed. (*All come down.*)

Sen. Miss Starchington, I resign myself to love and you.

Lot. Well, old Senil, you've resigned at last; and, according to the way things stick up round here, you're all fathered but old crocodile here, and I don't know but I'd father him if it wan't for his whiskers; and, finally, I don't care if I do, if our friends present will stand father to our author's child, the YANKEE LAND.

SITUATIONS.

SENIL. MISS S. MAN. JOS. HARVY. LOT. SIR C. MRS. A. OSTRAND.
L. H. C. R. H.

CURTAIN.

[No. 203.]

NORAH CREINA.

A Drama,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

Edward
E. STIRLING, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

The Railway King — Popping In and Out — The Rubber of Life — Serpent of the Nile — Blue Sackets — Captain Charlotte — Bachelor's Buttons — Secret Fox — Sealed Sentences — Lestello — Alins — Margaret Catchpole — The Mendicant's Son — The Sea King's Foe — &c.

WITH

ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY
MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER
OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Survey Theatre, London, 1846.</i>	<i>National, Boston, 1846.</i>	<i>Adelphi, Boston, 1847.</i>	<i>National, Boston, 1861.</i>
GORMAN BRADY, (a young Dragon),.....	Mr. Johnson	Mr. E. W. Keach	Mr. H. W. Bland	Mr. E. Sandford
DENNIS ROONEY, } (two Galway Farmers), {	" Hawkins	" J. R. Paulin	" W. Parker	" F. A. Monroe
NED O'GRADY, }	" Broughton	" J. H. Ring	" E. B. Williams	" B. Meier
ROBERT O'CONNOR, alias BLACK COSTUME, (Whiteboy or Rebel),	" Rogers	" J. G. Cardlich	" J. Brougham	" J. J. Prior
TIMOTHY TIT, (from Yorkshire),	" Lewis	" G. Graham	" B. D. Johnson	" C. H. Saunders
NORAH CARNEY, (an Orphan Girl),	Mrs. Vining	Miss E. Mettayer	Mrs. H. W. Bland	Mrs. M. A. Tirrell
WIDOW BRADY, (Keeper of a Shebeen),	" Daly	Mrs. Kinloch	" A. W. Penson	" J. E. Vincent

SCENE. — Galway.

PERIOD. — 1790.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION. — Thirty-five minutes.

COSTUME.

GORMAN. — Undress dragon's uniform.

ROONEY and O'GRADY. — Farmer's dresses; mean, discolored dark-green coats; breeches; high dirty boots.

O'CONNOR. — Old gray frieze coat; torn breeches; overalls; dirty shoes; spurs; dirty, torn great coat; brown pistols in belt; old felt high-crowned hat.

TIMOTHY TIT. — Fustian jacket; cord breeches; gray stockings.

PARASOLS. — Tattered dresses.

DRAGOONS. — Undress uniforms.

NORAH. — Woollen petticoat; short linen jacket; colored cotton handkerchief.

WIDOW BRADY. — Coarse red petticoat; tuck-up gown of striped cotton; handkerchief tied over head.

NORAH CREINA.

SCENE. — *The Interior of a small Shebeen, or Public House, in Galway. Door, c. flat, and window in R. F., with shutters and curtain through which the distant mountains are seen. A trap in the c. of stage, supposed to lead to the cellar. Table, rude benches, &c. A bar to the door. Set staircase, 3 E. R. H. practical.*

The curtain rises to a popular Irish medley. DENNIS ROONEY and O'GRADY discovered seated at a table on R. C., drinking.

Roo. Here's to you! It's long since we swallowed a drop of potheen together, boy.

O'Gr. Yes, indeed, ma vouchel, it's long since I saw you, and I wish we may never do worse nor drink a harmless glass o' whiskey to keep the cowl out, any way.

Roo. You've been away from the barony, Ned, a long day or two. Is the ould man dead, in Dublin?

O'Gr. Yes — the curse o' Cromwell on him — and it's small the legacy he's left me. (*Shows purse.*) Here it is — the shabby thir-teen!

Roo. Ain't you afraid of travelling with so much treasure? The boys are up stronger than ever in Galway. Captain Black Connor is the devil himself. It's light work he'll make of you and your gould if he puts his delicate hands on you.

O'Gr. By the piper that played afore Moses, I'd have a grapple with Connor, or the black devil, if he touched my money.

Roo. Aisy, boy; aisy. It's ears he's got, and he's in every body's house. You'll have to pass through the wood, and the Gray Cross; and that's no other than the head quarters of O'Connor and his band.

O'Gr. I don't fear them.

Roo. A large reward is set upon the captain's head as a rebel and a whiteboy.

O'Gr. Let's talk of something more pleasant. A sip more of the whiskeey will do us no harm, ashore.

Roo. Divil a bit. (*Calling.*) Norah! Norah, my darling! (*Knocks on table with measure. Music: "Norah Creina."*)

Nor. (*Without.*) Coming, sirs, coming — (*Enters, 2 E. R. H., hastily. She courtesies.*) What is it you please to want?

Roo. Another measure of the potheen, my jewel; and let it be of the best the shebeen affords.

Nor. Faith, and it shall, Mr. Rooney, for it's myself that will draw it out of the cellar. (*Exit down trap.*)

Roo. You're a brave girl, my heart!

O' Gr. I thought that girl had left widow Brady long since.

Roo. No; the old woman has changed her mind since her son Gorman — who was deep in love with Norah — chose to run away and enlist in the dragoons out of despair, when his mother, the widow, refused her consent to his marriage with Norah.

O' Gr. What's the widow's objection to her as a daughter?

Roo. Money — sorra the word. Besides, she is an orphan, friendless and lone in the world; mighty objections in Mrs. Brady's eyes. The poor girl can do nothing well since Gorman left his home. Arrah, I've no patience with the pride of the dunghill! (*Norah re-ascends trap with a jug of whiskey, which she places on table.*)

Nor. Your drink, sirs — (*Sighs.*)

Roo. Thank you, darlint. What is it ails you? Your eyes are red with tears. Musha! may sorrow never put a crease in that beautiful cheek.

Nor. Tears! Why should I shed tears?

Roo. You ask the question, shild, as if it answered itself. You are not happy here, Norah.

Nor. Happy! What can I expect — what right have I to dream of happiness or comfort? A poor orphan — born in trouble, sheltered in charity. Have I not more than I deserve? Yes. I am happy, indeed I am. (*Wipes her eyes.*)

Roo. It's grieving after young Gorman, you are. Avourneen, don't cry. I shall ate your weddin dinner with him yet. Don't be ashamed of your love for the boy.

Nor. I'm not ashamed. Why should I be? Where was his equal? Wasn't all hearts upon him? Who ever had a bad word against him? And for my sake the pride of the barony's left his home and turned soldier! Yes, I do love him. Proud was I of him. My eyes brightened when they looked on him, and my heart got light when I heard his voice. There was music in it. Our love was not of yesterday. Before the locks of my hair came to my shoulders I loved him, and thought of him. Now he is gone, what is before me but sorrowful days and a broken heart?

Widow Brady. (*Without.*) Norah! Norah Creina!

Roo. There's the widow's tongue at her heels. That same widow's as graceful as a shaved pig on its hind legs, dancing the Balithoun jig.

Enter WIDOW BRADY, R. H. 2 E., her hands covered with flour, and carrying a rolling pin.

Wid. B. O, it's here you are! and I've been calling you all over the house, outside and inside, leaving the elegant puddings to neglect.

Nor. (*Mildly.*) I was serving the customers, ma'am.

Wid. B. Serving the customers! Away with you, and attend to the pigs; the craturs'll be wanting their meal. Bustle about your work! Dust the rooms — sweep the floor — milk the cows — draw

some water — make the beds — wash the dishes — boil the praties — and then sit down to spin. (NORAH crosses to R. H., wiping her eyes.) What's that you are at, achree? Wiping your eyes again, is it? Them delusive ways won't come over me as they did the soft side of my poor boy's heart. Go to your work, or it's the mountains you shall sleep on to-night instead of the widow Brady's genteel accommodation for man and horse.

Nor. My heart will break! O mother, dear, why did you die, and leave me to this? (Exit, R. H. 2 B.)

O'Gr. You are over hard with the girl, Mrs. Brady, and treat her too harshly.

Wid. B. Ah, is it yourself, Mr. O'Grady? How is your wife and the children — all well? No sickness among the crop — and the pigs have recovered the measles, I hope?

O'Gr. All well, ma'am, thank you; but Norah —

Wid. B. Don't mention her; she has completely turned my son's head.

Roo. Small fault was it of hers; she couldn't help being to his taste.

Wid. B. Taste! The lad had no taste for any thing but whiskey, until she put herself forward and bewildered him; and this in my teeth, too, when I had found out a suitable match for her in Timothy, my Yorkshire stable boy.

Roo. Why, the spalpeen is a fool and a coward.

Wid. B. Two excellent recommendations for a husband, to my thinking, Mr. O'Rooney, and a capital match he'd have made her.

Timothy Tt. (Without, D. F. C.) Missus — Norah! open the door! Will nobody come?

Wid. B. (Opening door, D. F. C.) What ails the creature?

Music, agitato — TIMOTHY staggers in, much alarmed. He carries a basket.

Tim. O missus —

Wid. B. What's happened to you, man?

Tim. Nothing — and worse than that.

Wid. B. Why do you tremble and look pale? Has any one frightened you?

Tim. No; but they might have done, missus. All the way back from Galway I've thought of nothing but Black Connor and his horrible gang. If they should happen to catch me, says I, and make a whiteboy of me, and ask me to let 'em all in to rob our house in the middle of the night, and cut your throat — if they should ask, says I, again —

Wid. B. And if they had, would you have done it?

Tim. To be sure I should, missus.

Wid. B. You would, eh? You ungrateful wretch! Is this your gratitude for bringing you from England, and making you head waiter and horse keeper to this elegant inn?

Tim. Horse keeper, where there's no horses to keep, and waiter, with nobody to wait on! Call this ramshackled old place an inn, too! Why, how can it be called an inn, which every body keeps out!

Wid. B. Hold your fool's tongue, and give me the crockery I sent you for. (*She takes crockery out of the basket.*) I'm tired of you, quite.

Tim. And I'm tired of you. What's lodging, washing, wages, eating, and drinking? Nothing. I'll go back to England.

Roo. Don't do that, achree. It's dead we shall be widout your elegant face among us. What's the news in Galway?

Tim. Dreadful, Mr. O'Rooney — enough to make your hair get up off your head and run away! Black Connor, the robber and raparee is at his fun again — killing, robbing, and murdering every body he claps his claws on.

Wid. B. All nonsense. Don't believe a word the booby says, Mr. Rooney. See that you put this up safely. Stay — I'll send Norah to help you. (*Calls.*) Norah! Norah! (*Exit, 2 R. R. H.*)

Roo. (*To O'Grady.*) You hear? O'Connor is out again. Ain't you alarmed now, Ned?

O'Gr. Not a whit.

Tim. Lor, arn't you, though? I'm always alarmed for fear he should serve me as he did poor Phil Purcell last week.

O'Gr. How was that, Master Tit?

Tim. O, don't ask me — it would terrify you too much; then you'd faint and go whop upon the floor, for I'm not strong enough to catch you.

Roo. Go on with your story, man.

NORAH reënters R. H. 2 E., and busies herself arranging the crockery.

Tim. Well, if you will be horrified, you may. Last week Phil Purcell, the farmer, left our house at midnight to pass the forest. Well, when he reached the Gray Cross, opposite the old abbey, what should he feel all at once on his shoulder but a hand, and in that hand a dagger! Turning round, he looked full in the face of Black Connor himself. (*During this speech O'CONNOR enters, D. F. C., enveloped in a riding cloak, and seats himself unobserved at back of table. All are attending to TIMOTHY's story.*) Phil Purcell, being desperately courageous, threw himself flat on his face, and roared for mercy like a town bull. The robber seized him by the hair of his head, and in a voice of thunder said —

O'Con. (*Striking the table with his whip.*) Death and the devil! Am I to be attended to-night? (*Chord. TIMOTHY falls on his knees. NORAH drops a piece of crockery she was wiping. ROONEY and O'GRADY start up. All look alarmed. WIDOW BRADY reënters.*)

Wid. B. In St. Patrick's name, what's the matter now?

O'Con. The matter is, mistress, a traveller may call ten times before he is served once. (*TIMOTHY steals off, R. H. 2 E.*)

Wid. B. Arrah, is this the way you attend to my customers? And breaking the new crockery, too! Save us and keep us!

Nor. Indeed, ma'am, I was frightened.

Wid. B. Frightened! What right had you to be frightened, pray? You can't afford it — you're too poor to be frightened. A pretty wife for my brave boy! You a soldier's wife, indeed! Ha, ha! (*Laughs.*)

Tim. (*Returning with a measure of whiskey from 2 B. R. H.*) Here's the drink, master. (*Gives O'CONNOR the whiskey. — Aside.*) Ugh — what an ugly look! — Talking of soldiers, I saw young master and the dragoons exercising in the town, and he told me to tell you that he was coming here after parade to bid you good by, for they are all ordered to march to-morrow.

Nor. (*Aside.*) So soon? Poor Gorman!

Wid. B. Why didn't you tell me of this before, blockhead?

Roo. (*Rising.*) Good night, Ned — and let me advise you not to stay here too late. Remember the gould you have about you — and don't throw yourself wilfully among Black Connor's boys.

O'Gr. Thank ye, Dennis Rooney; never fear for me. Before I go I should like to hear the end of Timothy's story, and what befell Phil Purcell.

O'Con. I can tell you that. He returned to Galway with empty pockets; and a lucky thing it turned out for him, for under pretence of this robbery Phil Purcell never paid his rent, and got up a subscription amongst the gentry, poor man! A heap of gold he made by his loss. (*Laughs.*)

O'Gr. I think it was a trick of Master Phil's. Robbers! — nonsense! I should like to find the man within reach of my shillalah that would venture to stop me.

O'Con. Yet I would venture a wager that you, with all your bravery and courage, would scarce dare pass the old ruins and Gray Cross in the forest after sunset and alone.

O'Gr. That's your opinion, is it?

O'Con. It is — and here is that which shall back it. (*He throws a purse on the table.*) My purse shall be his who will fix some token on the Cross — say this handkerchief. (*Takes handkerchief from his neck. — Aside.*) His gold will be ours!

Roo. You are afraid at last, Ned, boy!

Tim. Afraid! Lor, what nonsense!

O'Gr. Why, I —

O'Con. You hesitate, and fear to earn a well-stocked purse. Here it is for any body whose courage serves them.

Nor. (*Aside.*) That money might purchase Gorman's release, and restore him to his home! — (*Advancing.*) Give it to me, and I will go to the old Cross. (*They all appear surprised.*)

Wid. B. The saints preserve us! You go?

Nor. Yes — I will go; — I, the poor and despised, have nothing to fear. (*Snatches handkerchief.*) If I never return, who is there to mourn for me? None save *one* in the wide world, and he is lost to me! (*Taking purse and throwing it to WIDOW BRADY.*) Take the gold you worship — the gold for which two loving hearts were severed. It is yours — I despise it! For me, living or dead, you shall own that I should not have disgraced a soldier's wife! (*Exit rapidly, D. F. C. Hurried music.*)

Wid. B. Norah, girl — Norah! Musha, is the girl crazed? If any thing happens to her —

Tim. It is all your fault. If she's murdered, you will be hung for manslaughter.

O'Con. (*Aside.*) Brave Norah! — Good night, friends. I will follow the girl, and see that she performs her task. Mind, widow, you hold the stakes. If she succeeds, the purse is hers; if not, I shall return to claim it. — (*Aside.*) She shall be mine! A spirit like hers is worth winning. (*Exit, p. f. c.*)

Roe. Let's follow the colleen — for I don't admire the delicate expression of that man's features. Some harm may befall the girl.

O'Gr. Harm come to the brave heart of the girl! Murder and meal — not for the honor of ould Ireland! (*Exit with ROONEY, p. f. c.*)

Tim. Nobody asks me to go for the honor of old England!

Wid. B. If ill should befall the orphan, what'll my poor boy say?

Tim. Why, he'll say that you are a stony-hearted dealer in smuggled whiskey and tobacco. I am ashamed of you, and discharge myself from your service. I won't cheat the customers any longer for you!

Gor. (*Without, p. f. c.*) Mother! Norah!

Tim. There's your son, the dragoon, come to bid you good by, with his long sword, saddle, bridle. (*WIDOW runs to door, and opens it.*)

Enter GORMAN, D. F. C.

Wid. B. (*Embracing him.*) My boy!

Gor. Mother, dear!

Tim. My master! (*Leaning on GORMAN'S shoulder.*)

Gor. Where is Norah?

Tim. Gone to the devil to shake herself! (*Shakes his head.*)

Gor. Nothing has happened to her?

Wid. B. (*Aside.*) I cannot answer him! — You will ate your supper with me, Gorman; it may be long before we break bread again together. I'll prepare it, as I have much to say before you leave the home that reared you. (*Exit, 2 f. r. h.*)

Gor. Where is Norah? Tell me.

Tim. I wish I could. I only know where she was a short time since.

Gor. For Heaven's sake do not trifle with me, man! If ill has come to her, let me know it.

Tim. To be sure I will. She's gone to tie a handkerchief to the abbey cross, for a wager.

Gor. Why did she do this?

Tim. To earn a full purse — prove her courage — and make her fit for a soldier!

Gor. Who doubted Norah's courage? Who dared her to this wild act?

Tim. Your respectable whiskey-dealing mamma.

Gor. If harm come to her, the mother that bore me and the home that bred me's a stranger to me from this hour. Seas shall part us. I'll hasten after her — my arm may protect her yet. Tell my mother her cruelty to Norah has gone well nigh to break my heart. (*MUSIC, piano. He is leaving the cottage, when the sound of a horse's gallop is heard. TIMOTHY runs to the window. Moonlight.*)

Tim. (Looking out.) Look! look! As I live, it's Norah come back safe, and on horseback! (*GORMAN opens the door.*) What can it mean? Wonders will never cease! (*Music.*)

NORAH rushes in, pale and agitated.

Nor. Save me! Save me! (*She sinks into GORMAN's arms.*)

Gor. Light of my heart! you are safe here. (*Places her in a chair.*)

Tim. To be sure she is, with me, I'll go and tell missus. How she will stare at their hugging and kissing! (*Exit, 2 E. E. H.*)

Gor. Norah, aoushja! Look up! It's I — Gorman — your own —

Nor. (Gases round wildly.) GORMAN! Then I have nothing to fear. But why are you near me? Your mother will be angered at this.

Gor. I'll never leave you again, dear girl. You shall go with me — be my wife! We'll return home no more.

Nor. No, no, Gorman, dear; you alone must leave — your duty calls. Remember, you are now a servant of the king. If you value the poor girl that you love, never bring sorrow and misery on the mother that nursed you. She has no hope, no joy, but in you.

Gor. Norah, listen to me. Much sorrow have I known in this wide world; but the bitterest would be to see you — you whom my heart so joyed in — pine away; and it's that you would, when I left you. This grief must be removed from your young heart. It is destroying you quite.

Enter WIDOW BRADY, 2 E. E. H., and TIMOTHY, who goes off, D. F. C.

You will be my wife, then, and make one, whose heart almost bursts at the thought, happy.

Wid. B. (Coming down, E. H.) Indeed, she'll do no such thing, if I know it! What! you can't forget her and your love foolery?

Gor. Forget her? Mother, can you ask me that? I did try — shame come to me for it — at your command. You told me it would bring bitterness and sorrow on your gray hairs — you threatened me with your curse. I knew the duty of a son was to sacrifice all to her who gave him life; but knowing the love I bore her — which is more than life — I resolved to leave my home, and turn soldier. Now I find *this* cannot save her from persecution and hard usage. Mother, why do you steel your heart against one so gentle — so good —

Wid. B. What's gentleness and goodness without money in the pockets? She's no fitting wife for you. She is poor and penniless — not worth a farthing — (*TIMOTHY runs on with a small portmanteau, D. F. C.*)

Tim. That's a banger, any how. Here's heaps of money — (*shakes portmanteau*) — it was on the horse's back that Norah galloped home on from the old abbey ruins.

Gor. What does this mean?

Nor. The horse was fastened to the tree, near the cross.

Tim. Then the money's yours. There's no harm in robbing a robber. (*Opens portmanteau.*) All gold and silver, too! What heaps and heaps!

Gor. Dear Norah, what does it all mean?

Wid. B. Yes, tell us, child — we are all attention.

Nor. You all know my acceptance of the stranger's challenge —

Gor. Yes; but how rash — how foolish!

Nor. Foolish! No — say it was rather an inspiration from Providence. No human power could have withheld me. I rushed out of the house, confident of success; but when I found myself alone, in the wild dreary mountains, my heart began to sink and falter. But then I thought of you, Gorman, and that inspired me with courage, and renewed my strength. I had reached the forest, and fixed the token on the cross, when suddenly I saw a light, and heard voices in the vaults of the old chapel. Then I feared, indeed, for it was too plain they were inhabited — perhaps by Black Connor and his ruthless gang. My first impulse was to cast myself at the foot of the cross, and implore the protection of Heaven. My spirits revived. Turning, I saw a horse fastened to one of the trees. I paused not an instant, but threw myself on his back and galloped towards home. At that instant the ruffians rushed from their retreat with shouts of vengeance, and a shower of bullets fell around me; but, protected by an invisible power, I was saved, and live to prove that in courage, at least, I should not disgrace a soldier's bride. (*GORMAN kisses her.*)

Wid. B. And such you shall be, girl; this money alters the case. I see no objection to your marrying.

Tim. But I do, though. I forbid the banns. You gave her to me when she was poor, and you shan't take her away when she is likely to be rich.

Gor. You will be mine, dearest —

Nor. On one condition — that part of this money shall purchase your discharge. You must not leave your home.

Gor. Generous girl!

Wid. B. I am almost ashamed of myself for my former unkindness.

Tim. So you ought to be.

Wid. B. I'll go to your colonel at once, tell him the whole matter, and pay for your discharge. Sure he'll never refuse it. (*Takes up portmanteau.*) I'll lock this up till my return. You'll go with me, boy.

Tim. What, and leave me in the house alone?

Wid. B. Bring the gold up stairs, and hold your fool's tongue.

(*Exit up staircase, 3 E. R. H.*)

Tim. (*Following.*) Fool's tongue! — (*Aside.*) I know I shall run a dagger through that old woman one of these days.

(*Exit with portmanteau up staircase, 3 E. R. H.*)

Gor. (*Taking NORAH'S hand.*) Norah, you are dull and pensive. Tears, too, when on the point of attaining our wishes — when to-morrow —

Nor. To-morrow! O, I scarce dare look forward to so much happiness.

Gor. Why not?

Nor. I thought tears and misery had been my only lot — but this night's adventure and your presence have raised hopes in my heart that are wealth to me. One word of tenderness from you is a priceless treasure — your love and constancy my only happiness.

Re-enter WIDOW BRADY and TIMOTHY, (staircase, 3 E. R. H.)

Wid. B. Now I am ready. Come, Gorman; we'll see your colonel, then hasten back.

Gor. Good by, love. One kiss — we shall soon return — and tomorrow makes you mine! *(Exit, D. F. C.)*

Wid. B. Shut the door, and fasten the shutters — and be careful of the house, mavourneen. *(Exit, D. F. C. — Music.)*

Tim. *(Fastens shutters.)* What a terrible old woman that is after money. She'd swallow the Bank of England, and curl her hair with ten pound notes!

Nor. I have been wrong. *(Wiping her eyes.)* The world is not so cruel and wicked as it appeared to me. There is much goodness and happiness in store for those who put their trust in Him who watches over the orphan and the oppressed.

Tim. So, miss, you ain't going to be Mrs. Tit after all, eh?

Nor. It would be useless to give the hand if the heart be wanting, Timothy.

Tim. O, that's all very fine — but I don't see why I should lose such a nice courageous girl. *(Wind blows.)* What's that, eh? Only the wind. *(NORAH lights candle.)* Who's that for?

Nor. You. Are you not going to bed?

Tim. What, by myself? I should be frightened to death, bless you! Dream all night about robbers and gold. *(Thunder.)* There's a storm coming on, too. Won't missus get a drenching? Serve her right. I wish she was washed away. No, no — I won't go to bed.

Nor. Sit down, then, and I'll remain with you.

Tim. Will you, now? What a brave fellow you are! You make a much better man than I do. *(They sit — the clock strikes nine — loud knock at the door.)* Listen! Don't open it.

Nor. Why not? Perhaps 'tis a poor traveller, overcome by the storm. *(Loud knocking.)*

Tim. Let him be overcome, then; but don't open the door, or he may come over us.

Nor. Do have a little more courage — *(Opens the door in F. C.)*

O'CONNOR enters, shaking the rain from his dress. Lightning seen when the door opens, rain, &c.

O'Con. Do you always keep travellers waiting so long on the outside of your door, my lass?

Tim. Yes — when we don't want 'em to wait inside. — *(Aside.)* The very man that laid the wager, again!

Nor. What can I serve you with, sir?

O'Con. Nothing.

Tim. We don't sell it, mister — so you may —

O'Con. (*Advancing.*) Take yourself off, idiot! I want to speak to the girl alone.

Tim. (*Aside.*) He'll cut her innocent throat! I'll go up stairs and watch. (*Exit up stairs, 8 E. N. H.*)

O'Con. So, my lass, you've had the courage to win my purse, and brave the boys of the mountain? (*Laughs.*) Ha, ha! I little thought your gentle appearance concealed a heart of such determined courage. But I like you for it — I, who have most cause to be vexed.

Nor. What mean you, sir? Who are you?

O'Con. You shall know all — the time of concealment is past, I am Roderic O'Connor — or Black Connor, if you like it better — and the purse you won, the horse you borrowed, and the money you stole, are all mine, and I have come to claim them.

Tim. (*Aside — peeping over the stairs.*) O Lord!

Nor. Fear prompted me to make use of your horse. Take it back, and your gold, but do not harm me.

O'Con. Harm you! Why should I? I am charmed with you. Your courage has won my heart. I want a wife, and you are the woman I fancy; and I'm now come to claim and carry you to your future home, my girl!

Nor. Your home!

O'Con. Yes, mine. Look on my features. Does your memory serve you now? I am the boy you once spurned — cast aside — as you would dirt. Norah, it's many the times this heart — hard as it is now — has beat tenderly for you in days long past; days of sunshine, not of black sorrow. You remember Kenrick, and his wild ways —

Nor. Kenrick Kavanagh! Are you that man?

O'Con. Faith, and I am,

Nor. Why do you come here thus disguised?

O'Con. I daren't walk openly,

Nor. Why not?

O'Con. Dare not ask me, girl. Crimes — heavy crimes — are upon my head.

Nor. O, if your poor mother, the widow, could hear her son say this of himself —

O'Con. (*Seizing her hand.*) Silence — silence — mention not her name. My innocent mother, dear — my evil ways broke the heart of her that loved me truly — fondly! I was the darling — the pride — comfort — support of her age — the one link in her chain of life. That link I rudely, cruelly burst, and left the poor old creature to pine and die. O, the aching heart I carry here — (*strikes his breast*) — for that one deed! Her curse — a mother's curse — on her only child, still rings in my ears. I see — I see her now, with her pale hands raised to heaven, calling down vengeance on my guilty soul! I laughed her prayers and threats to scorn, flew to the mountains, and became what I now am — (*Crosses, L.*)

Nor. What — what?

O'Con. A robber! (*Laughs wildly.*) Ha, ha! — and you that

cast me off for young Gorman, shall beg to become my wife — the wife of the degraded and spurned outcast! This you shall do, girl, daily, hourly, or worse may befall you. All the love I had for you is now hate — hate for the crimes your scorn drove me to; hate for the mother's curse I feel so deeply here — (*strikes his breast*) — here!

Nor. To what am I doomed!

O'Con. What is it you fear? Gold, rich attire, and the devotion of the brave boys that call me leader, shall be yours. (*Approaches her.*)

Nor. (*Shuddering.*) Do not come near me!

O'Con. Not come near you, my darling? That's a hard condition. I see you are alarmed at my rough appearance — my heart is tender, though, and free as the mountain air. You'll be mine —

Nor. Never! (*Retires behind table.*) Let me go, ruffian — I am betrothed to Gorman Brady — his wife, in the eyes of Heaven.

O'Con. No, no, ma vutche! — that you'll never be. You henceforth are mine. (*Producing pistols, which he lays on table.*) You die, or become my companion — so take your choice — I'm not particular. Meantime, fetch some whiskey. My friends, the green mountain boys, will be here in a few minutes, to do honor to their future mistress.

Nor. (*Aside.*) German, dear — I am lost to you now.

O'Con. Come, bustle — fetch the potheen, and the best the shebeen affords. (*NORAH takes the light, and descends trap.*) Musha! there may be an outlet that way that leads to the road. I'll go with her — escape me she shall not. (*Music. — He follows her down — a scream heard in the cellar, and NORAH rushes up trap — rapidly closes it down — seizes pistol, which she points down, and stands over the trap. Picture.*)

Nor. Villain! strive to ascend these steps, and you die. Make your peace with Heaven, for I fire if you stir. (*She drags the table over trap, and puts chair, &c., on it — O'CONNOR knocks beneath it.*) Timothy! If you are a man, aid me. The coward has fled. I'm forsaken by all. No — not by one — he will still protect and give me strength.

O'Con. (*Down trap.*) Release me, or your blood shall answer it.

Nor. I defy your threats. Dare to show even the hair of your head, villain, and your fate is sealed! (*A loud knocking at the door, and a wild shout of "Open the door!" Lights are seen through the crevices.*)

Nor. (*Trembling violently.*) My hour is come — these are the wild men he spoke of. W-w-what do — do you want at this late hour?

Voice. (*Without.*) Our captain, honey, and his bride — long life to the pair of 'em! (*A shout.*) So open the elegant door, or we'll open it for you, my darling creature! (*Music. — Violent blows are heard against the door and window — panes of glass fall on the floor inside — knocking at the same time in the cellar, and the things on the table move — NORAH seizes the other pistol, which she levels at the door, still keeping the one aimed at cellar.*)

Nor. You shall not enter. If you attempt, your blood be upon your heads. I am well armed, and will fire! Woman as I am, I fear you not! — (*Aside.*) Heaven help me — I sink with terror!

O' Con. Girl, you shall suffer for this — (*Endeavoring to raise trap.*)

Nor. Silence, ruffian!

Voices. (*Without.*) We are betrayed — force open the door, boys. (*Noise without, and shouts.*)

Nor. The door is solid — if it resists but a few minutes, I may be saved. Ha — a thought — yes, death rather than dishonor! This — this shall snatch me from them! (*Music. — She seizes a piece of burning wood from fire, and sets fire to the curtain, then throws it up the stairs — the noise and blows still kept up outside. A red light seen.*) Gorman, I die faithful to my first, my heart's true affection! Don't attempt to move, or you die like a dog. Help! the flames surround me — I faint — I'm suffocated! Gorman — mother dear — your child — (*Music. — Sinks on floor overcome with terror — the door and window are burst open — the WHITEBOYS rush on with torches and pikes, wildly shouting — at the same moment O'CONNOR forces up trap and ascends — all surround NORAH with threatening gestures — the cottage in flames.*)

O' Con. Death to her, boys! (*Music. — They raise their pikes, when GORMAN and a strong party of dragoons appear at door, window, and top of stairs, with carbines levelled at Rebels. GORMAN and a party rush upon them sword in hand — O'CONNOR is shot by GORMAN, who catches up NORAH — the robbers attempt to fly, but are checked on all sides by soldiers — WIDOW BRADY enters, 2 E. E. H., and runs to NORAH.*)

Gor. You are saved!

Tim. Yes — and I did it. I dropped out of window, and gave the alarm. Ha, ha! (*Rubbing his hands.*) Who's an idiot now, eh? (*NORAH revives.*)

Gor. I'm free, darling! We'll never part more. You are mine own —

Nor. Free — yours — then am I happy! (*Music. Air, "Norah Creina."*)

SITUATIONS.

2 DRAGOONS. Staircase, 3 E. E. H.	2 DRAGOONS. Window.	2 DRAGOONS. Door.
IRISH REBELS, on knees.	WHITEBOYS.	DRAGON.
WIDOW. E. E.	O'CONNOR, dead.	NORAH. GORMAN.
	C.	L. E.

CURTAIN.





[No. 204.]

GOOD FOR NOTHING.

A Comic Drama. -- In One Act.

John Baldwin BY

J. B. BUCKSTONE, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "WRECK ASHORE," "BEAR-HUNTERS," "POOR JACK," "ROUGH DIAMOND,"
"DREAM AT SEA," "GREEN BUSHES," "AGNES DE VERE," "PRESUMPTIVE
EVIDENCE," "THE SCHOLAR," "BREACH OF PROMISE," "FLOWERS
OF THE FOREST," "MARRIED LIFE," "SINGLE LIFE,"
"RURAL FELICITY," "WEAK POINTS," ETC.

*With original Casts, Costumes, and all the Stage Business. As performed at
the principal Theatres in the United States. Marked and arranged by
Mr. J. B. Wright, Assistant Manager Boston Theatre.*

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

TOM DRYALES, a Gardener,	Origl. Haymarket, London, 1881.	Brougham's Lyceum, N. Y., 1882.	Wallack's, N. Y., 1883.	Eagle, Boston, 1883.	Wallack's, N. Y., 1884.
HARRY COLLINS, a Railway Fireman,	Mr. Buckstone,	Mr. W. H. Chippendale,	Mr. C. Hale,	Mr. W. J. Florence,	Mr. H. B. Phillips.
CHARLEY, a Carpenter,	" Flower,	" H. B. Phillips,	" H. B. Phillips,	" Turner,	" T. Chippendale.
YOUNG MR. SIMPSON,	" Parselle,	" D. B. Palmer,	" Reynolds,	" Lingham,	" Reynold.
SERVANT,	" Clark,	" Duncan,	" Chandler,	" Hayland,	" Chandler.
Mrs. Fitzwilliam,	" Ellis,	Miss Annie Lonsdale,	Miss Malvina,	Mrs. W. J. Florence,	Mrs. W. H. Stephens.
TOM DRYALES, a Gardener,	Royal Lyceum, Toronto, C. W.	Metropolitan, N. Y., 1884.	Broadway, N. Y., 1885.	Thea. Royal, Montreal, 1885.	Boston Theatre, Boston, 1885.
HARRY COLLINS, a Railway Fireman,	Mr. J. Nickerson,	Mr. H. C. Jordan,	Mr. Davidge,	Mr. C. Hale,	Mr. John Wood,
CHARLEY, a Carpenter,	" Marlow,	" Spencer,	" E. Sandford,	" T. Chippendale,	" W. Cowell,
YOUNG MR. SIMPSON,	" Petrie,	" Duncan,	" Grovenor,	" W. E. Floyd,	" G. W. Stoddart.
SERVANT,	" Hill,	" Neal,	" McDouall,	" Ringold,	" N. T. Davenport.
Mrs. C. Nickerson,	" Masters,	Miss Annie Lonsdale,	Miss J. Gougenheim,	" Jeffries,	" Verney.
Mrs. John Wood,				Mrs. C. Hale,	

COSTUMES.

TOM DRYALES.—Linen check jacket, green striped double-breasted waistcoat, corduroy trousers, and old black hat, thick bluchers.

HARRY COLLINS.—Pilot coat, over corded jacket, waistcoat, and trousers, black hair and whiskers, fur cap, Wellington boots.

CHARLEY.—Nest working carpenter's jacket, apron and trousers, brown paper cap.

YOUNG MR. SIMPSON.—Fashionable colored coat, white hat, trousers, &c. *Second dress*; A double dress, the fac simile of the first, the coat split up the back, and covered with dirt.

Mrs. C. Nickerson.—Dark colored cotton frock, pinafore, flaxen hair quite rough and straight across the forehead, laced boots, white stockings. *Second dress*; The pinafore taken off, the hair nicely combed and parted, little straw bonnet with cherry-colored ribbons.

GOOD FOR NOTHING.

SCENE. — *A Room in a Cottage at Windsor*—*A door in flat centre, opening into the street ; on R. H. of door a window, practical, backed by street ; on L. H. of door a bench on which is a jug of water, a brown wash-hand basin, and a large lump of yellow soap* — *Over the back of a wooden chair on L. H. hangs a rough towel ; a shoe-brush and a comb in the chair* — *Over the bench at the back is a little broken looking-glass* — *A fire-place, L. H. 2 R., with fender, fire-irons, &c.* — *On the wall, L. H. 3 R., a little book-shelf, with a few books on it* — *Set door R. H. 2 R.* — *A common table, with a drawer in it, R. H. centre of the stage ; wooden chairs and a stool, and other articles of humble furniture.*

YOUNG MR. SIMPSON *opens the door in R. C., and looks in.*

Simpson. As usual, nobody in the way ! (*Advances, and knocks on the table.*) Anybody at home ? Of course not, — the house left to take care of itself, as it always is, while that precious daughter, as they call her, of my father's two tenants, who rent this house, is playing in the streets. These people must be got rid of, — they're by no means respectable, and as for the furniture, nothing can be more disreputable. What rubbish ! the tables and chairs all notched and out — plates and dishes, too, all cracked. My father will be lucky if he finds enough on the premises to cover the arrears of rent.

CHARLEY *appears at the door in R. C., a carpenter's basket with tools, &c., on his shoulders.*

Charley. Tom or Harry at home ?

Simp. (R. H.) At home ? no ! I came here with a message from my father the landlord, and I can't find any one to give it to.

Char. (L.) Give it to me ; one of them is sure to be in presently, and, as I mean to wait a bit, I can tell 'em for you.

Simp. (R.) Then please to inform them that my father sent me for the half-year's rent over-due, and, if it's not forthcoming in one hour from this time, they must take the consequences.

Char. They 'll pay, don't be afraid.

Simp. Whether they do or not we want to get rid of them, as we

don't intend for the future to let our house to any but respectable people.

Char. They're honest and hard-working —

Simp. That's not respectability!

Char. What is?

Simp. People that are punctual in their payments, and are never seen in an alehouse. Besides, there's that girl they have adopted — the neighbors all say she's quite a nuisance — knocking at doors and running away, throwing stones — I received such a thump on the head the other day from one, that I did n't know what I was about for a week — breaking windows, and continually playing with all the boys in the parish. Respectable people don't like it. Good-morning; it's now twelve o'clock — I shall be here again in an hour for the rent, and must have it. Give my compliments to your sister.

(*Exit, D. F. C.*)

Char. He's quite right about Nan, and it's really a great pity she's so neglected. I'm sure she has a good heart, and with a little care might be made a very nice girl. But Tom and Harry are always squabbling about her — one wants her to be this, the other that — one won't have her corrected, the other says she ought to be; meantime, she is left to run about as wild as a colt, is taught nothing, while her manners and her language are neither those of a girl nor a boy. I think it's time somebody ought to speak seriously to them about her, and, as I'm friend of all parties, hang me if I don't! (*Crosses to E.*)

Enter HARRY, D. F. C., down L.

Harry. Ah, Charley! you here? I've just run my two expresses, and have come home to dinner. Where's Nan?

Char. About the streets as usual.

Harry. Ah, I wish I could have my way, I'd make a very different girl of her. But, whatever I propose, Tom objects to, and we get to words; and, though he's a little fellow, he's sometimes so violent that I give in for a quiet life, yet, if I liked, I could soon shut up his steam.

Char. I know you both mean well, and adopted her from the best motives.

Harry. (*Violently.*) But I tell you she's getting very troublesome, and has quite the upper hand of both of us.

Char. You need n't go into a passion with me.

Harry. I like to speak my mind right out at once, even if I check my speed afterwards. Now, Tom always begins as cool as a cucumber, saying he's not going into a passion, and all the while he keeps poking his fire, and heaping on coals, till he makes such a blaze — and having no safety-valve, burst goes the boiler, and over goes the train.

Char. Tom asked me to pick a bit with you to-day, and, after I've been on a little business, I shall come back and have a talk with you about the girl.

Harry. I wish you would, and get something settled. She's very fond of us I know, though now and then I think she likes Tom best, and that makes me savage; but when I think of her poor grandfather,

I feel as if I could put up with anything. You did n't know him, poor fellow! He was a waterman here, and Nan being without father or mother, he was her only relation. One day, at a regatta, we were all in a boat together, and through some stupidity of mine or Tom's, I don't know which, the boat upset, and the poor old man was drowned; and so we took Nan to bring up and take care of between us.

TOM heard without, calling to NAN.

Tom. Come down that ladder directly — come down, I say — come down!

Harry. There she is again, at some mischief or other.

Enter TOM, D. F. C., a large cabbage in his hand — comes down C.

Tom. Now I don't want to put myself or anybody else out of the way, and for the future I don't mean to get angry about anything, because it's not my nature, and it makes me ill. But I must observe, — and I do so quietly and calmly, — if *something*, I don't care what, is not settled this very day about that girl, if something is not done to keep her out of mischief, and to teach her to earn her livelihood — I'm not going into a passion — no! but, if we don't come to some agreement, as sure as I dash this cabbage on the ground, I'll smash everything in the house to shivers.

Harry. (Violently.) It's *all* your fault, it is. You never will correct her; you let her do whatever she likes, and when you take her to task, and she quietly tells you the truth of things, instead of speaking properly, you laugh at her. She of course thinks there can be no harm in her tricks, and goes on again worse than ever. Now, is that right, Charley?

Tom. I'm glad, Harry, that you have the good sense to talk quietly on the subject, because people can never be determined — never can come to any understanding of anything — unless they're perfectly cool, and, by jingo —

Char. (On R. H., crosses to C., interrupting.) Now stop a moment; we'll talk this all over after dinner; in the mean time, I've got a message for you. Your landlord's son has been here; — he says the half-year's rent must be paid to-day, or you'll both be in trouble.

Tom. (R. H.) I don't know what we are to do; all that I had got towards it, I lent to a poor woman, a fortnight ago, who was in great distress; she said she would be sure to pay me yesterday, and, when I called to-day, I found her worse off than ever. It's always the way.

Harry. (L.) I've made a precious fool of *myself*. I became security for one of the fellows on our line; — he went off to Scotland, and if I had not paid half of it a month ago, I should have been locked up, and have had all my hair cut off. And I don't know now what they'll do to me, if I don't get five pounds to pay the rest to-day.

Char. (C.) You're in a pretty plight, then; and I'm sorry to

say I can't help you, for I parted with all my ready money last Saturday to pay for the things I've bought in setting my sister up in business.

Harry. Suppose we take the money we've saved up towards putting Nan 'prentice to something? We've been a long time adding to it. I dare say there's six or seven pounds in the box, and we'd soon make it up again.

Tom. (*Crossing to c.*) Now listen to me quietly. We've both stinted ourselves often, to keep our promise to put by a little every week to place Nan out in the world;—through a great many temptations we've never touched that little hoard. It's all very well to say we'll soon make it up again, but we never *do*. We may *think* to do it, but it's all bubble and squeak—it can't be done. And I say calmly, and in the softest tone of voice possible, if one penny of that money is touched but for what it was meant for, I'll kick him that does it over the bridge, and back again, and all round the town, as I'd kick this cabbage! (*Kicks the cabbage about the stage, and throws himself into a chair.*)

Harry. Well, then, settle what she's to be at once, and get rid of the money.

Tom. That's what I want. Now let us talk over the matter calmly, because letting her go on from week to week in this way won't do.

Harry. Of course it won't; especially spoiling her as you do.

Tom. I don't spoil her—it's *you*!

Harry. O, that's very good! Did n't she come home the other day wet through and through?—and, though she would n't say how she came so, she had tumbled into the river, I'm sure of it.

Tom. Well, now, don't rake up that again. If she *did* fall in the river, what o' that? People *do* fall in rivers sometimes. But what the deuce—I thought we were to settle what she's to *be*!

Harry. Then go on.

Tom. Very well; I've been speaking to a very respectable laundress about her.

Harry. She shan't be a laundress!

Tom. Well, I'll argue the matter quietly. What the deuce would you have her?

Harry. (*Loudly.*) Something genteel and clean—the superintendent of a first-class refreshment room on one of the great lines.

Tom. Nonsense! that won't suit her! To be laced and tivated, and wrap up tarts in whitey-brown paper, and hand boiling hot soup and scalding tea to hungry passengers, with a minute and a half to swallow 'em in, won't do.

Char. How can you settle on what she's to be, when you have n't yet taught her to read?

Harry. I have often told Tom so!

Tom. I'm sure she's been sent to two or three old women; but she did n't take to it, and it seemed to worry her. It's no use forcing learning; you can't knock it into people's heads. I never could knock it into mine, I know, and I don't think I'm much the worse for it, am I?

Long shouts heard without, R. U. E.

Mob. (Without, in U. E. R. H.) Give it him! That's right!

Mr. Simpson. (Without.) Be quiet! Police! police!

SIMPSON appears at the door in D. F. C., covered with mud, his hat broken and knocked over his eyes, and a dab of mud on his face. The Mob appear, shouting and laughing, at window R. U. They disappear from window.

Simp. Here's a state I'm in! Look at me! look at me!

Tom. What's the matter?

Harry. Who's done this?

Simp. Who's done it? Can you ask such a question? Why, your precious daughter, as you call her; and I demand her immediate punishment. It's infamous! shameful!

Tom. Where is she?

Simp. Outside the door. (Crosses to R. H.)

Tom. (Calling.) Nan!

Harry. Come in! Come in directly!

NAN enters, D. F. C., with her pinafore all awry, a head of hair cut like a boy's, laced-up boots, and her frock torn in several places — She advances sheepishly, and with apprehension, down the centre.

Tom. (R. H.) Come here! It's now high time there should be something settled with you; there must be an end to all this — and, though I mean only to talk in a gentle manner to you, you mustn't think I'm not angry, because I am; and, for the future, it's fit you should know, the more gently I speak the more I mean what I say. So now, I ask you calmly, what the devil have you been doing?

Nan. (C.) It was all his fault! (Pointing to SIMPSON on R. H.)

Simp. (R. H.) How dare you say so? How dare —

Tom. Mr. Simpson, leave her to me and Harry; we are the proper persons to talk to her, and it's only by mildness —

Simp. But allow me —

Tom. (Loudly.) Hold your tongue!

Harry. No, let him speak — let him make his complaint! How can we learn who's right and who's wrong, if we don't hear both sides?

Tom. (To SIMPSON.) Go on, then.

Simp. I was coming along very quietly, with another message to you from my father, and was only thinking of what I had to say, when I suddenly found my toes jumped upon, my person knocked this way and that, and my hat driven over my eyes with great violence. I tried to escape, but it was no use — the faster I ran, the faster I was followed, while the shower of stones that rattled about me was positively alarming. But, if you doubt what I say, look at me!

Tom. And Nan did all this?

Simp. With the aid of her companions.

Tom. And what have you to say to this? Now I speak to you as if I was really your father. (*Loudly.*) What have you to say?

Harry. (L. H.) Don't frighten the girl. Let's hear her story, and then see what's to be done. Now, Nan, don't be afraid — speak; only mind you tell truth.

Char. She won't tell anything else, take my word for that.

Nan. (*In a low tone.*) I was only playing —

Tom. Louder! Speak louder!

Nan. I was only playing at hop-scootch with Billy Purvis, next door, and the doctor's boy, and the young gentleman at the coal-shed. It was my turn to pitch the nicker, and I did, and I kick'd it all through to the last base, without even stopping on a line, or going out at the corners; and I was getting so-tired, for you must do it all on one leg you know, 'cause if you come down on t'other leg you're out.

Tom. Yes, I recollect when I was a boy —

Harry. (*Interested.*) So do I — go on, Nan.

Nan. Well, just as I was winning the game, and no cheating, and was hopping with the nicker on my toe, so — (*Hopping.*)

Tom. Ah, yes, I know.

Harry. Well?

Nan. Who should come by, but young Mr. Simpson. I suppose he could n't see where he was going, for he pushed up against me, and made me lose the game, and just as I was winning, — nobody likes that, you know, — so I gave him a push, and he fell against Billy; then Billy pushed him against the young gentleman at the coal-shed; then he got pushed from one to the other, till we all had such a capital game with him at "none o' my child;" then he got savage, and that's just what we wanted; and then he hit next door, and next door hit him again; then we made a ring to see fair play, but young Mister Simpson turned cowardly custard, and something was thrown at him; then he run away, and we all run after him, and pelted him; and then the more we pelted the more we wanted to; and then he run in here, and here he is — and, O, it was such fun!

Tom. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha! Lord, how I wish I'd been among 'em!

Harry. Ha, ha! So do I; I'd ha' given anything.

Nan. O, don't I wish you had! he'd ha' been served out ten times worse!

Tom. Ha, ha, ha! capital!

Harry. Fine! ha, ha!

Nan. Wasn't it? ha, ha, ha!

Char. (*Shaking his head.*) And this is what you call correcting her, is it?

Tom. O, ah! (*To NAN.*) Now you must know that all this was very wrong, and (*smothering a laugh*) I'm very angry — and — and — Upon my soul I can't say anything to her!

Simp. I thought as much — however, I shall take another course; and, I must say, I consider you a vulgar set of people altogether, and the sooner the parish is rid of such rubbish the better.

Tom. (*Crossing to SIMPSON.*) Now, I'm going to talk to you like a father, and give you a little gentle advice. When a person comes to make a complaint, or ask a favor, he should keep a civil tongue in his

head, for being sarcy is not the way to get what he wants. Now, I intend to speak very mildly. You told *your* tale; then we heard the other, and meant to do you justice; but when you come to talk about vulgar people, and ridding the parish of rubbish, I can only say you're a miserable, half-starved, two forked parsnip, and if you don't instantly get out of this house, I'll kick you out!

Simp. (*Crosses to c., and retreating to the door.*) You shall hear from me again.

Tom. Get out! (*Kicking at him.*) Get out! (*Comes down, R. C.*)

Simp. (*Going out at the D. F. C.*) You shall hear from me very soon!

Nan. (*Running to the door and calling after him.*) Tell-tale tit! when will you call again? Ha! ha! (*Coming down L. H.*) He has n't got much by coming here.

Tom. I did n't lose my temper then, did I? No, when you want a person to understand what you mean, there's nothing like keeping cool, — a little priggish, — confounded —. (*To NAN, who is on the L. H., winding up a top.*) I must have some talk with you another time. Now I'll go and see about getting this rent together. I think I know two or three good fellows that will lend me a helping hand, and I can't expect much mercy from the landlord, *now*. You'll have your bit o' dinner with us, Charley, at any rate; and, Harry, if I can get something to help you, I will! (*At the door, and speaking to NAN.*) Now none of your tricks while I'm gone, because I won't have it.

(*Exit TOM, D. F. C.*)

Harry. I'll go and see what I can do, for we are both in a terrible scrape; and if I can't get five pounds between this and three o'clock, I don't think I shall be driving my engine to-morrow. Shan't be gone long, Charley. Mind you keep in doors, miss. (*Exit HARRY, D. F. C.*)

Char. (*Crosses to her.*) Well, Nan, I don't wish to talk unkindly to you, because it's not altogether your fault that you're so wild, and unlike what a young woman ought to be. Your two fathers are more to blame than you are.

Nan. You had better not speak against my fathers; for when I hear anything of them I don't like, my fingers double up as tight as a ball, and I feel as if I could knock any one down; and I should n't like to feel so to *you*; so you'd better be quiet.

Char. I like you for that, Nan. I like to see everybody stand up for those who belong to them, or have been kind to them, right or wrong.

Nan. So do I, and I always *will*, too.

Char. It's a great pity a girl of your spirit is not made to be useful.

Nan. I *am* useful, sometimes. I often fetch the beer, and take a good drink on the way for my trouble; and when I'm sent for a loaf, you should only see how I pick it all round! O, I do love to pick a loaf! It seems always much nicer than having a good slice.

Char. It's very wrong to do it, I can tell you.

Nan. Is it? I don't think so.

Char. No, because you're never properly corrected.

Nan. O, stuff! I hate people always saying to me you must n't do this, and you must n't do that. I like to do just as I please. I know.

the more I'm told *not* to do a thing, the more I feel the want to do it, and I'm never easy till it's done, either.

Char. Ah! Nan, I wish I had the charge of you!

Nan. Lord! do you, Charley?

Char. I think I could improve you, and in time make you fit to be some honest fellow's wife. Now, there's a young woman that I admire very much; she's not handsome, but she takes a pride in herself, as a girl ought.

Nan. (*Staring at CHARLEY.*) What does she do?

Char. In the first place, she's always tidy, and fit to be seen.

Nan. O! and you don't think I am?

Char. Not exactly.

Nan. What more is she?

Char. She has n't a very fine head of hair, but, by often properly combing and brushing it, she manages to make it look very nice.

Nan. I only take my fingers to mine.

Char. And though I've seen a much prettier mouth than she has, yet she keeps her teeth so white, that it's always worth while to make her laugh, if only to get a look at them.

Nan. I don't know whether you'd find it worth while to make me laugh, for I've never thought of my teeth; but I know they're good 'uns, if it's only by the crusts I can bite, and the nuts I crack, sometimes hard as marbles.

Char. Then her hands are always clean!

Nan. O, dear! I've been throwing stones! Mine can't be very clean. (*Hiding her hands under her pinafore.*)

Char. And she's so clever with her needle, and wears such pretty caps, and all of her own making!

Nan. Clever with her needle! I once learnt to gobblesitch.

Char. When I walk out with her on a Sunday, she looks so fresh and nice, with her neat little shoe, and her white cotton stockings, and her smart little straw bonnet, with cherry-colored ribbons, that I feel quite proud of her.

Nan. You would n't like to walk out with me on a Sunday?

Char. Not as you are now.

Nan. And that's pretty well as I always am, though I've got a cap and a bonnet; but I never think of putting them on. Well, and this young lady—

Char. Writes and reads. I once read a beautiful letter she sent!

Nan. To you?

Char. Yes!

Nan. Then you like her very much?

Char. I'm very fond of her.

Nan. Are you? (*Thoughtfully.*)

Char. Indeed, I am. Well, good-by for a few minutes, I'm coming again, presently; good-by. Won't you shake hands?

Nan. No, I don't like to, now, because my hands are not at all like that young lady's.

Char. Very well, I shall see you again in a few minutes. Good-by.

(*Exit D. R. C., with box of tools.*)

Nan. Good-by. A pretty cap and white stockings, neat little shoes, straw bonnet and ribbons, and clean hands, and a walk out on a Sunday! I never thought of being anything like that; but I never tried

He said he admires her—is very fond of her. I don't think anybody will ever admire me, and I begin to fancy I don't admire myself much. I feel so unhappy, because Charley has always spoken very kindly to me, has given me apples, and has often taken my part when everybody's been speaking against me; and so I don't like to hear him say he admires anybody. No, it makes my heart feel all at once like a lump o' lead. O! and such spiteful thoughts seem coming over me, that I think, if I knew who this young lady was, I could snatch her cap off her head, and eat it.

A knock at the door in r.—NAN opens it—A LIVERY SERVANT appears.

Servant. Are the people of the house at home?

Nan. No.

Ser. When will they be in?

Nan. Soon.

Ser. Here's a letter for them. Take care of it. It's particular.

He hands NAN a letter, and disappears—She closes the door.

Nan. I wish I could read what's on this! I never felt to care about reading before! I could n't write a beautiful letter to anybody, if I was to try ever so hard. I hate letters! (*Pulling open the table-drawer.*) There! (*Throwing the letter into the drawer.*) And there! (*Shutting the drawer up violently.*) I wish I had twopenny; I'd run away. (*Sits on a stool L. of table, in thought.*)

Enter TOM, D. R.

Tom. Hello, Nan! what's the matter?

Nan. Nothing. I was only thinking.

Tom. That's something new for you. Confound it! I can't get the money to pay this rent anywhere. I've often befriended people when I had the means, and I thought I might get help in return when I wanted it. But nobody seems to have nothing now. Everybody's very short! Have just paid this, and—just paid that! and very sorry!—and that's all.

He sits in a chair, R. C.—NAN rises and goes to him.

Nan. What are you thinking of?

Tom. Nothing that you can understand.

Nan. Well, then, you ought to make me! I don't like always feeling that I'm no use to anybody, and good for nothing. Something vexes you, I know, and you ought to tell me what it is; and if I can't make it out at once I shall soon, if you try. I ain't a fool.

Tom. I will, then. We can't pay the rent!—you know what that is,—and somebody's coming here to take everything away to pay it!

Nan. What, take away this table, and that stool, and—

Tom. Don't you hear? everything! and then turn us out, with no place to go to.

Nan. Turn us out? Into the streets where I am always playing?

Tom. Yes.

Nan. O ! I never thought there was anything like that to come ! I only knew here was a house, and there was this, and here was that, and there they 'd be as long as ever we liked. And you 've got no money ?

Tom. No.

Nan. And that 's what people call trouble, is n't it ?

Tom. Yes, I should think it was !

Nan. Then why did n't you bring me up to be of use ? Why did n't you put me in the way of doing something that might bring in a little ? If it had been ever so little it would have helped, and then I should have felt proud and happy ; and now I feel like a weed in a garden, fit for nothing but to be pulled up by the roots and thrown over the wall.

Tom. Hollo ! do you know who you 're talking to ? Do you know who I am ? Now I don't want to speak above a whisper, or put myself at all out of the way, but I 'll be hanged if you an't talking to me as if you was bringing me up, as if I was your adopted child, as if you was *somebody*, and I was *nobody*. And if it wasn't for fear the people next door might hear me, I 'd speak out as I ought to do, and say I won't have it ! (*Very loudly.*)

Enter HARRY, D. F. G. — Comes down L.

Harry. (L. H.) What 's the matter now ? Letting the steam off again ? Always in a passion.

Tom. (R. H.) I was only quietly cutting down a young shrub that was growing too fast.

Harry. That 's what you 're always doing, and you 'll cut away till there 's nothing left. That will be the end of it.

Tom. Henry !

Harry. Now don't call me Henry ; I don't like it ; for I know when you call me so what line you want to work on. But I can tell you I 'm now as much out of temper as you are, and if we both run on the same rail, I shall clap on the thimble ! — yes, and then there 'll be a smash !

Tom. Henry !

Harry. I tell you I 'm in trouble — we 're both in trouble ; and as we not only can't help one another, but can't agree, the best way will be to part.

Tom. Henry !

Harry. I won't be called Henry. (*Crosses to R.*)

Tom. It 's your name, Henry ; and when I speak in that fashion, it 's only to show you how genteel and mild I can be if I like. Henry, be quiet ; I want to talk to you like a father. You have named parting. Very well, as we shall neither of us have a roof over our heads very soon, I think it 's the wisest thing to do. All that remains to be settled is, what 's to become of Nan ? There, haven't I spoken gently ? Have n't I kept my temper ? (*Crosses to L.*)

Harry. (R.) Nan, we are going to part company ; who will you live with ?

Tom. Or in other words, which do you love best ?

Nan. (C., to HARRY, sitting on table.) When you are finishing what you say, I love you best ; and I love you best (to Tom), when

you're beginning to speak ; but at all times I love you both dearly, and though I am but a poor girl, who has been taught nothing, yet I do think, when those who have always been together, and who have loved one another, get into trouble, that 's the very time they ought to stand by one another. Yes, and to begin then to talk about parting, is cowardly ; yes, and you may be angry with me for what I've said, if you like, but I could n't help it ; it was all here (*touching her head*), and now it's all there. (*Pointing to TOM and HARRY.*)

Tom. Henry ! (*Sobbing, crosses to R. C.*)

Harry. Thomas ! (*Sobbing.*)

Tom. Let us go and take a quiet walk round the garden, and talk the matter over. (*Crossing to R. H.*) It's the best way ; we have been very good friends, have n't we, Harry ?

Harry. Yes ! (*affected*) very.

Tom. Now don't fly out again ; and we have liked one another very much, and I think what Nan has said is very right, and it gives me a notion she knows more than you and I put together. Now stop you here for a few minutes ; now let's see what can be done for the best. I should n't like to part with you, Harry.

Harry. I should n't like to part with you. Such friends and companions, Tom.

Tom. After so many years' acquaintance.

Harry. Fighting one another's battles.

Tom. Ah !

Harry. Ah !

Tom. Come along, Harry.

(*They go off arm in arm, and very affectionately, R. H., 1 E.*)

Nan. Good fellows, both of 'em. O ! how I wish I could do something to help — something good for them. Can't I set about and see what's to be done, and do it ? Yes, there's the money in the box ; they have saved it for me, and they won't touch it because it's mine. Mine ; well, if it's mine, haven't I a right to do what I like with it ? No harm to take my own — should think not, indeed. (*She goes to the door, on the R. H., 2 E., takes out a money-box, and shakes it.*) There's plenty here ; and if they'll take this for the rent they shall have it, and that will be one trouble got over ; — well, that's the way to get rid of them, — one down and the one come on ; and if one keeps on doing so, and don't flinch, what bushels of trouble may be cleared away in time ! Stop ; I don't like now to go out as I am. If Charley was to meet me he would n't feel proud of knowing me. O ! there's my new bonnet and cap ! (*Runs to the door, 2 E., R. H., and brings out a bandbox. She opens it.*) Here's the bonnet. O, and with a cherry-colored ribbon on it ! Well, that is prime ! Here's the cap, and here's an apron, and one of Tom's pocket handkerchiefs, all clean and nice. (*She brings forward the looking-glass, and places it against the bandbox on the table, then looks at herself in it.*) Well, I never could have looked in the glass before, not to take any notice. I don't look at all like a young lady. I'll try and alter myself a little ; I can but try. (*She goes to the bench at the back, pours some water into a basin, takes off pinafore, and, with the large piece of yellow soap, washes her hands.*) No wonder Charley would n't like to walk out with me ; my hands look very well now. (*Dries them with the towel lying across the chair, then wipes her face.*) There ! now for

my hair ! (*Takes up a shoe-brush and comb.*) I don't think this is a right brush ; it's what they clean the shoes with, but it will be better than none. (*Brushes her hair at the glass.*) Now for the comb ! (*Parts her hair, and places it in bands.*) There ! that's better — O much better ! Now for the cap ! (*Puts it on.*) O, that's better still ! What am I to do with these rags in my frock ? Stop, here's a pin ; I can pin that up ; O, and the apron will hide all — that's capital ! (*Ties on the apron.*) Nobody can see anything now. Now for Tom's handkerchief ! (*Puts the handkerchief over her shoulders.*) There ! and my bonnet. (*Puts on the bonnet.*) O ! I wish Charley could see me now ! O how nice I do feel ! I have n't very white cotton stockings, and my shoes are not very neat ; I'll alter them as soon as I can. Now for my money-box. (*Puts it under her arm.*) If I meet any boys I shall only just nod to them, and I mean to walk quite in a different way to what I did ; and if I do but meet Charley, I think he'll say there are more young ladies than one in the world.

(*She walks very primly round the stage, and goes off, D. F. C. —*

TOM and HARRY return, R. H., 1 R.)

Tom. Now it's all settled ; you say you are sure to be locked up ?

Harry. If I can't get five pounds by three o'clock !

Tom. And we are sure to be turned adrift here ; so I say let everything go ; let 'em clear everything off ; and if you are in prison I'll work day and night to get you free again, and take care of Nan at the same time.

Harry. Anything you think best, Tom.

Tom. It's the only way, Harry. There, give me your hand, my boy ; we're friends again, and will stick to one another as long as we've breath in our bodies. (*They shake hands warmly.*)

Enter CHARLEY, D. F. C.

Char. (*Comes down, c.*) Ah ! that's right, when friends are in trouble that's what ought to be. Now I tell you what I've been thinking of ; you had better come to my house to-day, to be out of the way of all this bother, and bring Nan with you. Where is she ?

Tom. (*Calling L.*) Nan !

Harry. (*R. H. Calling.*) Nan ! (*Goes up and comes down R. C.*) Not at home ! out again as usual, in the streets or in the river — it's all one to her. I know she fell in the river the other day, though she would n't own it.

Char. Because you did n't go the right way to get the truth out of her.

Tom. Nan ! upon my soul, if that girl is n't enough to drive anybody crazy. I never meant to work myself into a rage again, but this running out into the streets, at such a time too — Nan ! (*Calling out loudly.*)

NAN reappears, D. F. C.

Nan. Here I am.

(*She walks down the stage in the same way she went off, and stands between TOM and CHARLEY.*)

Tom. (*L. H.*) Hollo ! who are you ?

Harry. (*R. H.*) Nan !

Char. (c.) Why, Nan, this is a change for the better.

Nan. (L. c.) I thought you 'd say so; and there 'll be a greater change still presently, Charley; — somebody else can wear a cap and bonnet with a cherry-colored ribbon, ah!

Tom. Where have you been?

Nan. To pay the rent!

Tom and Harry. What?

Nan. Look at this piece of paper; you can't read it. (To Tom.) Look at it Harry.

Harry. (Taking the paper.) A receipt in full.

Tom. Why, Nan! what is the meaning of all this? Stop, let me speak, because I know how. Now I ask you, in the quietest, in the most gentle manner possible, where the devil did you get the money?

Nan. (c.) Got it from myself. (Showing the money-box.) Look, it's empty now, but there was more than enough, and I've something left besides, and I've got it in my pocket, and I mean to buy a nice white pair of stockings and neat shoes with it. (Looking at CHARLEY.)

Harry. What business had you to take the money we saved?

Tom. Let me speak. I don't want to hurt your feelings, Nan, or to frighten you; but in taking what was in that box without asking, without at all saying anything to either of us, I can only tell you you've been and gone and committed bigamy.

Harry. (L. c., Loudly.) Biglary!

Tom. (L.) It's all the same.

Nan. And that's something wrong, is 'nt it? I did n't mean to do that, that I did n't. (Sobbing.) You've often said it was all for me; and so I thought it was mine, and I could do as I liked. If I had spent it in anything, or given it away, that would have been wrong I know, but to get you out of trouble I thought was right.

Char. And it was right, Nan; your own good and generous heart told you it was right; and the heart, if you have one, never tells you wrong, Nan; and if your two fathers can't see it was right, all I can say of them is that they're a couple of fools.

Tom. Well, I think it was good of her, after all; not like as if she had spent it on herself, — it was for us, you know, Harry, and — and I think I've got a fly in my eye! (Sobbing.)

Harry. And I've got another! (Sobbing.)

Tom. (Wiping NAN's eyes.) Don't you cry, Nan; it's all right — only I almost wish that we had got Harry out of his trouble first.

Nan. I've got some left; here it is. (Feeling in her pocket, and producing some silver.) One, two, three, four, five shillings.

Tom. It's five pounds Harry wants.

Nan. And that's a great deal more, is n't it? Stop, I'll put all this away safely, it will help, and every little does that, you know. I've broken the bank, so I'll put the money in the table-drawer (opening the table-drawer), and then we'll set our heads together, and see what can be done for the next trouble. O! here's a letter for one of you. It was left here for the people of the house. (Taking out the letter she had placed in the drawer, which she gives to HARRY.)

Tom. More trouble, I suppose.

Harry. My execution perhaps. (Opening the letter.) Eh? holla! a five-pound note!

Tom. A what?

Harry. A five-pound note.

Tom. Lord! (*Takes it.*)

Harry. Stop, let me read. (*Reads.*) "The enclosed is for a young girl residing with you, whom the donors have been unable to trace out till to day. It is a trifling reward for her presence of mind and courage. A servant will call in the evening to take her to those who will befriend her through life."

Tom. Does that mean you, Nan?

Char. Of course it does; I've heard of it. Tell 'em all about it.

Nan. I will! I did n't like before, but I will now. But do let me look at the money. (*Tom gives her the note.*) And is this five pounds? O, my! mine, really mine, and given to me? O! ha, ha! I am so happy!

Tom. What have you done?

Nan. I was playing on the towing-path of the river last Tuesday—

Harry. The day you came home wet through, you naughty girl.

Nan. Yes; and there was a young woman there had put a child down on the bank to run about by itself, while she talked to—O, such a tall soldier! Well it was high tide, and the little thing went to pluck some grass on the brink of the river, when she fell in. The young woman screamed and fainted away, and I screamed and jumped in; and I was almost up to here (*putting her hand under her chin*), but I held fast by a log with one hand, and managed to get tight hold of the child by the other, and I scrambled out, and the child was safe, and I gave it to the young woman, and some people saw me; but I was so frightened that I took to my heels and ran away, and that's how I came home all wet, but I would n't tell how it happened, for I thought I should be scolded, or never let go out again; and this is what I've got for it!—and here, here, dear Harry, take it and get out of your trouble as soon as ever you can. (*Gives the note to HARRY.*)

Harry. O, Nan!

Tom. O, Nan!

Char. O, Nan!

Nan. O, I'm so happy! ha, ha! I'm good for something at last, an't I?

Tom. Well, I don't want to be violent—I don't want to speak only in the gentlest way in the world, but I will say, after all, you're a regular out-and-out good girl, and I'm only sorry I a'n't your natural-born father; and I'd say a great deal more, only I—(*affected*)—I feel I can't.

Harry. (*Affected.*) No more can I, except she is a good girl.

Char. (*Also affected.*) Did n't I always say she was?

Nan. (*Affected.*) I—I know you did, Charley!

Tom. Here we are, all snivelling again! Never mind, it will do us good; the ground's all the better for rain, now and then, and brings what's good out of it. Now, Nan, I must give you a kiss. (*Kisses NAN.*)

Harry. And me! (*Kisses her.*)

Char. (*Crosses to her.*) And me

Nan. No!—what would the young lady say that you admire so?

Char. Say that she admired you, and would kiss you heartily

herself ; for she is also good and generous, and though she 's my sister—

Nan. Your sister ? O, Charley !

Char. Yes, and I've set her up in business, and she 's a dress-maker ; and she shall teach you the business in the day, and I'll teach you reading in the evening.

Nan. Will you ? Then there 'll be one thing you *need-n't* teach me, and that will be how to love you dearly.

Tom. Hollo, hollo ! I don't want to say much, but I think you might ask leave, specially if you are going to love anybody better than us, who have taken so much care of you —

Char. But suppose in proper time she should give me the right to take care of her, and for life ?

Tom. What ! to be your wife ?

Char. Yes.

Tom. Then I can only say, and in the mildest manner possible — that she 'll make a good 'un !

Char. And I think you *will* give me that right, Nan.

Nan. I'm afraid I shall have to be changed a great deal more before *that* can happen ; but I'll do my best to *deserve* every good that can come to me. I can't say any more than that, and though I feel at one time I was indeed Good for Nothing ; yet if you (*to the audience*) will only go about and tell people that at last I *am* good for something, why—

Tom. Let me speak. (*To the audience.*) I wish to talk to you like a father. Come here, Nan. (*Leading her forward.*) Good for something ? Of course ; everybody 's good for something if taken care of. Many of our choicest flowers were wild once ; and when Nature does so much, I maintain we ought to help Nature whenever we can, and do as much in return. We've found out Nature's done something for Nan, and so we are going to do something now to help Nature, an't we, Nan ? Of course. Therefore, I say, quietly and calmly, if you think with me, and will help us, by your approval of what we've done, and see there 's a little truth in it, then neither that, nor Harry, nor Charley, nor Nan here, nor me, nor any one present at this moment, can by any possibility be

“GOOD FOR NOTHING !”

HARRY.

NAN. TOM

CHARLEY.

R. H.

L. H.

CURTAIN

1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who were present at the meeting. The names are listed in alphabetical order.

2. The second part of the document is a list of the topics that were discussed at the meeting. The topics are listed in alphabetical order.

3. The third part of the document is a list of the actions that were taken at the meeting. The actions are listed in alphabetical order.

4. The fourth part of the document is a list of the decisions that were made at the meeting. The decisions are listed in alphabetical order.

5. The fifth part of the document is a list of the recommendations that were made at the meeting. The recommendations are listed in alphabetical order.

6. The sixth part of the document is a list of the conclusions that were reached at the meeting. The conclusions are listed in alphabetical order.

7. The seventh part of the document is a list of the actions that are to be taken as a result of the meeting. The actions are listed in alphabetical order.

8. The eighth part of the document is a list of the persons who are responsible for carrying out the actions. The persons are listed in alphabetical order.

9. The ninth part of the document is a list of the dates by which the actions are to be completed. The dates are listed in alphabetical order.

10. The tenth part of the document is a list of the persons who are to be responsible for monitoring the progress of the actions. The persons are listed in alphabetical order.

11. The eleventh part of the document is a list of the persons who are to be responsible for reporting on the progress of the actions. The persons are listed in alphabetical order.

12. The twelfth part of the document is a list of the persons who are to be responsible for evaluating the results of the actions. The persons are listed in alphabetical order.

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FRENCH'S MINOR DRAMA

The Acting Edition.

NO. CCV.

THE FIRST NIGHT;

OR,

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES

A COMIC DRAMA,

In One Act,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and
the whole of the Stage Business.

**AS NOW PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL ENGLISH
AND AMERICAN THEATRES.**

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CHARACTERS.—(THE FIRST NIGHT.)

<i>Mons. Achille Talma Dufard,</i> (French Actor,)	<i>Printers, London.</i>	<i>Nido's, N. Y., 1851.</i>
<i>The Hon. Bertie Fitzdangle,</i>	Mr. A. Wigan.	Mr. H. Placide.
<i>Hyacinth Parnassus,</i> (Dramatic Author,)	Mr. Craven.	Mr. Arnold.
<i>Theophilus Vamp,</i> (Stage Manager of a Theatre,)	Mr. Wynn.	Mr. Jordan.
<i>Timotheus Flat,</i> (Manager of a Theatre,)	Mr. Stacey.	Mr. Conover.
<i>George, (a Call Boy,)</i>	Mr. J. W. Ray.	Mr. Sloan.
<i>Emilie Antoinette Rose,</i> (Dufard's Daughter,)	Mr. Florence.	
<i>Miss Arabella Fitzjames, (Actress,)</i>	Miss L. Howard,	Mrs. Sloan.
	Miss Sanders.	Mrs. John Sefton.
Actors, Actresses, Corps de Ballet, Supernumeraries, Scene Shifters, Property Men, &c., &c.		

CUSTOMES.—MODERN.

DUFARD—Long surtout, dark trousers, white cravat, grey and Bald wig.

ROSE—Plain dark silk dress, French fashion, small plain collar and cuffs.

ARABELLA—Fashionable and stylish carriage dress.

THE FIRST NIGHT!

SCENE I.—*Sitting Room in Achille Talma Dufard's Lodging, second floor. Door 2 n. e., leading to his Bedchamber. Door 2 n. w., leading to the Bedchamber of his Daughter. Door in flit.—Furniture, [plain] Table, two Chairs, and Writing Materials.*

Enter FINEANGLE at Door in flit, which had been left ajar.

Fineangle. I've managed to slip up unperceived. Surely these must be the rooms—it can't be any higher, or no human being could possibly undergo the exhausting process of the journey more than once in the twenty-four hours! Yes! this must be the place where Rose vegetates with that stupid old actor whom she has the misfortune to call papa. The obstinate donkey! Because his wife happened to be an Englishwoman, and his daughter consequently speaks our language like a native, he persists in making an actress of her, and of trying to bring her out upon a London stage; but I'll—

Dufard. [*Without.*] Rose!

Fitz. That's the animal's voice.

Duf. [*Without, louder.*] Rose!

Rose. [*Without, n. n.*] Papa!

Fitz. That's the animal's daughter's voice.

Duf. [*Without.*] Are you awake?

Fitz. A sensible question, to ask her if she's awake.

Rose. [*Without.*] Yes, Papa.

Fitz. It's a pity she didn't complete the joke by saying no.

Duf. [*As before.*] Rose!

Rose. [*As before.*] Yes, Papa.

Duf. [*As before.*] *Je rappelles tu, vers did I put my wig?*

Fitz. His wig, indeed!

Rose. [*As before.*] When you went to bed, Papa, you hung it on the water bottle.

Fitz. The dirty old pig!

Duf. [*Without.*] Ah, bon! I shall find him.

Fitz. Egad! while he is putting on his wig, as he calls it, I've a great mind to pop in here—there's nothing like a vigorous assault, and, if she consents, I will carry her off to the continent at once.

Duf. [*Without.*] Rose!

Enter ROSE hastily from D. 2 E. E.

Rose. Here I am, Papa, here I am! [*Runs into FITZDANGLE's arms—screams slightly.*] Ah! who are you, Sir? what is your business here? How did you get into this room?

Fitz. Hush!

Rose. Eh; why, I declare it is the Honorable Mr. Fitzdangle, Arabella Fitzjames' adorer!

Fitz. Say rather *your* adorer!

Rose. Mine!

Fitz. Yes; for your sweet sake I've broken off with her altogether; I leave town to-night for our embassy at Vienna, and, if you consent to accompany me—

Rose. [*With raillery.*] Indeed! I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure; [*With indignation.*] and pray, Sir, what have you ever seen in my conduct to lead you to suppose that—

Duf. [*Without.*] Rose!

Rose. Ah! Papa's coming; for Heaven's sake, Sir, leave me—leave the room this instant, for, if he were to see you here—

Fitz. You don't mean to say he would refuse such an offer?

Rose. Unless you wish to make your exit through the window, I'd advise you not to repeat it to him. Go, Sir; and never again dare to—[*Cross before him and go up.*] Ah! 'tis too late, he is here!

Enter DUFARD, door 2 E. L. E.

Duf. [*Declaiming*] “*Oui, c'est Agamemnon, c'est ton roi qui t'éveille—Vieux, reconnais la voix qui frappe ton oreille.*”

[*While reciting, he crosses to ROSE's chamber—not seeing her or FITZDANGLE.*] Dit donc—Rosey, I have finish to black your toser pair of boots; oh! quels amours de petites bottes! make haste, Miss, and we shall go see Mademoiselle Fitzjames dis mornin. [*FITZDANGLE crosses behind to L.*] She have promise us her protection and—do you hear me, Miss?

Rose. [*c.*] Yes, Papa, yes.

Duf. [*Sees her*] Ah, you are dere!

Rose. [*Aside to FITZDANGLE, who has concealed himself behind her*] Leave me, Sir.

Fitz. [*To her, aside*] Indeed I shall not.

Duf. Oh, dat good Miss Fitzjames; she have not you talent, my child, but she is rich and fashionable, and she shall procure you a débue; and den, once you come out, no more of struggle and of mière, you sall ave twenty pound of new gown every week, and you sall keep always a little soup and a corner of de fire for *ton vieux papa, eh bien?*

Rose. Oh yes, dear father.

Duf. Bien, kiss me—[*Sees FITZDANGLE*] *Tiens! un inconnu!* Good morning, Sare!

Fitz. [*Bowing.*] Good morning to you, Sir: how d'ye do, Sir?

Duf. Good morning, how you do? [*aside to ROSE*] Who de devil is *ho?*

Rose. [To herself] What shall I say? I dare not tell him. [To DUFARD] It is a young man—who—who—

Duf. Ah, it is a young man!

Fitz. I have the honor to be an artiste, Sir, an artiste like yourself and your charming daughter.

Duf. Aha! you play de comédie?

Fitz. No, Sir, not exactly; I play the cornet, my name is Piston. I play the cornet in Monsieur Baton's orchestra.

Duf. De cornet! ah, I know him—I know de cornet. I know him vell; la, la, la, la, la, la, &c. [Imitating.]

Rose. [Aside] Ah, how he is fibbing.

Duf. [Crosses to centre] *Mon cher camarade*, I am delightful to see you, you shall stop and dine wiz us.

Rose. [Aside to DUFARD] Papa, there's nothing in the house!

Duf. So mosh de better, he shall send for someting and stand treat.

Fitz. Excuse me, Sir, and allow me to explain the business which brought me here. I come to—to offer your lovely daughter an engagement.

Duf. Saperlotte! I am ver much obligé to you, Monsieur Piston; and so is my Rose, I am certain—*n'est ce pas, mon enfant?*

Rose. [Embarrassed] Y-yes—yes—Sir!

Fitz. And a very good engagement too!

Duf. Indeed—where?—In London?

Fitz. No!—

Duf. *En province!*—In de country?

Fitz. [Markedly, regarding Rose attentively] No—abroad—on the continent, and, if Mademoiselle will consent to start to-morrow—

Duf. Mr. Piston, I tank you ver mosh—*mais* it is de dream of my life to come out dis child in dis grand cité—For dat I ave struggle—for dat I ave pinch—for dat I ave starve, and out she shall come, *n'est ce pas, mon enfant?*

Rose. Oh! yes, yes, Papa—it is my most ardent wish!

Duf. Look at dat child, Mr. Piston. Why, do you know, Sare, that from only hearing her friend, Miss Fitzjames, two or three times through the new part that lady is going to play at one of your theatres to-night, my little girl can repeat every line of it. Ah! she will make a most astonishing success.

Fitz. [Aside] Poor old maniac! [To him] But, my dear Sir, suppose she should be hissed!

Duf. *En bien!* suppose she shall. *Encorez, monsieur*, I ave play all de first part in *Tragedie*, *Comédie*, *Opera* and *Ballet*—and *moi*, Achille Talma Dufard, I ave been hiss for five and thirty year.

Fitz. Well, it hasn't killed you yet.

Duf. Bah! I mind him no more as de box of de fly—*mais*, ven it comes to de orange peel—*parbleu!* it is a leetle too mosh. *Et puis*, Mr. Piston, when she is come out I shall come out also.

Fitz. You!

Duf. *Certainement!*—Why not?—you like de artiste all de better when

day what you call break your English—you run after them a great deal more when they have a foreign *accent*—now, I ave a leetle *accent* myself, it is not mosh, but I ave an *accent*—so, when I appear in Macbet, I sall give de, what you call, go by to Mr. Macready.

Fitz. In Macbeth?

Duf. Yes, Sare, in Macbet or Hamlet—I have not make up my mind which. [*Gives an imitation of Macready in one of the soliloquies, but with French accent*].—Dere—how you find dat?

Fitz. You may call it breaking the English, but I call it macadamizing it.

Rose. Hush! I think I hear somebody coming up stairs, Papa!

Arabella. [*Without.*] What! higher up still! how very dreadful!

Rose. 'Tis Arabella's voice!

Fitz. [*Aside.*] The deuce it is!

Arab. [*Without.*] Dear me! I'm quite out of breath!

Duf. Ah! *mon dieu*! it is the great Miss Fitzjames—*pardon, Madame.* *Exit DUFFARD, D. F.*

Fitz. Arabella here! If she sees me, I am lost!

Rose. But, I thought you had quarrelled and parted?

Fitz. Yes, yes, but she loves me to distraction, and, if she finds me with you, she'll tear my eyes out, and yours as well! I must fly, but where? Ah! this way! *[Crosses R. toward Rose's chamber.]*

Rose. No!—that is my room, Sir!

Fitz. So much the better.

Rose. But you'll find a door which leads on to the staircase—

Fitz. I shall not leave the house, my angel!

[Exit FITZDANGLE door 2 R. R.]

Rose. Upon my word!—Did ever anybody hear of such a thing?

Re-entering DUFFARD conducting ARABELLA, D. in R.

Duf. *Entrez, Mademoiselle, entrez!* and permit me to introduce to you—*[Looking round]* Eh! where is dat Mr. Piston?

Rose. He has gone, Papa! [*To ARABELLA*] Oh! I feel so much obliged to you for coming!

Arab. Pray don't mention it! Well, you are tolerably lodged here—it isn't very stylish.

Duf. *Non*—not very.

Arab. But it really looks vastly comfortable,

Duf. *Oui*—c'est, ver comfortable.

Rose. Ah! everybody is not so rich as you, you know.

Arab. True!—I've nothing to complain of so far as money is concerned; but, I'm very unhappy, my dear, for all that.

Duf. [*Gallantly*] Unhappy!—So young!—So handsome!—wid all de world at your feet!—*Impossible!*

Arab. Indeed, but, I am, though; for the monster whom I loved—you know him, my dear—the Honorable Mr. Fitzdangle, has picked a quarrel with me, and vows he'll never see me again.

Duf. Oh, dear!—Oh, dear!—dat is bad!—*Ma foi*—I should be mosh sorry for any honorable man to make any love to my Rosey.

Rose. [*To herself.*] My poor Papa!—If he did but know—

Arab. And the worst of it is that the creature has an immense fortune—£7,000 a year, at least. But I have a rehearsal at two o'clock for the new piece which is coming out to-night. You wrote to me saying that you wished to see me.

Duf. I had that honor, Mademoiselle, and it vas to recall to your memory the promise you vas so kind to make.

Arab. About recommending Rose to an engagement. Well, I think I can manage it.

Duf. Oh! Mademoiselle!—ten million thousand tanks.

Arab. Yes; I have already spoken about her, and I think I may venture to say that there will be an engagement open for her next week.

Rose and Duf. [*Entraptured.*] Oh!

Arab. As one of the supernumeraries in the forthcoming ballet.

Rose. [*Patrified.*] The ballet!—

Duf. Supernumerary!

Arab. It isn't a very large salary, it is true, but in these hard times, seven shillings a week is better than nothing, you know.

Duf. Seven shilling!

Arab. And, as for yourself, they've promised to make an opening for you in front of the house, as one of the check-takers.

Duf. Checktaker!—an *artiste*—checktaker!—*Sacre tonnerre!*

Arab. Why not? I'm sure its a very respectable retreat for an old actor.

Duf. [*With forced calmness.*] *O'est possible? mais, voyez vous,* Mademoiselle—I am a *comédien*—I am proud of my profession—*artiste* I will live—*artiste* I will die—but the means to live vill not fail to me when my daughter shall have made her *début!*

Arab. Made her *début!*—Where, I pray!

Duf. Where!—Here—in London—where you are!

Arab. [*Rising suddenly.*] London!—where I am!—upon my word—such pretensions as these—

Rose. Pretensions!—what pretension is there in it, Miss Fitzjames? Have you not come out, and succeeded?

Arab. I!—yes!—but that is a very different thing, my good girl—I believe I have talent!

Duf. [*Getting warm.*] Yes—you have—and modesty also—But, Mademoiselle, I had suppose that wiz your great interest in your new Theatre—

Arab. In my theatre! and in *my parts*, I suppose!—

Duf. Well—what for not?

Arab. Ha! ha! ha!—upon my word—ha! ha! ha! the idea is truly laughable—and in *my parts*, too—ha! ha! ha! Why, the man is a perfect idiot? Do you think the audience would allow it? In *my parts*, indeed—a little minikin, pale faced chit like that.

Duf. A what?

Arab. [*Fiercely.*] Enough, enough, Sir!—Since such are your ideas, I'm very glad you have taken the trouble to make me aware of them, and, I have the honor to wish you both a very good morning—I should like to see you play Lady Macbeth—in *my parts*, truly—Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit D. in F. laughing.*]

Duf. The impertinent!—Ah! I would mosh like to see you in her Theatre, for your talent should take away all de part from her back.

Rose. Yes, and I could take away her love too, if I chose.

Duf. [*Astonished.*] *Comment?*

Rose. Yes, I could, for this young nobleman—the Honorable Mr. Fitzdangle, loves me—he has told me so, and offered to run away with me.

Duf. Run away viz you!—run away vis my child—vis my Rosey from her old fader!

Rose. Nay, Papa, you needn't be afraid, for I don't love him, and it wasn't with my good will, I assure you, that he was here just now.

Duf. Here just now! What! the young man! The Piston?

Rose. Yes, that was he, Mr. Fitzdangle himself; but I sent him away.

Duf. Mr. Fitzdangle, de friend of Miss Fitzjames? Ah! bah! but he did not go by me on de stairs—where he is? dat Piston?

Rose. He—he—went there?

[*Pointing to her door.*]

Duf. *Diable!*

[*Exit into her chamber R. to R.*]

Rose. But, father? Oh, mercy upon me! if he should find him there!

Duf. [*Returning, a sheet of paper in his hand.*] He has gone! de oder door was open, and he was right to go! *Saperlotte!* but he has writ something on this paper which was lay on the table.

Rose. A letter?

Duf. Yes, only dere is no address on him, *vois ma biche.*

Rose. I suppose he thought the address was unnecessary. [*Taking it and reading.*] “I love you, and you only—meet me to-night at Dartford, the first stage on the road to Dover, where I shall be waiting for you. If you do not come, I'll have you hissed off every stage in Europe. Yours, as you treat me, Bertie Fitzdangle.”—What audacity!

Duf. What impertinence!

“*Oh rage! Oh désespoir! Oh! vieillese ennemie.*”

“*N'ai je pas tant vécu que pour cette infamie?*”

I will tear him to pieces, [*About to tear letter*] *mais attendez*—I have one idea!—yes—why not? there is no address.

[*Goes up to table, rapidly folds the letter.*]

Rose. What are you going to do, Papa?

Duf. Give me my coat—she has insult me—she has humiliate and defy us—*mais nous verrons!*—*vite—une enveloppe* [*Puts letter in envelope*]

And now, Miss Fitzjames, mind your eye.

Rose. Where are you going to send it?

Duf. *Silence*, daughter, *silence!* The old lion is rouse to defend his

cub—To Miss Arabella Fitzjames, Curson Street, May Fair—give me my coat—[Crosses to L.] my best coat!

Rose. You have but one, Papa!

Duf. Ver well—I shall make him do. [Puts on his coat.] Come, we go out together.

Rose. [Putting on her bonnet.] Go out! but what for?

Duf. [All rapidly.] You shall come out at *de théâtre*!

Rose. But when?

Duf. This ver night!

Rose. In what part?

Duf. De part of Arabella Fitzjames!

Rose. Arabella's!

Duf. "Allons, ma fille chérie, voici le jour heureux,
Qui va conclure enfin nos desseins glorieux,
Allons! oui, je le veux. Il faut me satisfaire!
Il faut affranchir Rome! Il faut venger ton père!"

[Exeunt DUFFARD and ROSE D. in F.]

SCENE II.—*The stage of the Theatre, somewhat in disorder, as if previous to a rehearsal. ACTORS, ACTRESSES, BALLET, CHORUS, &c., discovered; some seated at back, others walking to and fro.*

Enter THEOPHILUS VAMP [the Prompter] L. H. with his watch in his hand.

Vamp. A quarter past two; rehearsal not begun; and this is the first night of our new piece—"The Virgin of California." Less noise, ladies and gentlemen. Ah! here comes Mr. Flat.

Flat. [Without R.] Tell them they must call again to-morrow. I'm busy on the stage, and cannot see anybody to day. [Enters R.] Well, Mr. Vamp, are you all ready to begin? Where's Mr. Parnassus?—where's the author. He ought to be here.

Vamp. He has gone to see after Miss Fitzjames, Sir; she has not yet arrived, though everybody was called at half-past one.

Flat. Well, at all events, you can get the stage ready, and the scene set.

Vamp. Yes, Sir. Now, Brace, look sharp. Clear the stage, ladies and gentlemen; and clear the wings, too, if you please; and we shall soon be able to get on.

The ACTORS and ACTRESSES *exit* L. H. A Landscape Scene is put on.

Flat. Now, quick, quick! do look alive about it. Are all the gentlemen of the orchestra in their places?

Vamp. [Looking in the orchestra.] Yes, Sir. That is—all but the drum, I think.

Flat. Confound that drummer—absent again! There's half the effect of the piece to come out of his drum. [To orchestra generally.] By the bye, gentlemen of the orchestra, I shall be glad if you'll *pay*

much attention to your dress as possible—body coats, and white cravat, and that sort of thing; and if those who haven't 'em could cultivate a pair of mustachios or a beard, I should feel exceedingly obliged—you've no idea what a difference it makes with the public; and if your hair don't curl naturally, get it friz'd—its half the battle to look fierce and foreign. [*Turning to stage.*] Now, come—can't we begin? Where are all the people? where's Mr. Timkins?—he's discovered in the opening scene.

Vamp. He's not come yet, Sir.

Flat. Forfeit him! And Mr. Folair?

Vamp. Not here, Sir.

Flat. Forfeit him! And Miss Neal?

Vamp. Not here, Sir.

Flat. Forfeit her!

Vamp. And Miss Fitzjames—

Flat. Forfeit her! Eh!—stop—no—never mind!

Voices behind.

Flat. Eh! who is that? Is that she?

Vamp. [*Looking off.*] No, Sir. I fancy it is somebody who wants to see you.

Flat. I can't see anybody. I'm busy.

Enter DUFFARD and ROSE.

Duf. Pardon me! but I wish to speak wiz de manager.

Flat. [*Taking the "Times" from his pocket, and beginning to read.*] The manager—the manager is not here.

Duf. Excuse me—but dey told me dat he was here.

Flat. They told you wrong, then. He's not in the Theatre.

Vamp. [*Aside.*] Admirable coolness! He's an extraordinary creature!

Duf. [*To FLAT.*] I beg pardon, Sir, but I think you labor under a He.

Rose. [*Aside to DUFFARD.*] Why, that's he, Papa!—that's he himself!

Duf. Ah—bah—I shall tickle him. [*To FLAT.*] Monsieur Manager, I—

Flat. Have I not told you, my good Sir, that the manager's not here?

Duf. Ah, *Monseus*, pardon; but there are men in the world so celebrated dat dey cannot conceal themselves;—now, the most clever manager in London is one of dose mans.

Flat. Really, now—

Duf. Approach, approach, my child, and make your best curtsy to de first *directeur* in Europe.

Rose. [*Curtseying.*] I esteem it no slight honor, Sir, believe me!

Flat. But, really, I am so excessively busy—

Duf. [*Aside to ROSE.*] Hush! I'll tickle him. [*Aloud to FLAT.*] Of course, Sarc, of course you are. Our *cousin*, the editor, told us he feared you would be!

Flat. [*Aside.*] The deuce!—his cousin an editor! [*Rise to L.*

Rose. [*Astonished to DUFARD.*] Our cousin?

Duf. [*Aside, to Rose.*] Hosh! *Tais toi*—hosh! I sall tickle him.

Flat. Well, Sir, what is your business with me?

Duf. [*To Rose aside.*] I ave tickle him, you see. [*To FLAT.*] Look at dat wonderful child, Sarc—a child vich I did bring up—vich I did educate—vich I did create on purpose for de stage. Beautiful, as you see; and with an immense talent, as you sall see when you ave engage her.

Flat. Eh, what?

Duf. At least, dat is de opinion of her *cousin*, de editor—dat vat he say.

Flat. The deuce! Is this cousin of yours connected with one of the large journals?

Duf. Oh, yes! very large—enormous,—much larger than that you have in your hand; and he makes love at my child—he want to marry her!

Flat. [*With great courtsey.*] Humph! I'm very sorry, my dear Sir, excessively sorry—but, unfortunately, my company is quite made up.

Duf. [*In a low, confidential voice.*] Yes—but if you happen to be disappointed, and, by chance, wanted anybody in a moment to fill up?

Flat. But I don't want anybody.

Duf. [*Aside.*] Ah, *Diable*! [*Aloud.*] She act everything, Sarc; she perform everything; she sing—she dance—she pantomime—she play de *Comédie*—de *Tragedie*—de *Opera*, and all for ten pound a week!

Flat. My dear Sir, I am truly sorry, but I really have no vacancy at present—I have too many ladies already.

Duf. And, though I say ten, she vill agree for eight—eight pounds to have the pleasure of being wid you; will you not, my child?

Rose. That I would in so excellent a Theatre, with so kind and polite a manager.

Duf. Kind and polite! he is mosh more dan dat—he is mosh more as dat—he is de true friend of all *artistes*—he is de fader and moder of all *artistes*—Oh, wonderful man! come, you shall engage for six pounds—eh?

Flat. I can only once more repeat that it is impossible for me to—

Duf. Well, we will make it de five—de round sum—de bank-note—five—just to begin wid—you are engaged for five pound my child!

Flat. [*Losing patience.*] Sir, for the last time, permit me to say that I must decline [*Aside, walking away.*] Gabbling old fool.

Vamp. Ah, here they are at last!

Flat. Who?

Vamp. Miss Fitzjames and the author.

Duf. *Malediction*! [*Crosses to L. and Rose—aside.*] She cannot have receive the letter!

Flat. Now, then, places! places!

Duf. [*Going.*] Come, my child, come wid your fader to our cousin, de editor—to our cousin, de editor.

Gill Boy. [L. H.] The drum hasn't come yet, Sir!

Flat. Forfeit him, then!

Duf. [Returning eagerly.] Eh! you want de drums—I will be big drum!

Flat. Can you play 'em?

Duf. If I can play him? *parbleu!* I ave play an air wiz variations at the Academie Royale! ask her cousin, de editor!

Flat. Well, get into the orchestra, then.

Duf. And, my child, come and sit by my side. [Aside to her.] So you can remark all de business of de scene without her seeing you. [To LEADER.] You will have de kindness—

[He hands ROSE down into the orchestra.

Rose. [As she goes down.] Ah, she is going to play the part though, Papa!

Duf. Then I will show you what I can do. [In orchestra to FLAT] *Dites donc, Monsieur manager!* [FLAT stoops down to listen.] As it is to you, she shall come for four pound!

Flat. [Rushing away.] Go to the devil!

Enter ARABELLA FITZJAMES, and HYACINTH PARNASSUS, R. H.

Flat. Come, come, Miss Fitzjames, you are half an hour after your time.

Arab. You had better forfeit me?

[Crosses to L.

Parnassus. [Aside to FLAT.] Have a care, my dear Sir; she has quarrelled with Fitzdangle, and she's in a most dreadful ill-humor!

Arab. For my part, I can't understand why there was any rehearsal at all this morning—tiring people out on the first night of a new piece, when there's no necessity for it.

Duf. What airs she gives herself! Prut!

Rose. Yes, indeed!

Flat. Come, begin, begin—for mercy's sake, begin!

Vamp. [To orchestra.] The opening music, gentlemen, if you please. Now, Miss Fitzjames, you come in from the third entrance right hand.

Arab. [Superciliously.] Thank you, I know I do!

[DUFARD imitates her.

MUSIC commences in orchestra—Symphony to Recitative.

Rose. [Through music, despondingly.] She's going to play the part, Papa!

Duf. [While making a note on the drum.] *Diable!* yes, I could tear my head from my hair! [In his passion he strikes the drum very energetically—LEADER looks round at him—he continues rolling, looking closely at the part which is on the desk before him.

Parn. [To ARABELLA as she walks down.] My dear Madam, you don't walk right.

Duf. [Aside.] Because she got bandy legs.

Parn. You don't walk in time to the music.

Arab. Sir, I shall walk as I please.

Duf. [*Aside.*] I wish she would walk her chalk ! [*He rolls the drum very loud—LEADER looks round*] All right ! all right !

Second part of Symphony commences—DUFARD strikes the drum loudly again.

Parn. There is no drum there.

Duf. Pardon—dere is two drums here.

Symphony goes on.

AIR.—ARABELLA.

Ah ! yes ; his faith I will not doubt ;
He'll to his troth be true ;
And soon, at yonder sacred shrine,
We shall our vows renew.

Ah ! yes ; &c.

Enter GEORGE, with a letter.

George. [*Call Boy.*] Here's a letter for you, ma'am.

[*Gives it to ARABELLA.*

Arab. For me ?

[*Taking it.*

Flat. [*Rising.*] How dare you bring any letters here, Sir, during rehearsal ?

[*Exit Boy.*

Duf. [*Aside to ROSE.*] Ah ! voilà la lettre ! voilà la lettre !

Arab. [*To herself, having opened it.*] Heaven ! 'tis from Fitzdangle !

[*To FLAT, sternly*] I suppose I may be allowed to read it ?

Flat. And stop the rehearsal again ; certainly not, Ma'am !

Arab. [*Half aside.*] Ugh ! the brute ! [*Keeps letter in her hand.*

Parn. Now, pray, proceed, my dear ; we've past your song ; begin the recitative.

Arab. [*Aside—glancing at the letter.*] He loves me ! He loves me still !

Rose. [*Aside to DUFARD.*] She's going to rehearse, Papa.

Duf. You sall see !

Recitative.

Arab. " Now I must hasten to weave the crown of white roses, symbols of that innocence—"

Duf. [*Aside.*] Oh !

Arab. " Which presides o'er our happy solemnity." [*Three or four bars of soft, melodious music ; she glances at the letter by stealth while crossing stage.*]—[*Aside.*] He will be waiting for me to-night at Dartford.

Rose. [*As before.*] But she is going on, Papa !

Duf. You sall see—you sall see !

Arab. [*Rehearsing.*] "Ah, am I worthy of this honor?—yes—for have I not sworn to remain pure."

Duf. [*Aside.*] Oh, pure!

Arab. [*To herself, as before.*] But I act to night—whatever shall I do? [*Rehearsing.*] "And I will hasten to the Temple, and renew that vow so sacred." [*Mus. She goes up stage, rehearses again.*] "But who is that I see, sitting near my father's house?"

Parn. [*Correcting her.*] Cottage, my dear.

Arab. [*Tartly.*] House or cottage—it is just the same thing.

Parn. Not at all!

Arab. A cottage is a house, I believe!

Parn. Yes; but a house is not always a cottage.

Flat. Of course. [*Rises.*] A mare is a horse, but a horse is not a mare! Besides—we're here—in California.

Arab. In California! [*Looking at scene.*] It looks, really, more like Chelsea water-works.

Duf. Bon!—good.

Arab. [*Working herself into a rage.*] With your observations and your criticisms, it's enough to make one ill.

Parn. [*Soothing her.*] Nay, nay, my dear Miss Fitzjames.

Duf. [*As before.*] Aha! here comes de explosion!

Arab. [*To PARNASSUS.*] Don't touch me, Sir! Oh! oh! I declare I feel so faint—so deathly sick—oh!

Flat. Ah! it only wanted this to complete the business.

Vamp. A chair, here—bring a chair!

Flat. [*Expostulating.*] Now, pray, my good Miss Fitzjames—

Parn. Get some Eau de Cologne.

Vamp. Has any one a smelling bottle?

Flat. [*Vexedly.*] Really, such a scene as this for a mere caprice—

Arab. [*Starts up suddenly—indignantly.*] Caprice, Sir!

Duf. [*Strikes a blow on drum.*] Bon!

Arab. You are an impertinent fellow, Sir, and I'll never play in your Theatre again. So, good morning to you. [*Going.*]

Parn. But, madame, this is frightful!

Flat. Horrible!

Vamp. Disgraceful!

Duf. [*As before.*] Beautiful!

They walk up and down squabbling.

Flat. You had better take care. Think what the public will say.

Arab. The public may say what they choose—they ought to be pretty well used to it by this time. Farewell, Sir! [*Pushing PARNASSUS away.*] stand out of the way, fellow! [*Going to CALL-BOY, who is at the B. wing.*] Call my carriage, Call-boy!

[*Pushing him off B. H. and exit after him in a fury.*]

Flat. [*To PARNASSUS.*] After her—after her; persuade her to return, or I am a ruined man. [*Exit PARNASSUS B. H.*]

Duf. [*Calling to FLAT.*] Non! Monsieur Manager; you are save.

Flat. Hello! who the devil said that?

Duf. [*Beating both drums loudly.*] De big drums ! *C'est moi.*

Flat. What ?

Duf. *La Fitzjames* abandon you—by my child remain, to save you from de sky like an angel she descend ; get up, my child.

[*He hands ROSE up from the orchestra.*]

Flat. Pahaw ! you're mad !

Duf. [*Getting up from orchestra.*] *Du tout !* she knows de part ; she can repeat it dis instant ; she can perform it dis moment, if you will.

Rose. Oh, yes, Sir, I can indeed !

Flat. The deuce you can ! well, what think you, Vamp ?

Vamp. Anything is better than postponing the piece, Sir.

Duf. Postpone de piece ! you can't postpone de piece !

Flat. That's true. Well, I agree ; your daughter shall play it—but stay, we must have the author's consent.

Duf. Oh, I will get dat—I will settle him !

Flat. I warn you—he's a very particular sort of man.

Duf. *C'est égal*—I shall tickle him !

Flat. Lose no time ; he left the Theatre when he found that Miss Fitzjames would not listen to him. You had better call on him at his house.

Duf. I will ! [*Crosses to R.*] Come along, Rosey. Now, Mr. Manager, of course you will have de child's name painted in letters bigger as nobody else ; put her age only fifteen years and a quarter—she is a leetle more, but dat does not signify. Come along, my child.

Rose. Oh, dear ! if I should fail !

Duf. You fail ! But screw your courage to de stickyplace, and be dam if you do fail ! [*Strikes an attitude, then exits with ROSE R. H.* *The rest go off various ways. Scene closes.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the house of MR. PARNASSUS.*

Enter [L. H.] PARNASSUS, followed by FITZANGLE.

Parn. I'm excessively glad that I happened to meet you, my dear Mr. Fitzangle, for I think it is in your power to do me a most vital service.

Fitz. If I can—command me.

Parn. You'll scarcely believe it, but Miss Fitzjames absolutely refuses to play her part in my new piece to-night, and has left the Theatre, vowing she'll never enter it again.

Fitz. I'm not at all surprised at that.

Parn. But, you having most influence with her—

Fitz. Not at all. We have quarrelled.

Parn. What—seriously ?

Fitz. Parted, never to meet again. We've done it a dozen times before, but, this time, we mean it.

Parn. The devil!

William. [Without L. H.] But you can't go in, Sir!

Dufard. [Without L. H.] But I must. I am the stage-manager of the Theatre.

Parn. The manager!

Fitz. [To himself.] Surely that is the old Frenchman's voice. If they don't shut that old bird up, he'll bite somebody. [He retires a little.]

Enter DUFARD and ROSE L. H.

Parn. Why, this is not the—

Duf. No, Sare!—my name is Dufard—Achille Talma Dufard, *artiste du Théâtre Français.*

Fitz. [At back—aside.] What does he want here, I wonder?

Parn. Well, Sir!

Duf. Oh, Sare—Monsieur—Monsieur—I pray you grant us one moment to recover from the emotion we prove in entering this the Sanctuary of Genius. Advance, my child, advance, and make your most profound reverence to the greatest dramatic author of the age. [Rose curtsies.] Anoder reverence to de *moderne* Shakspeare.

Fitz. [Aside.] What the deuce is the old fox aiming at?

Parn. Pray explain the purport of this visit.

Duf. [L. H.] Pardon, Monsieur, de child explain it herself. Compose yourself, *mon enfant.* Dat great man shall grant you leetle *démande*—I can see it in his eye—in de middle of de lightning of genius dat play around his head. Oh, *mon dieu!* Oh, how he is like Alexander Dumas—*parle, mon enfant!*

Rose. [L. C.] The purport of our visit is this, Sir; your piece cannot be played to-night for want of an actress, whom, we hear, is suddenly taken ill, and I come to offer my services to replace her.

Parn. You!

Fitz. [Advancing C.] Oh! this is really ridiculous!

Rose. [Seeing him.] Ah!

Duf. [To her.] *Diable!* I tickle him too, if he not take care.

Parn. [To Fitz.] Do you know this young person?

Fitz. Oh, yes, very well. [Aside—to ROSE.] Have you not got my letter?

Duf. [Placing himself between them.] Eh—letter!—What letter?

Fitz. [Aside—to PARNASSUS.] Not a word.—I'll explain all bye and bye.

Parn. [To ROSE.] And you think you could play so important a part?

Rose. Oh, yes, Sir! I'm quite perfect in it, from having heard my friend, Miss Fitzjames, repeat it frequently; and a beautiful part it is.

Fitz. [To PARNASSUS.] My dear fellow, you surely never would think

of hazzarding your reputation and compromising the success of your piece by an act of this sort.

Duf. [*Fiercely.*] Mr. Piston!—or rather Mr. Fitzdangle, for I know you, Sare! I sall tell this gentleman de reason vy you speak so—[*Crosses to R. C.*] It is dat you want to carry her off from the Theatre, [*To PARNASSUS*] and prevent your *piece* from being perform, and rob you of your triumph and your glory—Oh! wonderful man!

Fitz. Humbug!

Duf. It is true, Sare, and it is not de first time dat you are do the same thing.

Fitz. I!

Duf. Yes, you! At the first representation of his last new tragedy I saw you in one private box talking and laughing, and blowing your nose to make a noise, and sneezing and hissing, and you put up your finger to your friend beside you, just so.

[*Taking a sight with finger to nose.*]

Parn. Why, damn it, Fitzdangle, I gave you that private box.

Fitz. [*Crosses to R. C.*] Upon my honor I assure you, I—

They quarrel going out. PARNASSUS comes down again centre.

Duf. Mr. Parnassus sall see and judge for himself. Come, my daughter, recite some of de *piece*. [*Rose takes off shawl, &c.*]

Fitz. Recite what you will, I'm sure that the manager will never give his consent.

Duf. Den you are mistake, for he has give him already. Come, my daughter, recite the opening scene.

Fitz. Yes, yes, the opening is nothing!

Duf. The opening is not nothing, Sare? [*To Fitz.*] It is *all* sublime!

Fitz. Who the devil said it wasn't. [*Aside.*] Poor Parnassus—he believes every word of it.

Duf. Permit me to hold the MS. [*Taking the MS from PARNASSUS.*] Oh! I will take care of him. I know he is worth his weight in gold. Every word is a *diamond* [*Aside.*] I tickle him now. [*Crosses to L.*] Now, my daughter, and do not forget, above all, to show Mr. Parnassus how beautiful you are in dat part where you find yourself very sick—go on, my child—stay—I will give you de tail.

Parn. The tale—there's no occasion for that—we don't require the history of the plot.

Duf. No, no—de tail—de, what you call, "cue."

Parn. Ah! ah! yes!—

Duf. [*Reading the MS declaims*] Now for him. "No love, dy tears—dy prayers are voice—zou will not fly with me—I will remain!" [*remarking on it.*] Ah! beautiful! splendid! de common auteur would have said "I will stay"—tut no—de *great* author put "I will remain"—beautiful!—go on, my child.

Rose. [*Declaiming.*] Alonzo!—dear Alonzo! say not that the sacrifices I made for your safety has been made in vain—oh!

[*Movement of PARNASSUS.*]

Duf. [*Observing the movement.*] More strong upon the Oh! my child! — "Oh!" lean upon your "Oh!" [*With great emphasis.*]

Rose. [*Continuing*] Oh! must I remind you that it was to save you that I united myself to this demon—this fell tiger!

Duf. [*To ROSE.*] Look at me, I am *se* tiger!

Fitz. [*To PARNASSUS.*] It is feeble, sir, it won't do.

Rose. [*Continuing*] 'Twas it was to preserve your life that I consented to share the pillow whereon his fiend-like head reposes, because I knew that beneath that pillow lay the key of your dungeon.

Parn. Lay a stress on the key.

Duf. Dat is what I tell her, lean upon de pillow.

Parn. No, no, on the key, that is the point!

Duf. Oh, yes! but, as the key is under the pillow, if you lean on de pillow, you lean on de key; go on, my child!

Rose. Oh, fly! fly, my Alonso; I conjure you fly!

Duf. [*Declining reply.*] No, no! fly wid me, or here I stay [*re-marking on it.*] Ah! de vulgar auteur would have say "I remain" but de man of genius say, "I stay." 'Tis wonderful! go on, my child!

Rose. [*Continuing.*] But, I am no longer worthy of you.

Duf. [*As before.*] Yes, more worthy now as ever, [*Stamping with his foot.*] bang!

Fitz. Hallo! what's that!

Duf. 'Tis de cannon which announce de break of day, I play him on de drum at night.

Rose. [*Continuing.*] Ah! hear you not that sound! they come! Fly! fly! fly! fly!

Parn. Bravo! very good! very good, indeed!

Duf. [*Stamping again.*] Bang!

Rose. [*As before.*] Ah! 'tis too late! too late! too late! ah! [*She sinks on chair.*]

Parn. No, that's not exactly the thing.

Fitz. Not at all; not at all.

Parn. [*To her.*] You throw a great deal of pathos into it, my dear, but that last exclamation, "Ah!" requires more energy, more fire, a sort of scream, in fact. She is supposed to see the executioner coming.

Duf. [*To ROSE.*] Try him again. [*To PARNASSUS.*] You shall save him, Sare, do not fear. Now, my daughter.

Rose. [*Resumes.*] Ah! 'tis too late! too late! too late! ah! [*Sinks again into chair.*]

Parn. No, that's not it, precisely.

Fitz. It is laughable, if done in that way. [*PARN pulls his hair.*]

Duf. No, sare, don't pull no more of your beautiful black hair. [*Seeing PARNASSUS about to rise.*] One moment, one moment; now try him once more, more strong, you leetle fool.

Rose. Oh! 'tis too late! too late!

[DUFARD, in his anxiety, pinches her, which makes her scream out the "Ah!" She sinks again into chair.]

Pern. Bravo ! bravissimo ! that's it ! capital ! excellent !

Duf. *Parbleu !*

Pern. Come, let's be off to the rehearsal. It will do ; it will do !

Fitz. But suppose Miss Fitzjames should alter her mind and get well.

Duf. She can't, she's too bad.

[*All go up except FITZDANGLE.*]

Fitz. Oh ! I can't stand this ! poor dear Arabella's a bore, certainly, but she shan't be crushed. There shall be two Richmonds in the field ! and, if there's no hit to night, there shall be a most magnificent row.

[*Exit L. H.*]

Pern. [*L. c.*] Really, sir, I must say I think this young lady is likely to prove a very great acquisition to the Theatre, and, if you please, we'll adjourn there at once.

Rose. [*L.*] Oh ! thank you, sir,

Duf. Oh, Monsieur, you are too good. [*Hands hat, &c.,*] Oh ! quel honneur ! [*PARNASSUS about to take MS.*] Ah ! non ! mille pardons, permit dat I avo de honneur to carry de colossal work ! Wonderful man !

[*Exeunt L. H.*]

SCENE LAST.—*Behind the scenes at the Theatre. 2d wings. It is set in such a manner that the entrance upon the stage faces the spectators. The left hand (which is supposed to be the audience side of the theatre) is a flat which prevents the actor from being seen when supposed to be before the public. People discovered lighting the wings, placing properties and making preparations for the play, which is about to commence. One or two ACTORS and ACTRESSES, and several of the BALLET, dressed for their parts, are seen sauntering about. CARPENTERS setting scene, hammering, &c. GEORGE (the call-boy) loitering about. They leave by degrees.*

Enter FLAT and VAMP, U. H. R.

Flat. What is to be done, Vamp ? What business actors and actresses have to be ill at all, I can't think. The only thing weakly about them should be their salaries. However, this time I really believe she is ill—and that's a great comfort !

Vamp. Yes, sir ! You know we have the medical certificate.

Flat. Pooh ! Anybody can get one who will take the trouble to buy a box of pectoral lozenges.

Vamp. It's fortunate, sir, we have this young lady ready.

Flat. The young lady is a novice, and the public don't like novices.

Vamp. She seems clever.

Flat. And looks pretty, which is more to the purpose. Any old coachman will tell you that the success of the stage depends very much on the outside. At all events we can but try her ; and, if the worst comes to the worst, she can but be damned.

Vamp. A dreadful shock to her parent, sir. But the piece will be damned too.

Flat. I don't know. The public haven't the same energy to damn that they used to have. I suppose its the morbid antipathy to capital punishments.

Enter GEORGE [the call-boy,] with hamper, R. H.

Flat. Well, sir, what's that?

George. Its the buckets, sir!

Flat. What do you mean by buckets? Oh! *bouquets*, I suppose.

George. Yes, the flowers, sir, to fling at the lady in the last scene.

Flat. Why, you extravagant dog, they're twopenny ones! I told that property man I wouldn't go beyond a penny, except two twopennies for a second last night, and three threepennies for a blaze of triumph. They'll not be wanted to-night. Put 'em in water for the next occasion. Stay! on second thoughts, you may as well have 'em ready in a private box; and, take care the girl is called for. Many a drowning *Prima Donna* has been saved by a call. *Vamp*, come with me and see that the scene is ready.

[Exit FLAT and VAMP, L. H.]

Enter DUFARD, R., joyfully and hastily.

Duf. Ah! here we are at last. *[GEORGE re-enters.]* How long is it before we begin, eh?

George. About five minutes, sir. I've called the last music.

Duf. Pheugh! bless me, how warm I am! All is right now. My daughter's name is in de bill in letters grand size. De *public* is in the Theatre. Oh! *mon bon petit public*, be kind to my leetel child.

Enter ROSE, U. R. L., dressed for her part in the drama.

Rose. Here I am! here I am, papa, all ready!

Duf. Ah, my child! you look an angel! *[In rapture.]*

Rose. Do you think so, papa?

Duf. Your dress is perfection! Stay! you have not quite enough rouge on de left cheek. *[Takes bit of rouge out of his pocket and carefully rouges her cheek.]* There is a fine house—*beaucoup de monde*—and the ladies' *toilettes* are superb; you ave a leetel too much white on your chin. *[Takes out a small hare's foot and uses it on her chin and face.]* But you tremble, my darling! Come, come, you must not be frightful! See me, I am not frightful. Take some of dis; I find a sixpence in my pocket I know not of, so I buy you a leetel glass sherry. *Allons! du courage! de l'aplomb, de l'aplomb*, and you sall have a success *pyramidal*!

Re-enter VAMP.

Vamp. Now, call away, George; the overture is on. See that everybody is ready to begin. The curtain will go up in five minutes. Where's the principal lady?

Duf. Here she is, sare !

Rose. Here I am, sir !

Enter ARABILLA, dressed for the part, with FITZDANGLE, U. E. L.

Arab. Here I am, Sir !

Fitz. Yes, here we are !

All. [*Astonished.*] Miss Fitzjames !

[*They all go up.*]

Duf. Dat woman is de devil !

Arab. I'm very sorry to disappoint you, Ma'am, but I have resumed my part.

Duf. You cannot play him.

Fitz. Oh, yes, she can !

Arab. [*Smiling.*] And very well too, I flatter myself !

Duf. But you sall not play him.

Arab. [*Coolly.*] That we shall see !

Duf. Aha ! de bill is publish wiz my daughter's name, Madame.

Arab. That's not of the slightest consequence—the stage manager will announce the alteration to the audience.

Fitz. Of course ! where is he ? [*Looking about for him.*]

Duf. [*To himself.*] Oh, if I could but get him out of de way ! [*To GEORGE.*] *Diles donc, you ave some trap doors here ?*

George. Oh, yes, Sir, plenty.

[*Pointing to stage.*]

Duf. Good ! well, here—

[*Whispers to GEORGE*]

Fitz. Here comes the manager and the author.

Enter FLAT and PARNASSUS, U. E. L.

Rose. [*Rushing to FLAT.*] Ah, Sir !

Flat. [*To ROSE.*] My dear Madam, I'm really very sorry, but, you see, the public interests—

Parn. Certainly—the public interests, you see—

Duf. But, Mr. Shakyspear, you were satisfied.

Parn. Why, the fact is, I have nothing to do with it personally.

Arab. [*To ROSE and DUFARD.*] You see, my good people, the thing is quite impossible !

Flat. Come, we must clear the stage—the curtain is going up in one moment—Mr. Vamp, before it rises, you'll have the goodness to announce that Miss Fitzjames has recovered, and will resume her part.

Duf. Ah, Monsieur ! *par pitié* break not my heart !

Flat. I say, Sir, you must leave the stage !

Duf. I will not ! send for your *gend'armes*, your policeman, and for your Lord *Maire*. I will not go ! I say she shall come out !

Flat. Now, Sir, go on, and make the announcement.

[*VAMP is going.*]

Duf. [*Holding him back.*] He sall not go !

Rose. [*Crying.*] No ; hold him tight, Papa !

Vamp. Silence ! leave your hold, Sir !

Duf. [*Still holding VAMP.*] If I could but ring de curtain bell—

VAMP tries to disengage himself from DUFARD, and makes his way toward L.
H. as they are struggling.

Duf. [*Midst the general confusion.*] Ah, mind your head!

VAMP runs back and DUFARD puts his arm off wing 1 E, where the PROMPTER'S box is supposed to be—the curtain bell is heard to ring very loudly, and ROSE rushes on.

Flat. Who rung that bell? ah, the curtain is up!

Duf. De curtain is up, and my child is on de stage.

ROSE disappears from view and is supposed to go before the audience.

Arab. What! she on the stage? I'll go on too!

Parn. Stop, stop, stop! would you ruin my piece?

Applause without.

Flat. [*Who is eagerly listening at wing of supposed stage.*] Silence, silence!

Arab. But, she's playing my part!

Fitz. It is disgraceful!

Flat. My dear Sir, it is not my fault!

[Applause—resumes his situation at wing, eagerly watching the piece.]

Duf. [*Delighted.*] Silence, silence! she is speaking like an angel! Ah, I said she should come out!

[Takes his place at the wing, eagerly watching and listening.]

Arab. Oh, I'll be revenged!

Parn. [*At wing.*] Ah! where's the Alonzo? he ought to be on the stage. [*Exeunt STAGE MANAGER and AUTHOR greatly agitated. ALONZO rushes on. Applause.*] Eh, thank Heaven! there he is.

Arab. Yes! your piece will fail, though! You'll see!

Fitz. It shall fail!

Arab. [*To FITZDANGLE.*] And you, Sir, you, who said that she should not play the part, go and get your friends to kiss her, or you never see me more.

[Exit in a rage.]

Fitz. I'll go this instant.

Duf. [*Stays him.*] Hollo! where you go?

Fitz. To the front of the house.

Duf. To applaud?

Fitz. Quite the reverse.

Duf. [*Seizing him by the coat tail.*] What, hiss my child! *[Going. Monster! tu n'iras pas.]*

Fitz. Hands off, fool!

Duf. You sall not go!

Fitz. Who will prevent me?

Duf. I will.

[Stamps three times with his foot on the stage; the trap pointed out by the call-boy, and on which FITZDANGLE is standing, suddenly descends with him.]

Fitz. [*As he descends.*] Hollo! hollo! what is this? Help! help!

[*Trap closes.*]

Duf. Ah! good bye.

Flat. [*Popping in his head.*] Silence, silence, there!

Rose. [*Re-appearing at wing, L. H., and declaiming as if about to exit from scene.*] "Adieu! adieu! thou hast my love; and should danger menace, they shall strike through my heart, ere their daggers shall reach thine."

[*Applause.*]

She comes on as if having finished the scene.

Duf. Bravo! bravo! you have perform' it superb.

Rose. Oh dear, how warm I am! I declare it is very hard work.

Duf. So it is, so it is, my love.

[*Gives her drink.*]

Flat. [*Coming down eagerly.*] Excellent, my dear madam, excellent! but you've no time to spare, you're on again in a moment to finish the scene, you know.

Rose. Yes, yes; but I must have my hair in disorder.

[*Arranging and undoing her hair.*]

Duf. [*Assisting her.*] I will do him—*tenez, tenez*; there! shake him about; it all her own, it won't come off.

Vamp. [*Appearing for a moment.*] Now, Miss, the stage is waiting.

Rose. [*Resuming her tragedy tones.*] "Ah! to a dungeon say you? Hold, villain, I command you!"

[*Exit on to supposed stage.*]

Flat. [*To himself.*] Capital! glorious! what fire! what energy! This girl will make my fortune. [*Great applause heard.*] [*To DUFFARD.*] Now, my dear sir, I'm ready to engage your daughter immediately.

Duf. I should think so, for it is a colossal *début*.

Flat. Let me see; you told me this morning four pounds a week, I believe?

Duf. £10. I told you £10. [*Aside.*] Now, I tickle him!

Flat. Yes; but you ended by saying four.

Duf. But I begin with ten.

[*Great applause behind.*]

Flat. Well, I'm a liberal man, £10 be it, I'll give her £10.

Duf. What! no more than ten after a success like that? I must have fifteen.

[*Applause behind.*]

Flat. But £15, you know, is an enormous sum!

[*Applause.*]

Duf. £15 and a benefit.

Flat. Upon my word, Mr.— [*Applause, and shouts of "Bravo!"*]

Duf. You had better settle him at once, or I shall have twenty if the public proceed in this way.

[*Shouts and applause.*]

ROSE appears picking up bouquets.

Flat. Well, fifteen be it, I'll give fifteen!

ROSE enters surrounded by VAMP, &c., bouquets thrown after her. DUFFARD puts wreath on PARNASSUS' head.

Rose. Thank you! thank you! Oh, papa! my dear papa!

Duf. My darling child! [*Embracing her.*] Well, you ave tickel the public, eh? ah! my darling child.

Parn. [*Rushing in eagerly.*] Where is she? Where is she? Ah, excellent! charming! magnificent! Melody in every tone: genius in every glance; grace in every gesture!

Duf. *Eh bien!* Monsieur Flat, what you say? £20.

Flat. Most happy, I'm sure! But come, we must begin the Second Act.

Duf. Ah, oui, *en place*; come along. [*Shouts of "MISS DUFARD," and applause.*] Stop! stop! listen.

George. [*Entering.*] Sir! sir! they are calling for Miss Dufard. They'll tear up the benches if she don't come.

Flat. Where's Mr. Vamp, to take her on?

Duf. I sall take her myself.

Flat. But, my dear sir, you're not dressed?

Duf. *C'est égal*, I am her fader—the public shall excuse me; *attendez!* [*Rouges himself.*] *Allons! ma fille!* mais stop. What I see! dere is a public here also! Oh! dear me! dear me! *mais courage!* perhaps dey will be as kind as de odere public dere. I shall presume to take the liberty to ask dem!—Messieurs and Mesdames!

We've had applause behind de scene,
I've tickel dem, 'tis true;
But dat, alas! is leetel worth
Unless I tickel you.
Ah—ay, den, dat de debutante
Again shall reappear,
And let de plaudits over dere
Now find an echo here!

THE END.

THE ETON BOY

A FABLE. — In One Act.

BY

EDWARD MORTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE WINDMILL," "THE RIVER GOD," ETC.

With Original Cast, Costumes, and all the Stage Business.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Theatre Royal, London, 1842.</i>	<i>Burton's, N. Y. 1858.</i>	<i>Walnut Street, Philadelphia, 1861.</i>	<i>Boston Museum, 1862.</i>
COLONEL CUREY,	Mr. W. Bennett,	Mr. Bishop,	Mr. Geo. Johnson,	Mr. G. F. Ketchum
CAPTAIN POPHAM,	{ " C. Mathews,	" C. Mathews,	" J. S. Wright,	" L. Mestayer.
MR. DABSTER,	" Hudson,	" Setchell,	" S. Hemple,	" W. Warren.
FANNY, <i>the Colonel's Daughter</i> ,	Mrs. Stirling,	Mrs. C. Mathews,	Mrs. Anna Cowell,	Miss Jos'ine Orton.
SALLY, <i>her Servant</i> .	Mrs. Selby,	Mrs. Seymour,	Miss C. Jefferson,	Miss O. Marshall.

COSTUMES.

COLONEL. Green braided undress military coat; white waistcoat; nankeen trousers; several great-coats and wrappers
 POPHAM. Undress uniform. *2d Dress* — Muslin, long sleeves; green sash; black velvet shawl; pink silk bonnet; cap
 DABSTER. Large pattern red plaid trousers and waistcoat; drab Mackintosh.
 FANNY. Plaid shooting-jacket; white waistcoat; drab trousers; boots and hat. *2d Dress* — Lemon-colored silk
 SALLY. Pink cotton dress; black silk apron; cap.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION — Forty-five minutes.

THE ETON BOY.

SCENE — *A richly-furnished drawing-room in COLONEL CURRY'S house. — Doors R. and L., leading to apartments. — Entrance from C. — Screen near flat, R. — Sofa R., in advance. — Table L., with books, &c. — Chairs. — Maps of sieges, and other military indications. — Swords hung crossways on wall at flat.*

SALLY discovered rocking to and fro in an easy-chair.

Sally. Well, really, now, I do seem quite at home in a parlor, and feel a kitchen beneath me. Oh, what a difference one little word do make — a lady, and a lady's maid! Folks may talk as they please of the pleasures of doing *this* and doing *that*; give me the pleasure of doing *nothing*. Not but what I likes a bit of fun, and especially such a bit as we're likely to have, if the gout should prevent master being here to receive Mr. Dabster. He comes to make love to Miss Fanny, and finds her changed into a young gentleman. Oh, Gemini! 't will be better than a bonfire. I hope nothing will put us out. (*Looks at door, R.*) I wonder how miss finds her new thingumies answer? I must have a peep.

Fanny (*without, singing*). "For exercise, air, to the fields I repair" —

Enter FANNY, D. R., dressed in shooting costume, shot-belt, &c.

Fan. Ha, ha, ha! Well, Sally, what do you think of me? Rather the thing, eh?

Sal. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I never! Let me have a good look at you, to make sure you ain't your brother. Capital!

Fan. (*strutting about*). Yes, I think I shall rather astonish the partridges.

Sal. The partridges? Gemini me! if you won't make game of Mr. Dabster!

Fan. I hope to deceive him, certainly.

Sal. But mayhap, miss, you may like him, when you see him; and then he may n't fancy a young lady who has played him such a trick.

Fan. Ah, these men are sad plagues. Deceive them before marriage, and they are in a fury; reserve the pleasure till afterwards, and then they are not satisfied. Ha, ha, ha!

Sal. I hope master won't return, and spoil sport.

Fan. His letter this morning makes it very doubtful; and if he were, I know I could coax him into forgiveness. (*Fiercely*) "Colonel," I would say, "if you think I mean to surrender at discretion, because the enemy's in sight, you don't know the spirited little citadel you command!" (*playfully*) and then, falling on his neck, beg my dear, kind papa to let me have my own way.

Sal. You won't tell him, miss, as I helped you to get the (*points to trousers*) thingumbobs, or I know what would happen — (*imitating*) — March!

Fan. Oh, fear not. Family circumstances make him wish I should become Mrs. Dabster — horrible sound! By means of this disguise I shall see the man as he really is, and perhaps discover some good motive for declining his hand; if not, I must needs make confession of a more than small regard for a certain gallant —

Sal. Captain Popham —

Fan. Whom I have met at balls, and who has even dared to write me letters under cover to a certain —

Sal. Sally Potts. Ees, miss. (*Produces a letter.*) Here be another on 'em.

Fan. (*with reserve*). I thought I had forbidden you receiving any more.

Sal. Very true, miss; but as it's to be the last —

Fan. (*snatches it, and reads hurriedly*). The last?

Sal. Ah, miss! you have read his words; — that's nothing. — You should have received them by word of mouth (*alluding to a kiss*), as I have. You'd never forget it.

Fan. He knows all, and threatens to come and blow his friend Dabster's brains out. They have met, then. The plot thickens, and we must be very careful. We have both our parts to play. Remember, Sally, no more "Fanny," now; but Tom, — Master Tom, Fanny's cousin, home from Eton for the holidays.

Sal. Ees, Miss Tom — I mean Master, Miss Fanny — no I don't — I mean Tom; and a famous Tom you make.

Fan. Think so? But Sally (*solemnly*), there is one serious difficulty.

Sal. Difficulty, Mi — Tom?

Fan. Yes, Sally — I can-not whistle. (*Absurd attempt.*)

Sal. Whistle? Lowks, it's easy enough. Make your mouth quite small — so; and then get your tongue out of the way, and blow. (*A loud ring at garden-bell.*)

Fan. Oh, Sally! what's that? Run and see.

Sal. If it should be — I'm off, Tom.

[*Exit L.*]

Fan. Oh dear! I begin to be in a very unmanly fright. Should it be Captain Popham, I shall faint with confusion. Phoo! where's my courage? Where, indeed? I never felt so much a woman as since I became a man.

Re-enter SALLY, out of breath.

Well, Sally?

Sal. It's he, miss; — Mr. Dabster, sure enough. I peeped

through the shrubbery. They was pulling a big box off the coach, and asking for Colonel Curry.

Fan. Did you see him, Sally?

Sal. I did just get a leetle peep, as he was getting out of the coach back'ards for'ards.

Fan. Well?

Sal. Oh! he was so wrapped up in one of them new-fashioned smock-frocks, as smells so nasty — can't answer for *perticklars*.

Fan. You must receive him. I'll go practice my best swagger.

Sal. I'm sure I shall laugh the moment I sees him.

Fan. I beg you 'll do no such thing. The gate closes — he's here. Sally, remember — Tom. [*Exit into room, &c.*]

Sal. Well, I never did feel in a greater flusteration. But I'm sure I shall laugh, if I die for it.

Dabster (without). Very good.

Enter DABSTER, dressed in a Mackintosh, &c.

Dab. (R.) Ha, ha, ha! Well, here we are. (*Looking round*) By the bye, where are we? No welcome? (*Sees SALLY.*) Oh, here's some one. I say, Lucy, Jenny, Molly, or thereabouts, may I inquire the meaning of this somewhat extraordinary reception?

Sal. (L., tries to keep from laughing, and then bursts out into a roar). I knowed I should.

Dab. (coming down). Now, I like that; — there's character about that; — there's some fun in being grossly insulted.

Sal. Beg pardon, sir. I could n't help tittering a bit.

Dab. Eh? you call that tittering? I wonder what her laugh would be like? Oh, no offence. Let me tell you, it's no easy matter to make folks laugh now-a-days; — in fact, I should like to see any one laugh. I say it's no easy matter. They bottle up their laughs for their own jokes. Ha, ha, ha!

Sal. Ees — so it seems!

Dab. Eh? 'Pon my life, that's not bad. She somehow rather had me there. I say, Clarissa —

Sal. Sally.

Dab. Well, Sally — you're a very fine girl, Sally, — just my taste. In fact, we're not *very* unlike, — both of the showy sort — commanding persons — nut-brown eyes. Talking of nuts, where's the colonel? Ha, ha, ha! Come, that's new.

Sal. Ah, you be cracking your jokes. Ha, ha! But master ain't at home.

Dab. Not at home, to receive his future son-in-law! That's original, again, but more original than pleasant.

Sal. You see, master comed home from the Ingies, loaded with golden guineas, and skin to match, — all yellow; so he be gone to the Isle of *Wight*, to see if that will bleach him a bit!

Dab. Odsó! Then, Sally, — and the thought's a galvanic battery to my heart, — I must introduce myself to the future partner of this manly breast; and we must begin our acquaintance by a *tête à tête*.

Sal. I don't know nothing about *taty tates*, but you'll see no Miss

Fanny here. The young lady and old gentleman will return together.

Dab. What! my fascinating future absent too? That's better and better — or rather I should say worse and worse. But tell me, Sally, do you think the adorable Miss Fanny disposed to love me?

Sal. No judge of the case, never having been ill of the same complaint.

Dab. Does she ever wander forth at night, gaze at the stars, and think of me?

Sal. What! be you a *star*, then?

Dab. No, no, Sally, I've no ambition to belong to such a system. But she certainly does show strong symptoms of the tender malady, being evidently subject to fits of *absence*. Ha, ha! 'pon my life, that's not bad.

Sal. Ha, ha! you be a funny gentleman. As you be always laughing at yourself, mayhap you'll excuse my laughing a bit too.

Dab. You're vastly agreeable. And so, Sally, you are left to do the honors?

Sal. Ees; I'll do you the honor to wait on you, while you wait for them.

Dab. Ecod, then, Sally, we are alone. I say, Sally, we are alone. Don't be alarmed; but two's company, you know; and if, in some moment like this, of tranquil, undisturbed serenity — (*A double-barrelled gun heard without, R. H.*) Zounds! what's that?

Sal. That? Oh! ha, ha! that be Tom.

Dab. Tom! Who the devil's Tom?

Sal. What! haven't you heard of Tom? Tom be Miss Fanny's cousin, here from Eton, for the holidays. He be *such* a rattle!

Dab. Rattle! Ecod! he's almost rattled my head off already.

Fan. (*without*). Ha, Ponto! down, sir, down. Charge, Ponto!

Enter FANNY, R. C., with brace of birds and gun in hand.

Fan. Not a bad shot — (*shows game*) — a brace at a double shot. (*To SALLY*) There, hang 'em up. (*Puts birds and gun on table.*) And now for a little sport in the home preserve. Give me a kiss. (*Kisses her.*)

Sal. Fie, Tom — for shame!

Fan. I always fire double shots. (*Kisses her again.*)

Sal. Let me alone, you naughty boy.

Dab. (*R., aside*). The privileges these boys take are perfectly disgusting.

Fan. (*L., turning to him*). Hallo! who's our friend?

Dab. (*advancing*). Sir, my name is Dabster.

Fan. Oh, I know — all right! Rather a bore for you the governor should be away. Just suits me.

Dab. As you very expressively say, it is a bore; and, sir —

Fan. "Sir?" Nonsense; my name's Tom. Give me your hand. (*Shakes his hand heartily.*) There, we're cronies. (*DABSTER bows.*) Now, then, how shall we pass the time, eh? Must have some fun, you know. Do you shoot?

Dab. I do not, and I'll be shot if I try.

Fun. Not shoot?—not shoot? Why, man alive, where were you brought up?

Dab. In Piccadilly.

Fun. Not shoot? Oh, 'tis glorious sport! Shall I tempt you? I will. 'Tis a fine December morning—(DABSTER *shudders*);—there's a mist over the hills,—a sure sign the sun's coming. All's ready for the start—round we go to the kennels—the dogs hear us—there they are, pawing the ground, and dancing in their chains, at the very thought of freedom. Look at Ponto's eye—'tis ablaze with ecstasy. Off go the collars—away they dash, helter-skelter, in very exuberance of enjoyment. As we tread the first stubble, with wondrous instinct they steady to their purpose. We skirt the high ground—and see, the sun breaks out—I knew it would. And now a five-acre turnip-piece lies before us, every green leaf tipped with the silver frost. We're sure of 'em here. Hark how the old hedge crackles under our feet. The dogs are working up the wind. Look there—old Dash has caught the scent—they draw up—they're fixed—every muscle knit like marble. Look at Ponto's tail (*describing*), as if beckoning us up. We're coming—click, click, go the hammers. To-ho, to-ho! The birds lie close—we're within five yards—eye, heart, and soul, all keen expectancy. Whirr!—bang, bang, bang! Down come three, like lead. Steady—Dash—down—charge—good dogs! The birds are bagged, and on we go, with a free step and merry hearts, to fresh and pure enjoyment! (*Slaps his back.*) D'ye like my picture?

Dab. (*writhing*). It's very striking. But I say, Tom, don't you sometimes get very wet in the feet?

Fun. Wet in the fiddlesticks! What of that? (*Offers him gun.*) Just feel that. Isn't it a love? (DABSTER *appears unwilling*.) Manton, you see—it's a genuine Joe.

Dab. (*taking gun*). A Joe? (*Aside*) What does he mean? (*Aloud*) Are you sure Joe won't take it into his head to go off?

Fun. Why, 'tisn't loaded, man.

Dab. (*holding it awkwardly*). Well, it does give one a sporting sort of look, don't it?

Fun. (*taking gun, and laughing*). Oh, very! Why, it springs to your shoulder of its own accord. (*Points it round the room, then at him, and snaps the locks.*)

Dab. Zounds, don't! Don't be a fool, Tom!—it's d—d disagreeable! Put it down, sir.

Fun. Ha, ha! Well, there. (*Puts gun on table.*) "Get along, Joe." But we must do something to kill time. What game do you patronise—cricket? Eaton against the world! Manage round bowling?—(*imitates*)—good catch?—(*whisks a book at him.*) Tennis—Rackets—high cockolorum jig, eh? What is your fancy?

Dab. (*aside*). What a devil of a fellow! (*Aloud*) I think dominoes is a very pretty game.

Fun. Dominoes? Very—when you're well into your second childhood. I'll give you a game at marbles, if you like;—taw in the ring. You can knuckle down? (*Imitates.*) Don't be afraid—I'm not a dab at that.

Dab. Nor I. But I say, Tom (*takes his arm*), you seem to be a

rum 'un. I warrant, now, at school you're cock of the walk — thrash all before you, eh?

Fan. Why, we Eton lads can fight a bit, and no mistake. By the bye, do you spar? I see you do. I've got gloves here. (*Goes towards cupboard, L. H.*)

Dab. No, no! 'pon my life, I'd quite as soon let it alone. (*Following, meets SALLY, who enters L. H.*)

Sal. Here be a letter, sir, just brought by a little chap with a black cockade and bright buttons. (*Aside to FANNY*) He be coming, miss.

Dab. For me? Who can it be from? (*Opens it.*) What's this? Frank Popham? How very singular! (*To FANNY, who is putting on boxing-gloves and listening*) Excuse me. (*To SALLY*) Excuse me.

Sal. Ees, I'll excuse you, and then perhaps you'll excuse me.

[*Exit L. H.*]
Dab. (*reading*). "*My dear Dabster, — Being about to quit Winchester with my regiment, and hearing that you are expected at Colonel Curry's, on very particular business*" — hem! — "*I shall take the liberty of introducing myself, for the double purpose of shaking an old friend by the hand, and forming an acquaintance with your host and beautiful hostess. Yours, F. Popham.*" How very strange! Somehow I don't half like it! (*To FANNY*) Don't you think I had better put him off?

Fan. Oh no, not at all. Perhaps he'll be able to give me a lesson — (*sparring*) — show me how to beat his opponent off the field.

Dab. (*R.*) You must know, Tom, that I owe this gallant captain a grudge. He once played a disgusting hoax upon me. You would n't believe it, but I was considerably laughed at.

Fan. What! he planted a hit, eh? (*Hits him.*)

Dab. Thank ye! A very palpable hit — and I long to give him —

Fan. A dig in the ribs, in return. (*Hits him.*)

Dab. That's not pleasant, Tom. Now, if I could but contrive a hoax against him — Ecod! eh? (*Looks at her.*) Oh, no; 't would never do. And yet, Tom, do you like a bit of fun?

Fan. Do I? Don't I!

Dab. Listen, then. The captain's coming here. He talks of my beautiful hostess, Miss Fanny, you know. She's absent. I say she's absent. D'ye take? Now, suppose you assume her character. You're not ugly, Tom, — not positively hideous. Let me introduce you as Miss Fanny!

Fan. What! make him believe I am Fanny? Ha, ha! Well, that would be ingenious; and so very ridiculous. Ha, ha!

Dab. Would n't it? Ha, ha! Ecod! it's a capital idea.

Fan. Oh, but do I look like a young lady?

Dab. No, Tom, you do not; but when properly instructed by me, I make no doubt you will; and may, perhaps, receive marked attentions from our inflammable young captain.

Fan. I think it very probable. (*Takes off gloves, and flings them to back.*)

Dab. That would be delicious!

Fan. So it would. Ha, ha! (*Both laugh.*)

Dab. But, Tom, my dear boy, you must rehearse your part. Suppose I give you a lesson. Can you curtsey? (*FANNY bobs awkwardly.*) Oh, horrid! look, here's the true Duvernay dip. Now then — slide, sink — bravo! that's better. You must practice that. And now for the fan — the fan, Miss Fanny — and the eyes — this sort of thing. (*Burlesques a flirt.*)

Fan. Something in this way. (*Does it well.*)

Dab. Bravo again! Tom, you're a trump.

Frank Popham (without, L.) Oh, he's come, is he? Thank ye — I'll find him.

Fan. Here's the captain!

Dab. Egad, now we shall see who'll be made a fool of!

Fan. Ha, ha! so we shall. I'm off to change my dress. [*Exit F.*]

Dab. (calling her back). Tom! I say, Tom! (*She opens door.*) Shall I come and help you? (*Door shuts.*)

Enter POPHAM, L. H., in undress uniform.

Pop. Ha, Dabster! how goes it, old fellow — hearty? You look positively radiant. A wonderfully preserved specimen of the middle ages. Ha, ha! But you didn't expect me here, eh? You need n't speak — I see you did n't.

Dab. (coldly). I certainly did not anticipate the honor, sir.

Pop. Hey day! "honor, sir!" Why, what's the matter? Hot, racy spirits like yours are not pleasant iced. Am I in the way?

Dab. (aside). To be pretty considerably humbugged, you are. (*Aloud*) Oh, not at all.

Pop. Sly fellow! you think I shall spoil sport.

Dab. No, upon my soul I do not. But, captain, you can scarcely have forgotten a very unpleasant hoax —

Pop. What, not gulped that down yet? Well, 't was a good one, to make a man fall in love with a great hobble-de-hoy in woman's clothes. I say, Dabster — "bewitching creature!" Ha, ha! You must own it was n't a miss.

Dab. (aside). He little thinks he'll be caught in the same trap.

Pop. Oh, bless you, I've played off fifty since that. But come, no malice, man. Why don't you make it shot for shot? I'm an easy mark. Hoax me a dozen times; I'll not wince; — nay, I challenge your revenge.

Dab. You do? Well, upon that treaty we shake hands. (*Aside*) He falls into my net ready skewered for roasting. (*Aloud*) I say, gallant captain, how came you to hear of my arrival at Winchester?

Pop. (quizzingly). Oh, your fame preceded you. Mammies and aunts nestled their young broods under their wings.

Dab. What, afraid of me? (*Pleased*) Oh, go along with you.

Pop. Well, and so my old friend is going to turn Benedict.

Dab. Oh, you know *why* I am here, then?

Pop. Perfectly. I suppose I may congratulate you? — your usual *veni, vidi, vici* style?

Dab. (conceitedly). Why, upon that point — I say nothing.

Pop. Your discretion does you honor. (*Aside*) He little thinks I've already mined the citadel. (*Aloud*) And now, Dabster, I'll reward your discretion and tell you a secret. I'm in love!

Dab. You ! But of course you are. I never knew you to be out of love.

Pop. Ah, but this is serious. My heart is fixed — immutably fixed — like the needle to the pole.

Dab. With a liberal allowance for the needle's variations.

Pop. Ah ! my position is difficult and peculiar. My charming Fanny ! — Hem ! — slips !

Dab. Fanny ? Why, that's the name of my —

Pop. You don't say so ! What a singular coincidence ! But I'm sure you'll pity me when I tell you that the object of my affection is promised to another. I have a rival —

Dab. Perhaps some fool of a fellow ! Could n't you manage to hoax him out of his wife ? That would be something worthy of you.

Pop. Oh, you'd enjoy that, would you ?

Dab. Vastly.

Pop. Well, I'm not without hopes I may. But the worst on't is, I'm not certain the lady loves me ; and my only chance of obtaining that knowledge is to get some kind friend to procure me a footing in the house, and contrive me a *tête à tête* with her.

Dab. Captain, I appreciate your confidence (*takes his hand*); and if ever the opportunity should occur, rely on my doing what you wish.

Pop. (*shaking hands*). My dear fellow ! I feel you will. In the meantime, may I hope to see *your* fascinating Fanny ?

Dab. (*aside*). 'Pon my life he sticks to it ! It's quite ridiculous. It's like a man making his own apple-pie-bed. (*Aloud*) You shall, my dear friend. Ha, ha ! I'll introduce you.

Pop. You will ? (*Aside*) Poor spooney !

Dab. I will. (*Aside*) Poor devil ! (*Aloud*) I rather flatter myself you'll be taken with her.

Pop. Likely enough.

Dab. And she may be taken with you, you know. If so, don't mind me ; I shan't be jealous. You may venture a few soft things.

Pop. Thank you. I'll take you at your word. (*A harp is heard to prelude, and an air is played without.*) Divine ! (*Aside*) 'Tis the duet we sang together.

Dab. (*aside*). Who can it be ? Can Tom —

Enter FANNY, as herself, D. R.

Fan. (*languidly*). My poor harp is sadly out of tune. Ah ! Mr. Dabster ?

Dab. (*astounded*). Why — eh ? It is, madam. (*Aside to FANNY*) Tom, you *are* a trump !

Pop. How lovely she looks !

Fan. I fear, sir, in my father's absence, your time may hang heavily.

Dab. Oh dear, no ; devil a bit, sir — I mean, madam. (*Aside*) I declare I'm so astounded I don't know what I'm saying. (*Aloud*) No fear of that, madam. Besides, here is a recruit who wishes to join our company. (*Winks at her.*) Allow me to introduce Miss

Fanny Curry, Captain Popham. Captain Popham, Miss Fanny — (FANNY *curtseys*. — DABSTER *approves*.)

Fan. I have had the honor of meeting Captain Popham before.

Dab. (*aside to POPHAM, L.*) Humor her; — swear you've met.

Pop. I will. True, madam; and believe me, those happy moments will never be effaced from my memory.

Dab. (*aside*). Bravo! I think I never heard a lie more ably seconded. (*Aloud*) Well, as you're old acquaintances, you won't mind my leaving you a few moments to a *tête à tête*, only to write a few lines. (*Aside*) Egad, I'll send off the particulars to the United Service Club, and get him quizzed out of the army. (*Retires to table.*)

Pop. At length, madame, we are alone. At length I may speak to you without the cold restraint of ceremony.

Fan. Sir, the situation in which we are placed requires an unreserved explanation. My father wishes I should marry Mr. Dabster. His accidental absence induced me to assume a boy's disguise, that I might better judge the man who claimed my hand. He was deceived. To revenge a hoax he said you played upon him, he asked me to appear before you (*laughing*) as myself.

Pop. What! then he now —

Fan. Takes me for a boy. Ha, ha!

Pop. Ha, ha! I see it all. So so, friend Dabster, you have been venturing a trot at my expense. I think I ought to return the compliment. But how? Egad, I do see a way, and with Sally's assistance I think I could manage it. But perhaps you would object.

Fan. Oh no; trot him out. You may make it a gallop if you like.

Dab. (*coming forward*). That's settled. (*Aside to FANNY*) Well, Tom, he still takes you for a girl?

Fan. Oh, quite convinced of it.

Dab. Capital! (*To POPHAM*) How do you like her?

Pop. She's an angel!

Dab. (*aside*). He's bit. (*Aside to her*) Ask him to stop.

Fan. Ought I? (*To POPHAM*) In the absence of my father, sir, I must be allowed to play the host; and hope you will accept his hospitality.

Pop. Madam, I —

Dab. Exactly; that's settled. (*Aside to her*) Tom, keep it up. (*She nods.* — *To POPHAM*) Go it. (*He nods.*) Make love to her.

Pop. Shall I? (*Takes her hand*). Thus, then, let me use this halcyon moment. Oh, let it prove an epoch in my life's calendar, from which to date all future bliss? Fanny, I adore you! (*Kneels.*)

Dab. 'Pon my life, that's delicious!

Fan. Sir, this — is — so very —

Dab. As you very justly say, it is so very — (*aside*) absurd!

Pop. (*rising*). My kind angel, will you resist the pleadings of an ardent lover?

Dab. Can you resist? You can't. (*Aside to her*) Accept. (*To POPHAM*) She's yours. And now to complete the happy bond by Hymen's golden link, put on the ring. Here, I'll lend you one. (*Takes wedding-ring from tissue-paper.* — *POPHAM puts it on her*)

finger; she blushing.) It's quite affecting. Stay! Cupid's foe, you know. *(They appear confused.)* A kiss, you happy dog! — a kiss. There, I won't look. *(Turns away. — POPHAM kisses her.)* Ha, ha! *(Aside, coming down)* My revenge is perfect!

Enter SALLY, R. H., who sees kiss.

Sal. Oh my! *(To them)* Here be master.

Pop. Zounds!

Fan. My father! *[Exit, running, D. R.]*

Pop. (to SALLY). As soon as you've got rid of the old gentleman, come to me. *[Exit D. L.]*

Dab. (not seeing their exit). Yes, without bragging, I think there never was a more complete *do*. The captain may write himself down ass for the remainder of his wretched career. *(Aloud)* Tom!

Sal. Sir! *(Laughs.)*

Dab. Eh? my tittering friend? Why, where's Tom? Where's the captain?

Sal. Gone to meet the colonel, I take it.

Dab. What! is my old friend arrived, at last?

Sal. Yes, sir; he be coming up the lawn his quickest hobble. *(Aside)* Not the only hobble, I'm afraid.

Dab. At length, then, I shall behold the interesting Fanny. *(Strutting.)* D'ye think I shall do the trick — eh, Sally?

Sal. I thinks the trick be done already.

Dab. Do you, though? You're a flatterer, Sally.

Sal. You won't find me one, I take it.

Enter COLONEL, in travelling-dress, L. H.

Col. (as he enters). So, so! arrived before me, eh! Ah, there he is! Welcome, welcome, my dear friend, to Bangalore Hall. A sad breach of discipline, I own, to be off guard when my new ally reaches head-quarters. Invalided, my boy, — invalided; — absent on sick leave.

Dab. Colonel, I rejoice to shake you by the hand. *(Aside)* It doesn't need shaking. *(Aloud)* Egad, colonel, you make a splendid veteran — stiff and strong. You're a perfect bit of bamboo — *(aside)* in color.

Col. Well, well. *(To SALLY)* Here, girl, unpack me *(she helps off wrappers)*; and tell my black rascal to have my hot bath and hookah ready, directly. Now, don't be all day. Take care, you stupid, clumsy — There — no thanks — go!

[Exit SALLY, D. R., holding up hands.]

Dab. (aside). Compound essence of cayenne!

Col. Now then, my boy, at once to business. Do our plans thrive?

Dab. Sir, my plan has succeeded beyond all my expectations.

Col. I rejoice to hear it. Cunning dog! — made good use of your time, eh? *(Pokes his ribs.)*

Dab. I rather think I have. *(Aside)* Egad, I've a great mind to carry the joke one stage further, and get the old boy's consent to the captain's marriage with Tom. I will.

Col. You'll find Fanny a worthy girl. Her happiness is dearer to me than life itself.

Dab. Sir, I doubt not Miss Fanny's presence will confirm our mutual hopes. But, colonel, you must know there has been another arrival here, — one Captain Popham — a friend of *mine*.

Col. Eh? Popham? (*Aside*) Popham? Why, that's the young gentleman who gossips say has danced himself into Fanny's good graces. (*Aloud*) His father and mine were college chums. You surprise me!

Dab. I'll surprise you further; — he's at this moment with your daughter — hem! He loves her.

Col. The devil he does!

Dab. He adores the very soles of her shoes.

Col. Well, sir, you've kicked him out of the house, of course.

Dab. Kick him? I would n't hurt his feelings in so tender a point.

Col. Then, damn it, I will!

Dab. No, no! Lor bless you, I don't mind it. Indeed, I rather like it.

Col. Like it! Zounds and furies!

Dab. Exactly; I knew you'd say "Zounds and furies." I say he wants to marry her. Ha, ha!

Col. I'm getting into a frenzy!

Dab. You had better give your consent. Don't mind me.

Col. Why, wh — wh — what the devil does all this mean?

Dab. Now don't stutter. You'll see. It's all right, bless you. They've met before — often; — the flame's mutual.

Col. It is?

Dab. I saw him on his knees to her.

Col. You did? (*Buttoning up coat*) Well, old as I am, hang me if I let my daughter be insulted!

Dab. I say, he kissed her. Ha, ha, ha!

Col. (*furiously*). Kissed! kissed! I shall choke! What the devil do you stand grinning there for, you mean-spirited — Oh! oh! my head!

Dab. I assure you it goes on *swimmingly*.

Col. Swim — Sir, that's personal. I'll never forgive you this affront — never — never! Here, Sally! Fanny! I'm very ill. (*Going, turns to DABSTER, who laughs.*) You — you — y — ugh!

[*Exit B.*]

Dab. Ha, ha! poor old Curry! He does n't enjoy the joke yet; but when he finds it's Tom the captain's been kissing, he'll be the first to do me justice. Egad! now I must prepare to meet the real *bona fide* Fanny. She must be charming, she's so rich. Eh? (*looks off*) does my fluttering heart deceive me? It is — it must be. She's a majestic figure! (*Retires up.*)

Enter POPHAM as FANNY, followed by SALLY, D. L.

Sal. But, Miss —

Pop. Hold your tongue! — don't presume to say a word. (*Comes forward.*) Well, have you nothing to say? You know I'm kind to a fault, and only ask to have my way in everything. I told you to

go to the milliner's. Don't say I did n't — because I did. I had set my heart upon having that love of a gown on when Mr. Dabster arrived; instead of which, I must present myself before him — him — ah — in this old-fashioned, odious, horrid — (*Pulls dress about and stamps.*) Oh dear! my nerves! my nerves! (*SALLY gives him a chair, and DABSTER approaches. — Starts up, vociferating to SALLY*) Leave the room! (*SALLY exits L. H. — DABSTER retreats.*) Heigho! (*Puts hand to heart.*) Poor flutterer! The man of my father's choice, — the future lord of this agitated bosom, — in the house; — even now, perhaps, hastening on the wings of love to throw himself at my feet. (*DABSTER advances.*) Ah! (*Shrieks. — DABSTER flies back.*) What do I behold? My sandal disordered! Fortunate discovery! (*Sits down and pulls up gown pretty freely.*)

Dab. (*aloud*). Hem!

Pop. Ha! (*Turns and affects discovery*). A man! Oh dear! nerves again. I'm going to faint. Salts! hartshorn! salts! (*Falls into DABSTER's arms.*)

Dab. Don't be agitated; it's only me, — your own Dabster. (*POPHAM gives a violent convulsion.*) Don't, don't, or I shall let you drop, — 'pon my soul I shall. Let me put you on a chair. You'll be more comfortable, and so shall I. (*POPHAM gives another hysterical convulsion.*) What a peculiar situation! Dear Miss Fanny, the fact is, I'm constitutionally weak in the arms. (*Places POPHAM on chair; then rubs and stretches his arms.*)

Pop. (*gradually recovering*). Where am I? Was it a dream? No! 'tis he! 'tis he! (*Makes a spring at DABSTER, who bobs aside.*) What! (*tenderly, averting his head*) not one kind word?

Dab. (*R.*) Really, Miss —

Pop. (*L., sharply*). Don't call me miss. (*Languishingly*) Call me Fanny. What's your name?

Dab. Dabster.

Pop. Pooh, pooh! I mean your Christian appellation.

Dab. The name my godfathers and godmothers gave me? — Robert.

Pop. Robert, Robby, Bob — detestable! I dare say you think me a strange creature? I am.

Dab. You are. (*Takes snuff.*)

Pop. But if I sometimes appear to transgress the sacred limits of maiden modesty (*taking snuff out of DABSTER's box*), it is only because I — (*going to sneeze*) — I say, it's only — (*another attempt*) — because I feel — (*tries to sneeze and cannot.*) Now I've got it. (*Gives a terrific sneeze.*) What a delicious thing a jolly good sneeze is, is n't it, Bob?

Dab. (*aside*). A jolly good sneeze! I wish I were well out of this. (*Aloud*) Miss — (*POPHAM stamps.*) I mean, Fanny — I —

Pop. And now, Robert — Robert, do you think we shall be happy together? Don't speak; I'm sure we shall. A cottage and your heart is all I ask for.

Dab. Indeed! (*Aside*) 'Pon my life, she's an interesting creature.

Pop. Yes, Robert, the stream of our domestic felicity will glide

unruffled by a single breath of disagreement. What an enchanting picture!

Dab. Delightful!

Pop. You and I pursuing our separate household avocations. Yes, and then, Robert, if you should happen to be ill, think how delightful it will be for me to nurse you through the various awful stages of a typhus fever!

Dab. Very.

Pop. And then, Robert, in the evening, after the toils of the day, we shall have a few select friends to join in a quiet rubber, or a social glee. Robert sings?

Dab. Why, as far as a chorus goes.

Pop. Well, then, Robert, sing a chorus — do. Timid creature! I'll set you an example. (*Sings, with guitar accompaniment.*)

Dab. Bravo! bravo! (*POPHAM curtsseys.*)

Pop. To return — we should of course wind up the evening with a dance. Robert dances?

Dab. Why, I rather flatter myself I can.

Pop. Charming! (*Pirouettes.*) Suppose we try the dear, insinuating waltz, or gallope. (*Seizes him by waist, and whirls him round stage, stopping suddenly, when DABSTER rolls on sofa.*) Ha! what do I see?

Dab. I am so giddy I can see nothing. I'm very sick!

Pop. Save me! — I faint!

Dab. (*running away.*) I can't stand it again.

Pop. It's Tom. If he sees me here I'm lost. He's so jealous, and such a desperate little fellow! Robert, take care of your precious life. (*Runs behind screen, R.*)

Enter FANNY, as Tom, with riding-whip, D. R.

Fan. So, sir!

Dab. If you come to that — so, sir!

Fan. You pretend to the hand of Miss Fanny Curry?

Dab. Tom, I do.

Fan. Then, sir, I maintain her hand is mine, sir! You have just been enjoying a dance with her, sir.

Dab. Enjoying! Upon my soul I have not.

Fan. What, sir, add falsehood to treachery?

Dab. Falsehood! falsehood! Take care, Tom —

Fan. Must I add cowardice to both?

Dab. Cowardice! — I a coward! The remark is personal.

Fan. Instantly resign all claim to Miss Fanny's hand, or expect a coward's reward.

Dab. Come, come, I can stand a great deal (*buttoning up coat*); but, damme! what do you mean?

Fan. (*raising whip.*) Chastisement.

Dab. Ha, ha! now my blood's up; and if I only had — (*Sees swords on wall.*) Egad, now I'll give you a lesson. (*Brings down swords and presents them to her.*) Take your choice, and then your ground. (*Draws his sword. — She slowly does the same.*) Now, my young whipper-snapper, we'll see who's the coward.

Fan. Oh, law! — oh dear! — if I said you were a coward —

Dab. If! You did — you did! You've roused the lion in his den. No more words; — in guard. (*They stand in guard, and touch swords.* — POPHAM rushes forward, seizes sword from FANNY, and stands in attitude.)

Pop. Come on, sir.

Dab. Eh! what, Fanny?

Pop. (*furiously*). Come on, sir! (*Lunges at him.*)

Dab. (*horried*). Why, d—n it, I can't run a woman through.

Pop. Defend yourself, coward!

Dab. (*turns away, and* POPHAM *beats him round stage with flat of sword*). Help! murder! murder! help!

Enter COLONEL, R. H., and SALLY L. H. — POPHAM *stands protectingly over FANNY.* — DABSTER *leans faintly on SALLY.* — COLONEL C.

Col. Fire and furies! has Bedlam broke loose? What is all this masquerade? (*A dead pause.*) Will anybody answer? (*All vociferate in explanation.*) Silence, I say! What does this mean? (*All vociferate.*) Silence! (*To DABSTER*) Do you, or do you not, mean to marry my daughter?

Dab. Sir, I'd as soon marry a prize-fighter.

Col. I'm glad on't. Your impertinence has thrown me into a bilious fever. Fanny.

Fan. (*L. C.*) Here, papa.

Dab. Pooh, pooh! that's Tom.

Col. Hey-day, girl! where is this Captain Popham?

Pop. (*R. modestly*). Here, papa.

Dab. Pooh, pooh! that's Fanny.

Col. This a captain?

Pop. Yes, sir; and I trust the uniform I wear — (*Recollects himself, and hides face.*)

Col. Ha, ha, ha! Well, sir, Mr. Dabster informs me you love my daughter, — that the flame is mutual —

Pop. (*slapping DABSTER's back*). Thank 'e, Dabster.

Dab. Oh, go to the devil! I never meant —

Col. You advised me to give my consent. (*Joins their hands.*) There it is.

Dab. Ah, ah, ah! but I thought — Good gracious! why, then I am —

Pop. Hoaxed again. Ha, ha, ha! (*All laugh.*)

Fan. (*stepping forward*). I fear I have been too bold in dubbing myself an Eton Boy. The name is all I can pretend to. But I had two objects — your amusement, and my own happiness. (*Taking POPHAM's hand*) This hand secures the one — yours the other.

CURTAIN.

©

[No. 207.]

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT

WRITTEN BY

HENRY MAYHEW.

WITH

ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY
MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER
OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,

122 NASSAU STREET. (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Original Cast, London, 1834.</i>	<i>National, Boston, 1844.</i>	<i>Waiwut Street, Philadelphia, 1854.</i>	<i>Boston Theatre, 1854.</i>	<i>Burton's New York, 1855.</i>
MR. CRUTCH,	Mr. Hughes	Mr. J. G. Cartlitch	Mr. Eberle	Mr. G. W. Johnson	Mr. Russell
HERBERT CAROL,	Miss Orlep	" E. F. Keach	Mrs. King	" J. B. Howe	" Holman
TWEEDLE,	Mr. Holmes	" S. D. Johnson	Mr. Wallis	" S. D. Johnson	" Gourlay
JEN BAGE,	" Mitchell	" Chapman	" Chapman	" John Wood	" Burton
MRS. CRUTCH,	Mrs. Brindal	Mrs. John Gilbert	Mrs. Muzzy	Mrs. Dixon	Mrs. Hughes
JULIA,	" Manders	" Abbott	Miss Tyson	Miss Clara Biddles	Miss Florence
FROGGY,	Miss Cooke	Miss Ayres	" Forde	Mrs. Fiske	Mrs. Hough

TIME OF REPRESENTATION. — 45 minutes

COSTUMES — Modern

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. — *An apartment in MR. CRINCUM'S House, 2 G. A table in C., covered with white cloth; breakfast things laid for three; a newspaper hanging over the back of chair, L. H.; three chairs on.*

Enter JULIA and MRS. CRINCUM, R. H. 1 E.

Mrs. C. (R. H.) I tell you, Julia, had you the eloquence of Demosthenes, combined with the lungs of Boreas, you might talk yourself out of breath and argument before I would consent to the match. Are you aware Mr. Carol's father was an attorney?

Julia. (L. H.) Well! — and is not an attorney a gentleman by act of Parliament?

Mrs. C. Yes! and by act of Parliament only — certainly never by any act of his own. The very "Gent., one, &c.," after an attorney's name, proves how bad the portrait is, since it requires the title to be tacked to its tail.

Julia. But Herbert, my dear aunt, inherits only the money and not the nature — the specie, without the species of his father.

Mrs. C. Well! be he as rich and as liberal withal as you please, the blood of the Crincums shall never be diluted with the wash that flows in the veins of the Carols; but what else could be expected from a hard-hearted attorney, like the father — it's impossible to get blood from a stone!

Julia. But it's money, nowadays, that makes the man.

Mrs. C. In my eyes it is the family, not the fortune. I confess I think with Shylock, that flesh is preferable to money.

Julia. That may be your opinion; but I hold —

Mrs. C. You hold, indeed! — hold your tongue!

Julia. But let me beg you not to be so hasty in your judgment of Herbert. I'll promise to obtain his whole pedigree, and who knows but that he may yet turn out the scion of some illustrious house.

Mrs. C. Of some public house more likely! Hold your tongue, miss! — your conduct was bad enough before, but now it is abandoned!

Julia. Well, I should say, the sooner bad conduct was abandoned the better. But here comes uncle. (*Crosses to R. H.*)

Enter MR. CRINCUM, R. H. 1 E.

Mrs. C. So you've found your way down at last, have you, Mr. C.?

Mr. C. I hope I have not kept you waiting, my dear?

Mrs. C. Yes, you have kept me waiting, my dear — here's all the breakfast as cold as one's ancestors!

Mr. C. Indeed, my love! I'm very sorry! (*They sit down to breakfast.*) Come, Julia, dear! — Heyday! What's the matter here? What! Are you and your aunt cool as well as the breakfast? Quarrelling again, eh? 'Pon my life this house is a perfect college for dissension; and you, Mrs. C., you are a senior wrangler.

Mrs. C. (*In C., at back.*) Now, I'll put it to you, Mr. C. You are a man of sound sense and discretion — a man whose only care, through life, has been the happiness of his niece; a man — (*Helps him to butter.*)

Mr. C. (*L. H., at table.*) There's quite enough butter, thank ye, my dear.

Mrs. C. I put it to you, Mr. C. If you had a pipe of fine old port, would you think of adulterating it with sloe juice? Are you attending, Mr. C.? Would you, I say, sacrifice the quality merely to gain a little in quantity?

Mr. C. Most unquestionably not, my love.

Mrs. C. Then that's exactly my argument with regard to young Mr. Carol.

Mr. C. What! the old story, eh? — but we'll talk of that another time. Let us see what the news is. (*Takes up the paper and reads.*) "Fashionable Intelligence" — "A Regular Flare Up" — "Marriages" — "Amusements for the Week" — "Pugilism" — "Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Hamlet" — "Horrible Murder" — "Paganini's Concert" — "Extraordinary Charge" — eh! What's all this about? (*Looking up the paper.*) Why, there's no head to this article. O, I see! — it's one of the parliamentary speeches, and they certainly don't require any.

Mrs. C. Pooh! Can't you find something more amusing than that to read? Give me the paper. (*Takes it, and looks over it.*) I always look for the murders, crim. cons., &c. — O! what do I see? Well, now, this is delightful!

Julia. (*R. H. of table.*) Read it out, aunt, pray.

Mrs. C. "Is expected every day." How I long to see the dear.

Mr. C. And who may this dear of yours be?

Mrs. C. "Apollo" — ah, "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." — Are you attending, Mr. C.? Do you hear me, I say? (*Reads.*) "We understand that a bet is on the tapis between two persons of distinction, that a well-known musical nobleman will collect a certain sum of money by travelling through the country, under the disguise of a Wandering Minstrel; the titled votary of Apollo is now on his tours, and invariably experiences the kindest receptions from the gentry of the different towns he visits, it being easy to perceive, from his noble air and courtly demeanor, that his character is

assumed — he is now journeying towards Worthing, where he is expected every day." What do you think of that, Mr. C.?

Mr. C. Why, I think the fellow's a pretty vagabond, whoever he be.

Mrs. C. Pshaw! Doesn't the paper say he is a nobleman in disguise? — but your soul was ever dead to romance.

Mr. C. Romance! — fiddlestick! Where's the romance, I should like to know, in a fellow's rendering himself amenable to the vagrant act?

Mrs. C. I declare, Mr. C., your ideas are as ancient as your face. Haven't you heard he's a nobleman trying to collect a certain sum of money, under the disguise of a Wandering Minstrel?

Mr. C. Well, then, he ought to be indicted for obtaining money under false pretences! and, if I had my way, he should be. (*They rise and come forward.*)

Mrs. C. If you had your way, indeed! — O, you poor, weak old man — but I never intend you to have your way, Mr. C. No, no; the conduct you must adopt is, directly you hear of his arrival, to go yourself and place your house at his service.

Mr. C. And have him continually caterwauling under my roof! — not if it was Apollo himself, instead of the votary.

Mrs. C. You won't — won't you? — but you shall, Mr. C. Do you hear that? you shall. Only imagine reading in the Court Journal that "Mr. Crincum was the distinguished host, at whose mansion the Wandering Minstrel was so hospitably entertained during his stay at Worthing." But he may be in town at this very moment. Why don't you fly, Mr. C.? Why don't you fly, I say? Julia, my dear, follow us! Who knows but that the dear creature might take a fancy to you! — Your arm, Mr. C. (*Exeunt, L. H.*)

SCENE II. — *Landscape, 5 G. Railings across stage, 4 G., and gate in C.; set house, 3 B. L. H.*

Enter JEM BAGS, C. R. H., playing the clarinet very badly.

Jem B. Vell! now, that's what I calls werry tidy work! two bobs and a tanner for seven doors isn't so bad, blow me! summat better, this ere, than wending three yards of new fav'rite songs for a hapny; what miserable work that was, to be sure — I was always a crying about the streets "Here you has 'em — here's one hundred and fifty new and pop'lar hairs for a hapny — here's a 'Mary I believes thee true,' 'Hookey Walker,' 'Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown,' 'On the Banks of the Blue Moselle,' 'Barclay and Perkins' drayman,' 'He was famed for deeds of harms,' 'His there a heart vot never lov'd,' 'The dandy dog's meat man,' 'If I had a donkey what wouldn't go,' 'Hover the hills and far away,' 'O, say not woman's love is bought,' for the small charge of one hapny, — and I dare say I might a been a following that are calling to this werry day, if it ain't a been for Bill Raven. I never shall forget Bill Raven's a saying to me — says he — 'I say, Jem Bags, vhy doesn't you take to the

singing line?' 'Vhy,' says I, 'vhy, coz I sings vorse than an old tin tea kettle.' 'Vorse!' says he, 'so much the betterer — O, yourn's a helegant woice for ballad singing! a sartin fortune to any one, blow me!' 'Jist show a light,' says I. 'Vell, then,' says he, 'I means to say as how if one vith a woice like yourn was to strike up afore the houses — and, 'specially them vith the knockers tied up — they'd villingly give sixpence to get rid on you.' 'I twigs,' says I; howsomdever, I says to myself, says I, 'if my woice is a sartin fortun' — what 'ud a old clarinet be, as I can't play much,' — and I was right — what a jolly row it does kick up, to be sure! In a quiet place like this 'ere they'd give any thing to get rid on me! I'vectly I strikes up, out comes the sarvint with a tuppence or thrup-pence, and horders me to move on. "Don't you vish you may git it?" says I; 'Move on for a tuppence or thrupence! Vhy, does you think now I'm hintirely hignorant of the walley of peace and quietness? I never moves on under sixpence.' " (*Looking up at the house, L. H.*) But they seems summatt in the quiet vay here — I thinks as how they'd stand a shilling. (*He strikes up, taking care to make all the noise possible; presently Mr. and Mrs. CRINCUM, the former very much annoyed at the noise, enter from the house, L. H. 3 E.*) I knew they couldn't stand that werry long.

Mrs. C. See there, Mr. C. — there he is — there's the Wandering Minstrel! — O, the dear melodious creature!

Jem B. She says I'm a hodious screecher. I sartinly must ax 'em a hilling!

Mrs. C. And now, Mr. C., you go and place your house at the disposal of the titled votary of Apollo, assuring him your constant study shall be to endow it with all the comforts of a home.

Jem B. Vell! — if she isn't a talking about the comforts of a home. Now, there arn't no one sets a higher walley on the comforts of a home than I does; I couldn't think of moving on under a shilling.

Mrs. C. Why don't you do as I bid you? — Why don't you stir yourself, Mr. C.?

Mr. C. What! — make my house a home for such a vagabond as that! better convert it into a refuge for the destitute at once —

Mrs. C. To call him a vagabond! Was there ever such a lamentable want of discernment! when it's so easy to perceive his character is assumed? O, you poor, blind, old man, you! — (*Courtesies to Jem.*) I fear, sir, unaccustomed as you are to your present mode of life, you must feel yourself rather fatigued.

Jem B. (*Aside.*) She's a trying to get rid on me vith a bit of blarney! but it von't do, Mrs.! Fatigued, marm! — quite the contrary! I'm as fresh as an oyster on the fifth of August! Bless you! I could keep all night at this ere! (*Pointing to his clarinet.*)

Mrs. C. The paper was very right — he certainly has all the air of the nobleman —

Jem B. The hair of the nobleman, marm — nothing like it, I can assure you! That there was the hair of "the dog's meat man!" but the old gentleman there doesn't seem werry pleased.

Mrs. C. I can assure you he is quite delighted, sir —

Mr. C. No, I ain't — no, I ain't.

Mrs. C. Hold your tongue, or I'll send you to bed.

Jem B. Howsomdever, I'm particular easy to get rid on. (*Holds out his hand.*)

Mrs. C. There, Mr. C., I knew you'd insult the gentleman with your nonsense! — (*To Jem.*) But I trust, sir, we are not to shake hands just yet. Believe me, if there be one instrument to which Mr. C. and myself are more partial than another, it is the clarinet —

Mr. C. (*L. H.*) No, it isn't — no, it isn't.

Mrs. C. (*C., checking him.*) Only wait till I get you alone, that's all, Mr. C.

Jem B. (*R. H.*) Then the sooner I'm off the better!

Mrs. C. But you will not leave us thus abruptly, sir, without even taking any refreshment?

Jem B. O, if you're going to stand summat, I'm your man!

Mrs. C. My house is at your command, sir; but first allow me to inquire under what name you are at present travelling?

Jem B. Vhy, marm, I answers to the name of Jem Bags, for vant of a betterer.

Mrs. C. Jem Bags! Ha! ha! an excellent soubriquet, indeed! And your other name, I —

Jem B. O, you means the name I in general goes by?

Mrs. C. Ah! that I presume neither love nor money could tempt you to disclose —

Jem B. Wouldn't they, though? I can't say nothing about the love; but just you fork out the brads, and see if they von't.

Mrs. C. Willingly would I give my purse to solve the mystery —

Jem B. Would you, though? Hand it here, marm. (*Mrs. CRINCUM takes purse out of Mr. C.'s pocket.*)

Mr. C. But I must beg you do not squander my money upon any such foolery, Mrs. C.

Jem B. Pooh! hold your tongue, old guy, now — and think yourself werry vell off I don't take the love into the bargain.

Mrs. C. There is the purse, (*gives it;*) and now the name by which you are commonly known — is —

Jem B. Is Old Bags, marm.

Mr. C. Now, my dear, are you convinced?

Mrs. C. Yes, now I'm convinced that he is, indeed, a nobleman in disguise. I recollect hearing Mr. Carol, the attorney, say "Old Bags" was the name of a great lord. — I trust, sir, you have every hope of being successful with your bet!

Jem B. (*Aside.*) My Bet! How should she know any thing about Bet? — my intended, Betsy Bags, what is to be? Successful, marm! It won't be long, now I've got this ere purse, afore I has a better half.

Mrs. C. Indeed! it will not be many days before you have the better half! And yet your bet must be a good round one.

Jem B. Vhy, yes, Bet sartinly is rather roundish, marm; but, bless your heart! sich a figure! the greatest vaist I ever seed.

Mrs. C. Ah, sir, there I agree with you — bets certainly are the greatest waste possible! — a shameful extravagance! If I am not pre-suming, sir, how heavy may your bet run?

Jem B. How heavy, marm? Vhy, let me see — about fourteen or fifteen stone — say two hundred pounds.

Mrs. C. Two hundred pounds, sir!

Jem B. Yes, that's about the cut, I think.

Mrs. C. O, that's a mere trifle!

Jem B. Is it, though?

Mrs. C. Now, my thoughts, sir, ran nearer two thousand.

Jem B. Two thousand pounds, marm! Vhy, Dan Lambert never made that ere.

Mrs. C. Dan Lambert! Who does he mean by Dan Lambert, Mr. C.?

Mr. C. I don't know Danny Lambert.

Mrs. C. No, nor any thing else! He's some great sporting character, I dare say. — But you must feel the want of some refreshment, sir?

Jem B. Vhy, I sartinly should like a drop of heavy.

Mrs. C. A drop of heavy! What's heavy, Mr. C.?

Mr. C. I don't know — I ain't got any heavy.

Mrs. C. We have some excellent light wines, sir, though I am afraid we can offer you no heavy.

Jem B. Bless you! I'm not partic'lar to a shade. (*Mrs. C. gives her arm to JEM BAGS, and leads him to the door of her house, which Mr. C. has closed. Mrs. C. pushes him aside, and goes off with JEM into house, 3 E. L. H., who exclaims, "My heyas, here's a go!"*)

Mr. C. (Solu.) Well, thus it is when an old man forgets himself and marries a young wife; it's ten to one but she follows his example, and forgets him, too. My wife's voice was a shrill enough before: there was no need of the clarinet for an accompaniment! A wandering minstrel and a lord! A pretty lord! The Lord knows who! However, if he be a lord, he supports the character of a blackguard with a great deal of spirit. (*Exit MR. CRINCUM into house, 3 E. L. H.*)

SCENE III. — *A Drawing Room, 2 G. Table and chairs on E. H. C.*

Enter PEGGY, showing in JEM BAGS, L. H. 1 E.

Peg. Will you look this way, if you please, sir?

Jem B. Bless you! when there's a pretty girl to be seed, I don't want axing to look that way. Ah! I sees you doesn't know Jem Bags!

Peg. Jem Bags! What! him as used to go crying of ballads? Indeed, but I do, though!

Jem B. You does! Let me examine you! Vhy, blow me, if it arn't Peg! — the werry Peg as I used to hang my affections on!

Peg. But how comes it, Jem, you've givin' up a crying them ere ballads?

Jem B. Vhy, you sees, they writes such stuff nowadays for sentimental ballads they actually arn't worth while crying about, and so as I could do nothing in that there way —

Peg. You comed down here to see if you couldn't do master and missus by a passing yourself off for a nobleman.

Jem B. Come out of the cart, now! I pass myself off for a nobleman! Do you think I'd make such a thorough blackguard of myself as that?

Peg. Why, hasn't you been making missus believe you're the handsome Wandering Minstrel what's travelling through the country for a wager?

Jem B. I make your missus believe I was the handsome Wandering Minstrel! — why, I arn't got the face to do it! But only to think of my being taken for a lord? Howsomdever, since it is so, you know, I shall embrace the opportunity —

Peg. Well! I should have thought you might have found something better than that to embrace.

Jem B. Ah! I'm fly! It's the vay with all the gals directly they sets eyes on me; they're never heasy. But, bless her little heart, she shall have a kiss. (*He takes hold of her hand.*)

Peg. No; but she won't, now. (*She snatches her hand away, runs round the stage, and exit, L. H. 1 E. JEM follows her, and goes violently into the arms of MRS. CRINCUM, who is entering with MR. C., L. H. 1 E.*)

Mr. C. (*L. H.*) Hollo, sir! what are you after?

Jem B. (*R. H.*) What am I arter, old gemman? Now I dare say you thinks I was arter that there sarvint of your'n?

Mrs. C. (*c.*) It was too plain, sir; and, I must say, it surprises me to see a gentleman of your rank let himself down in such a way.

Jem B. Lawks, marm! there wasn't no letting down in the case. Quite the contrary. I was a keeping up my character. You see, marm, ve vandering minstrels is so famous for running arter the gals, that one is obligatod to do it, vether he likes it or not.

Mrs. C. True, sir, I forgot. There, Mr. C., don't you hear; he acknowledges himself to be the Wandering Minstrel — don't you hear, Mr. C.? — I came, sir, to say, we purpose having a small concert this evening, and to beg that we may be allowed the valuable aid of your musical abilities.

Jem B. My musical abilities — ha, ha! My clarinet is at your service, marm.

Mrs. C. Ah, sir, I knew we might count upon your acquiescence. I have desired the leader to wait your instructions about the music.

Jem B. (*Aside.*) Vait my instructions! Then hang me if I don't think he vill have to vait a precious long time!

Mrs. C. You will find, him, I believe, sir, a gentleman of some skill. But here he is to speak for himself.

Enter TWEEDLE, L. H. 1 E.

Mr. C. Mr. Tweedle — the —

Mrs. C. (*Pushing MR. C. aside.*) Mr. Tweedle — that is the real Wandering Minstrel. (*MR. and MRS. C. retire up c. TWEEDLE bows, JEM touches his hat; they advance and shake hands.*)

Jem B. How are you? Are you hearty?

Tweed. I am delighted, sir, to have the honor of meeting a gentleman whose musical talents promise so much.

Jem B. (*Aside.*) They may promise a great deal; but hang me if they don't perform very little!

Twined. Respecting the selection of music for this evening — what school do you prefer?

Jem B. What school? — (*Aside.*) Blow me if I was ever inside on one! But I must not let him know nothing about that. Vy, I thinks as how the parish school is a pretty tidy 'un.

Twined. The parish school! Ay, sir, France certainly contains some very excellent masters — Auber, Hertz —

Jem B. (*Aside.*) Auber hurts! What does he mean by Auber hurts? O, I see! Old Auber must be the chap vot flogs the boys at that there school. Auber hurts! I believe you, he just does hurt! Laws! how he used to make me sing out, to be sure!

Twined. Used to make you sing out, did he, sir? A plan I always adopt myself. Throw the voice well out from the chest — excellent exercise, sir!

Jem B. You may say that, old chap! Bless you, old Auber used only to give it us for the exercise! The doctors used to recommend it!

Twined. Certainly, sir; Dr. Arne —

Jem B. Ah! I didn't know his name.

Twined. And many other equally eminent professors did so. Pray, sir, what may be your opinion of the doctor's compositions?

Jem B. (*Makes a face expressive of disgust.*) Why, my opinion is, the doctor's compositions is all werry filthy stuff.

Twined. Filthy stuff! Indeed, sir, but you surely would not apply so harsh a term to all the doctor's works. Do you consider his Artaxerxes?

Jem B. Consider he's arter who?

Twined. Artaxerxes, sir!

Jem B. In course I does. I consider he's arter Xerxes, and arter every body else, too.

Twined. Then, sir, since you do not seem to approve of the doctor's works, what may be your opinion of Bishop's?

Jem B. Of bishops! — (*Aside.*) Well, if he isn't a goin' to politics now! Howsomdever, so long as he fights shy of the musical work, I doesn't mind. What does I think of bishops? Why, I thinks they're just as bad, if not worserer, than doctors.

Twined. Indeed, sir! Perhaps you are no admirer of the English style. May be you do not approve of "The Sea! the Sea!" of Neukomn?

Jem B. Didn't I say I wouldn't have nothing to say about bi hops! Where's the use, then, of talking to me about the see of Neukomn? I tell you I don't want nothing to do with the see of Neukomn, or the see of Durham, either!

Twined. The Sea of Durham! I never recollect hearing it.

Jem B. But a great many people does, though.

Twined. Well, sir, since nothing English seems to please you, what may you think of Paganini?

Jem B. What ninny?

Twined. Paganini, sir, the great violinist, who has lately drawn such large houses with his one string. What may be your opinion of his powers?

Jem B. Why, my opinion is, that his powers must be be werry great if he draws a house with one string.

Tweed. (L. H.) Truly, sir; and as a harpist, what think you of Bochsa's science?

Jem B. (R. H.) Boxers' science! Now, you've just hit it! Your boxers', I thinks, is one of the prèttiest sciences going; and, if you've a mind for any thing in that there way, why, I'm you're man! (*Squares at TWEEDLE. MR. and MRS. C. come down in centre and push TWEEDLE off. Exit TWEEDLE, L. H. 1 E.*)

Mr. C. (L. H.) Really, this behavior surpasses every thing, sir; the lowest vagabond would beat you!

Jem B. (R. H.) Beat me, would he? Just you come and try, old chap, and see how I would pummel that there ugly face of yours! (*JEM BAGS and MR. C. square at each other. Mrs. C. interposes.*)

Mr. C. (L. H.) You impudent scoundrel?

Mrs. C. (c.) I beg you'll keep your temper, Mr. C.

Jem B. (R. H.) Keep his temper? Well, I think the sooner he loses such a temper the better!

Mrs. C. (*Coaxingly.*) Let us leave him to himself for a while, my dear! At present you perceive he is rather excited. I will go and see after the gentleman's refreshment. Now, pray don't exasperate the gentleman, Mr. C. (*Exit Mrs. C., L. H. 1 E.*)

Mr. C. I won't, my dear! (*CRINCUM squares at JEM, and then runs off, L. H. 1 E.*)

Jem B. Go along with you, you old fool, you! That chap's a regular human wen — nothing more nor a lump of superfluous flesh upon the face of natur!

Enter PEGGY, slyly, L. H. 1 E.

Peg. Whisht, Jem! Is any one with you?

Jem B. Any one with me! No, they vas all agin me!

Peg. Against you! What for? Why, you arn't a been forgetting yourself, have you, Jem?

Jem B. Forgetting myself! Never fear, Peggy! I thinks a great deal too much of myself to do that!

Peg. And so I do! Ia! all the time you've been away, I never done nothing but remember how happy I was when first you made overtures to me.

Jem B. Well, if she arn't musie mad as well as the rest on 'em! I tell you I don't know nothing about music!

Peg. Who was a talking of music, pray?

Jem B. Why, you! Didn't you say I made overtures?

Peg. Lord bless your innocence!

Jem B. Vell, I hopes he vill.

Peg. Making overtures means pledging your love.

Jem B. Pledging your love! Why, they wouldn't lend you nothing on it!

Peg. Pshaw! it means popping the question.

Jem B. Popping! In course it does. Arn't pledging and popping all the same?

Peg. Well, then, I mean you used to come a courting of me. Don't you remember our nice trips to Bagnigge Wells?

Jem B. Yes; and don't you remember my calling for two teas and a pot of heavy, and hadn't got no blunt; and I was obliged to leave my handkerchief until Monday? And don't you remember the dances we used to have? — don't I? — and the tune, too? This was it. *(They go off into a jig, JEM accompanying them on the clarinet; in the middle of which a servant enters, L. H. 1 E., with refreshment, which JEM, in the heat of his merriment, upsets. JEM and PEGGY run off, L. H. 1 E. SERVANT picks up the pieces, pockets the cakes, and exits, R. H. 1 E.)*

SCENE IV. — (1 G.) *A romantic landscape.*

Enter JULIA, R. H. 1 E.

Julia. This is the hour Herbert appointed, and yet no signs of him. Would I could hear his guitar!

SONG. — JULIA.

The sun's dying fast,
In his blood bathed he lies;
And eve with her clouds
'Gins to shadow the skies.
But, hush! that music stealing,
Sweetly to me revealing —
'Tis my true love's guitar,
La, la, la, la, la, la.
Sing away, dearest love,
For most sweet to me are
The soft fairy- e notes
Of thy plaintive guitar.

The sun's dying fast —
The fair moon leaves her bed —
The lily o'er cast
Droops, with envy, her head.
But, hush! that step betraying —
Hither some foot is straying —
'Tis my love, from afar,
La, la, la, la, la, la.
Hurry on, dearest love!
For, though sweet's thy guitar,
The dear sound of thy step
Is to me sweeter far!

Enter HERBERT CAROL, L. H. 1 E.

Herb. Ah! Julia, my dear! — What! beautiful and smiling as

ever, eh? No wonder at my dying of love for you! Would not such bewitching smiles kill any man? I declare one might well say of you what Shakspeare says of Richard — "You can smile, and *murder* while you smile."

Julia. But I fear all our smiles will soon be at an end. My aunt will not listen to your addresses, and has forbidden my seeing you for the future.

Herb. What is to be done?

Julia. I have thought of a stratagem. My aunt gives a concert this evening, in honor of a fellow whom she has found strolling about the village, and whom she calls the "Wandering Minstrel;" but which, I am convinced, is not the fact. Now, if you could only obtain admission to the house, disguised as the real Wanderer, I think two or three songs on your guitar would be certain to gain her consent.

Herb. And you really imagine you are to be bought for a song, do you? However, there is no harm in trying. What think you if I sing my ballad of Gaston and Isabel? Listen.

Song. — HERBERT.

To war against the infidel
 All Christian knights their arms prepare,
 And Gaston leaves fair Isabel
 The danger of the fray to share.
 List ye, lady, list to the tale I tell
 Of Gaston the brave, and the fair Isabel.

Years pass, and yet no tidings tell
 The fate of her beloved young knight;
 But now they sound the passing knell
 Of brave ones fallen in the fight.
 List ye, lady, list to the tale I tell —
 O! broken-hearted died poor Isabel!

'Tis midnight, and a dying yell
 Breaks suddenly the silent gloom;
 Victorious o'er the infidel,
 Gaston returns to share her tomb.
 Weep ye, lady, weep for the tale I tell
 Of Gaston the brave, and the fair Isabel.

Julia. That will do excellently.

Herb. And when does this said concert take place?

Julia. Almost immediately! Not a moment is to be lost; so hurry you to your toilet!

Herb. But you will grant me one kiss ere I go, as an encouragement?

Julia. No, not one!

Herb. Well, then, I must e'en console myself with the one you gave me yesterday.

Julia. The one I gave you! The one you stole, you mean.

Herb. That may be; but you know, Julia, "the receiver of stolen goods is as bad as a thief."

(*Exit* JULIA, R. H. 1. E., HERBERT, L. H. 1. E.)

SCENE V. — (3 G.) *Handsome parlor. Musicians in the background, with music stands arranged before them. Company, &c., discovered seated on sofas R. and L. Chairs on R. and L. H.*

Enter TWEEDLE and JULIA. MRS. CRINCUM conducting JEM BAGS.
MR. C. following, R. H. 1. E.

Mrs. C. Every thing is arranged, sir, and only waits your commands to commence our feast of Apollo.

Jem B. Feast of Apollo! Ah, marm, I believe you. Directly I strikes up with this here thing-me-jig, (*pointing to his clarinet,*) there will be a precious blow out!

Mrs. C. Mr. Tweedle, do you conduct the Wandering Minstrel to his seat.

Jem B. Thank'ye, marm; I knows how to conduct myself.

(TWEEDLE and JEM join the musicians, JEM taking his seat in the centre.) How are you, my reg'lars? Now, marm, vot vill you have? (*As if crying ballads.*) 'Ere you has 'em here — "Nancy Dawson," "I met her at the Fancy Fair" — "My Love is like the Red, Red Rose," "D'ye call that nothing" — "The merry Swiss Boy," "What a shocking bad hat" — "Alice Gray," "Does you ever think of me, love" — "Poor Marian," "Flare up" — "I have had a pint of Sherry" with a "Goblet of Burgundy," "and all for the small charge of one penny." — (*Aside.*) At my old work agin, blow me! What will you have, marm?

Mrs. C. Any thing you please, sir; consult yourself.

Jem B. Well, then, old Tweedle, I'm for "Barney Brallaghan."

Tweed. "Barney Brallaghan!" I am afraid it is not among our collection, sir.

Jem B. Now arn't you a pretty kind of a chap, to set up yourself for a musicianer, and arn't got the overture of "Barney Brallaghan"!

Tweed. However, sir, we'll do our best.

Jem B. And who axed you to do any more? — (*Pointing to music before him.*) Is this "Barney Brallaghan"?

Tweed. No, sir.

Jem B. Never mind; I can make "Barney Brallaghan" of it. Now, then, my reg'lars, all at once! (*They commence playing, JEM BAGS accompanying most discordantly with his clarinet; after the first or second bar, he blows in TWEEDLE'S ears — begins dancing, in the course of which he kicks down several of the music stands and scatters most of the performers, who run off, R. and L. He dances down to the front of the stage.*)

Enter PEGGY, L. H. 1 E.

What are you interrupting the consart for?

Peg. Please, marm, here's a gentleman wishes to see you, that calls himself the real Wandering Minstrel, and says Mr. Bags is only an impostor.

Jem B. (Aside.) Blow me, if it isn't all over with me, then! You're a nice harticle, ain't you? When do you expect to go to Bagnigge Vells to tea vith me again? Can't you get rid on him no how? Say your missus is out.—(*To Mrs. C.*) It's all gammon, marm, every vord on it; send for the beadle, and have the vagabond taken up.

Mrs. C. First let me judge whether his story be totally without foundation. Show him up, Peggy.

Jem B. What! are you going to see him, then?

(*Exit* Peggy, L. H. 1 E.—*HERBERT CAROL is heard singing without.*)

Enter HERBERT CAROL, L. H. 1 E., *disguised as the Wandering Minstrel.*

Do you call that chap a singer, marm? Vy, I'll soon show you he arn't got no more ear for music than a costermonger's donkey!

Herb. I trust, madam, I shall be able to convince you of the error you have committed, and prove to you which of the two has the greater claim upon your hospitality.

Mr. C. There, my dear, I always told you I could see through that fellow.

Jem B. See through me! What a piercing eye he must have!—a regular gimlet eye!

Mrs. C. However, to dissipate every possible doubt, we will make trial of your skill, on which Mr. Tweedle shall decide; and the reward of the winner shall be the hand of my niece. What say you, sir?

Herb. Cheerfully, madam, do I consent.

SONG.—HERBERT.

Hark! the young Troubadour
Hastens home from afar,
With his heart bounding light
As his own gay guitar;
Sad his lady love lists
For the sound of his strings,
But she hears them not yet,
And despairingly sings:
Troubadour! minstrel dear!
Shall I ever see thee more?
Shall I list e'er again
To my young Troubadour?

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

See ! from whence comes that form
That now moves o'er the plain ?
'Tis the young Troubadour —
He's at home once again.
Hark ! from whence comes that song ?
Whose hand wakes those fond strings ?
'Tis the young Troubadour
That so cheerfully sings :
Lady love, never fear —
I am with thee once more ;
List again to the voice
Of the young Troubadour !

Mrs. C. Beautiful, indeed ! And now, Mr. Bags, let us see whether you can equal such strains ; surpass them I am convinced no mortal can. Remember, the hand of this dear girl is the prize.

Jem B. Dear girl ! I believes you — dear at nothin'. Howsom-dever, here goes ! Silence there ! (*JEM sings comic song.*)

VILLIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

It's of a rich merchant I am going for to tell,
Who had for a daughter an unkimmin nice young gal ;
Her name it was Dinah, just sixteen years old,
With a very large fortin in silver and gold.

(*Spoken*) — Two shares in the Crystal Palace.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li-da.

Chorus — which I sing by myself, in consequence of the exorbitant price of Italian singers.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li-da.

Now as Dinah was a waliking in the garding one day,
[The front garding.]

Her papa came up to her and to her did say, —

“ Go dress yourself, Dinah, in gorgeous array,

[Take your hair out of paper, and put on a clean pair of stockings.]

And I'll brung you a husbiand both galliant and gay.”

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Chorus — in favor of the parient's desire and the wedding breakfast he had ordered of Sir Isaac Newton, round the corner.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

[Now this is what the infant progeny said in reply to the horthur of her being :]

“ O, papa, O, papa,” [Papa is the French for father.]

“ O, papa, O, papa, I've not made up my mind
To marry just now — why, I don't feel inclined ;

And all my large fortin I'll gladly give o'er,
If you'll let me live single a year or two more."

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Wheedling and persuasive chorus—on behalf of the offspring's
remonstrance to the horthur of her being.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Now this is the way the parricidal papa spoke, parenthically and
paregorically, to his daughter:]

"Go, go, boldest daughter!" the parient he cried;
"If you won't consent to be this here young man's bride,
I'll give your large fortin to nearest of kin,
And you shan't reap the benefit of one single pin."

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Chorus of the enraged parient against the progeny:

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Now this is the most melancholy part of it, and shows what the
progeny was druv to in consequence of the mingled ferocity of the
inconsiderable parient:]

As Villikins was a walking the garding around,
This was the back garding.]

He saw his dear Dinah lying dead on the ground,
With a cup of cold pison lying down by her side,
With a billet dux, which said as how 'twas by pison she died.

[Schiedam Schnapps.]

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Chorus—expressive of Schiedam Schnapps.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

[This here is what the lovyer did on the diskivery:]

He kissed her cold corpus a thousand times o'er,
And called her his Dinah, though she was no more;
Then swallowed the pison like a lovyer so brave,
And Villikins and his Dinah are both laid in one grave.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Dismal, duplicate, defunct chorus—in consequence of the 'double
event.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

MORALE.

Now, all you young men, don't you thus fall in love, nor
Do not, by no means, disobey your guv'nor;

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

And all you young maidens, mind who you clap eyes on ;
Think of Villikins and his Dinah, not forgetting the pison.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Morale chorus — fearfully impressive.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

ENCORE.

Now this is the superlatively supernatural visitation which appeared
to the parient at midnight, after the decease of his only progeny :

At twelve the next night, by a tall popular tree,
The ghost of Miss Dinah the parient did see,
Arm in arm with her Villikins, and both looking blue, [you."
Saying, " We wouldn't have been pisoned if it hadn't been for

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Sepulchral chorus — to astonish the weak nerves of the parient.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

[The parient's fate, and what he thought he would do, but he didn't:]

Now the parient was struck with horror of home,
So he packed up his portmanteau, around the world to roam ;
But as he was starting he was seized with a shiver,
Which shook him to pieces and ended him forivir.

[And those who came to pick up the bits could only sing]

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Sympathetic chorus — for the parient's fragments, though the ver-
dict of the jury what sot on him was, " Sarved him right : "

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

ANOTHER MORIALE — NO. 2.

Now the Morale is this — No. 1 is not reckoned ;
So this is the first Morale, though it comes the second :
You may learn from my story, which is true every word,
All this wouldn't have happened if it hadn't have occurred.

[And there wouldn't have been no occasion for singing]

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

Conclusive chorus of every body.

Too-ral-li, too-ral-li, &c.

(At the conclusion of which MRS. CRINCUM approaches him.)

Mrs. C. Thank you, sir ; that will do ; we will not trouble you
for any more.

Jem B. Ah, I knew I should vin in an instant !

Mrs. C. The servant will show you the door, sir.

All. Ay, turn him out — turn him out !

Jem B. Let me finish it. Vy, there's sixteen wares, and I should
be sartin to vin in that time !

Tweed. Come, sirrah, move on!

Jem B. Move on! I never moves on under sixpence!

Tweed. Stir yourself, sir, or I shall send for the proper authorities.

Jem B. You're a nice man, now I don't think, to talk about proper authorities — a chap here as doesn't know "Barney Brallaghan," the most helegantest overture wot is! Send for your thorties; I doesn't care that for 'em!

Tweed. How, sirrah?

Jem B. Come here. These ere — (*pointing to the audience*) — these ere is the thorties I cares about! — (*To the house.*) I say, whisper, blow me if I von't come and strike up afore this werry house every night for a week to come, just to wex that old chap, providing you won't say nothin' to the contrary!

SITUATIONS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

MR. CRINCUM. MRS. CRINCUM. JEM BAGS. TWEEDLE. JULIA. HERBERT.
R. H. L. H.

CURTAIN.

[No. 208.]

©

W A N T E D,

ONE THOUSAND.

SPIRITED YOUNG MILLINERS,

FOR THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

3. JUNE.—In Our Id.

BY

J. STIRLING COYNE.

AUTHOR OF "HOW TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH YOUR LAUNDRESS," "FRANK AND
ITS VICTIMS," "QUEER SUBJECT," "THE LOVE KNOT," "THE UNRE-
TRACTED FEMALE," "MAN OF MANY FRIENDS," "FAS-
CINATION," ETC. ETC.

With Original Cast, Costumes, and all the Stage Business.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,
123 NASSAU STREET. (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mr. SINGLETON, a Solicitor,	<i>Royal Olympic, London, 1882.</i>	<i>Burton's, New York, 1882.</i>	<i>Holiday Street, Baltimore, 1883.</i>	<i>Howard Athenaeum, Boston, 1882.</i>
JOE BAGGS, his Clerk,	Mr. Bender,	Mr. Gourlay,	Mr. E. C. Forrest,	Mr. E. B. Holmes.
TOM TITTON, a Medical Student at Guy's,	" Hoskins,	" Johnston,	" Burton,	" Setchell.
SELINA SMITH,	Miss Ellen Turner,	Mrs. Hobman,	" W. M. Fata,	" C. H. Wilson.
BOBBY STOKER,	" Lady Rafter,	Mrs. Fisk,	Mrs. J. H. Stoddard,	Mrs. Flood.
CHARLOTTE SIMPSON,	" Isabel Adams,	Miss Fisher,	Mrs. H. F. Daley,	Mrs. Verney.
CHARLOTTE JONES,	" Shalders,	Miss Peters,	Miss Hanson,	Mrs. Emma Snow.
DELLA BROWN,	" Pitt,	Miss Jackson,	Miss A. Hodges,	Mrs. Rendell.
JEMIMA JONES,	" S. Pitt,		Mrs. G. Johnson,	Mrs. Gouley.
ANGELICA TOD, a Miller's Apprentice,	Mrs. B. Bartlett,	Mrs. Hughes,	Mrs. E. Harrison,	Mrs. Sylvester.
			Mrs. Angues,	

COSTUMES.

SINGLETON. Black suit; white neckcloth.
 BAGGS. *First Dress*—Green coat; light waistcoat and trousers. *Second Dress*—Lady's polka body, and flowered skirt; cap and flowers.
 TITTON. *First Dress*—Black coat; broad-plaid waistcoat; brown trousers, with broad red stripe down sides. *Second Dress*—Old hat; shabby drab greatcoat. *Third Dress*—Lady's polka body, and flowered skirt; wig a la Grec; lace lapels.
 ANGELICA. Extravagant bonnet; black velvet muslin dress.
 MILLERS. — Neat bonnet; shawl, apron, and muslin or stuff dresses.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION — Forty-five minutes.

WANTED, ONE THOUSAND YOUNG MILLINERS.

SCENE — *A solicitor's office, furnished in the usual manner. — A large table, with papers and writing materials on it, C. — Windows R. and L., in flat, with blinds to each. — Door to SINGLETON's private room R. 3 E. — Fire-place, over which is a chimney-glass, R. 2 E. — Door of closet L. 3 E. — Door of entrance L. 2 E. — Nine office-chairs and one easy-chair placed by fire-place, R. — Lawyer's tin boxes on the floor and on shelves.*

JOE BAGGS discovered writing, L. of table.

Baggs. (writing and reading). "All that and those tenements and hereditaments, situate, lying and being in the parish of Tetteringham, Alwate in the county of Norfolk, as lately in the possession of John Dobbin, farmer, and bounded on the north by Coppershaw Close" — no — "on the south" — no — "on the east" — (Rising) Hang it! I can think of nothing but the plan I have in hand. I wonder if Tom Tipton has got my note. I must have Tom's assistance to carry out my project. He's a devilish clever fellow, is Tom, though he has been for six years trying unsuccessfully to pass the College of Surgeons. When I think of the larks we have played together! Ha, ha, ha! (Laughs with suppressed glee.)

Tipton (putting his head in at D. L. 2 E.) Hallo, Joe! What's up? *(Enters.)* You're as jolly as if somebody had lent you a five-pun note, to be paid three months after convenience.

Bag. Oh, Tom! I'm glad you're come. But don't speak too loud; for the governor is in his private room there. Such a lark, Tom! I've done him, — done him brown, at last.

Tip. What! old Singleton, — the cunningest fox in the Law List; — done him? I'll shake hands with you, Joe. *(They shake hands.)* You're not such a fool as you look. Let me hear all about it.

Bag. I've had, for some time, a splendid project in my mind; but I could not put it in execution without getting the governor out of the way for a whole day. Well, what do you think I do?

Tip. Something stupid, of course.

Bag. Ah! you shall judge. The governor happens to have a rich old client down at Oxford; — Tottles, he's called. Well, I get a letter written, and posted at Oxford, as from Mrs. Tottles, to the governor, telling him that her husband had been taken suddenly very ill indeed, and wanted to make his will, and go out of the world com-

fortably; which he could not do unless his friend Singleton came down.

Tip. Ah! Well?

Bag. The letter arrived this morning, by the early post, and, strange as it may seem, the governor fell into the trap; and the infatuated individual is now packing his carpet-bag, preparing to start for Oxford.

Tip. Bravo, Joe! By Jove! I could n't have managed it better myself. But what are you going to do when you've got the premises to yourself? Something must be done. Let me see; I know half a dozen of Guy's fellows that I can muster in no time. One of them sings all the comic songs popular at Evans's, and another can mix punch, and balance no end of tobacco-pipes on his nose. You play too? Of course you do. Well, I'll bring a pack of cards; and we'll have innumerable pots of shandygaff; and you shall lock the door, and stick a notice outside, "Back in half an hour" — meaning half an hour after no particular time; and we'll close the shutter and light the gas, and make a serious day of it, my boy! (*Slaps him on shoulder.*)

Bag. Why, you see, Tom, though I am rather partial to shandygaff, and think you fellows of Guy's devilish pleasant company over a bowl of punch, I have a plan of my own that will interfere with yours.

Tip. O, in that case propound it. I am open to conviction.

Bag. Here it is. (*Takes printed placards out of table-drawer, and exhibits one.*) What do you think of it?

Tip. Eh? (*Reads*) "*Wanted, one thousand spirited young milliners*" — A thousand!

Bag. Be the same more or less.

Tip. (*reading*). "*One thousand spirited young milliners, for the gold diggings. Apply personally to Mrs. Vanderpants*" — Who the devil is Mrs. Vanderpants?

Bag. Never mind. Go on.

Tip. (*reading*). "*Apply personally to Mrs. Vanderpants, from ten o'clock in the morning till twelve at night, at 210 Lincoln's Inn Fields.*" Why, Joe, that's here!

Bag. Undoubtedly.

Tip. Eh? I begin to have some idea of your intentions. You're meditating a Circassian soiree —

Bag. Hush! You've hit upon it; — a *fete artistique*.

Tip. No?

Bag. *Artistique, choregraphique, and chivalresque* —

Tip. And millineresque.

Bag. Millineresque essentially.

Tip. Joe, I've no hesitation in asserting that your idea is stupendous! — I may say 'tis the volcanic and cutaneous eruption of a great mind.

Bag. Well, the next thing to do is to get out a few bills. You must help me, Tom.

Tip. Why, the fact is I have a good many out already; but to accommodate a friend, I don't mind doing a few more. Where's

your pen and ink? (*Sits L. of table.*) Hand over your papers, and I'll put as good a name on them as ever spoiled a stamp.

Bag. Pahaw! I only want you to stick them.

Tip. No, no; 'pon my life I can't do that. I'll accept them with pleasure, and you shall stick them; — *secundum artem*; — that's the regular practice, I believe, at Guy's.

Bag. Will you understand me? I merely want you to stick a few of these placards.

Tip. (rising). Oh! I beg pardon; I was thinking of another kind of bill-sticking; — three months after date. Hem! give them to me. (*Takes placards.*) I'll borrow an old hat and coat from the porter, and try my hand at external paper-hanging. But I say, where shall I put them up?

Bag. Oh, anywhere in the neighborhood; — on any blank wall or pump you may find.

Tip. Pump? 'Gad, then I'll just step into Lincoln's Inn and the College of Surgeons, where I shall find plenty of old pumps.

[*Exit L. 2 E.*]

Bag. I rather fancy I shall render myself illustrious in all future histories of England, by this *coup d'état*. There's certainly something magnificent in the notion of wanting a thousand milliners for the gold diggings!

Enter SINGLETON, from room, R. 3 E., with carpet-bag, greatcoat, and shawl.

Singleton. Eh, Baggs; what's that you're saying about the diggings? (*Puts carpet-bag, &c., on chair.*)

Bag. Diggings, sir? Oh, yes; I was observing to myself, in your absence, that an enterprising young man, with an industrious wife and a cradle, might do wonders at the gold diggings.

Sin. All humbug! There are no diggings like the diggings at Westminster Hall, where, if you hit upon a good case, you may wash lots of gold out of a client. Come here, Joe. I am obliged to go down to Oxford this morning.

Bag. (aside). And you may thank me for the journey.

Sin. Old Tottles is dying.

Bag. Dying, sir? Dear me! that's sudden, sir! Execution on the body, — removal by *habeas corpus*, — doctors can't put in bail, — must leave the world, his wife, and his lawyer, sir. But I dare say, sir, it will be a happy release for the poor man.

Sin. Yes, yes, he's been ailing for some time. Ah! by the bye, I've a letter that I must write before I go. Where are the ink and paper?

Bag. (arranging papers on table). Here they are, sir. (*SINGLETON sits R. of table.*) But don't you think you may be late, sir? When a man is dying, you know —

Sin. (writing). He's seldom in a hurry, Joe.

Bag. Ha, ha, ha! Why, no sir; but — (*Aside*) Hang him for a stubborn old mule. I'm afraid Tom will be back before he's done. (*Goes to window and looks out.*)

Sin. (writing, and aside). I have full ten minutes to spare, before 't will be time to start. Meanwhile I'll mingle a little pleasure

with business, by answering the note I have just received from that charming creature whom I met in Kensington Gardens; — a sweet, timid little innocent, fresh from the country. Joe! sealing-wax and a light. And she has consented to dine with me next Sunday, at Richmond. I really believe I possess an extraordinary power of fascination over the fair sex. (*Writes.*)

Bag. Yes sir. (*Lights match from box on chimney-piece.*) Phew! matches, they say, are made in heaven; but these, by their smell, must have been manufactured in a very different place. (*Lights taper.*)

Sin. (*addressing note.*) "Miss Selina Smith, Post Office, Charing Cross. To be called for."

Bag. (*placing taper on table.*) Here you are, sir. You hold the letter, and I'll drop on the wax.

Sin. Thank you.

Enter TIFTON hastily, L. 2 E., wearing an old greatcoat and shabby white hat, and carrying a large brush.

Tip. Phew! All right! Ha, ha, ha!

Sin. Eh! Who's that?

Bag. (*embarrassed.*) That, sir? Oh, that's — (*Drops melting wax on SINGLETON's fingers.*)

Sin. Hallo! — tho wax! (*Jumps up in pain, holding his finger in his mouth.*) You've burnt me to the bone with the infernal wax!

Bag. (*aside to TIFTON.*) What are you about? The governor!

Tip. Hold hard! (*Hides brush behind him.*)

Sin. What's your business, fellow?

Tip. (*in a simple manner.*) I'm a hartist!

Sin. (*pompously.*) Oh! a painter, I suppose?

Tip. Yes, and glazier as well. (*Shows pot and brush.*)

Sin. And what do you come here for?

Tip. I'm come to paint you! (*Uses the action of painting.*)

Sin. Paint me?

Tip. Yes. How will you be done; in plain oak or mahogany?

Sin. You've made a mistake, my good fellow. You're not wanted here.

Tip. Oh! perhaps it's the other old buffer, on the floor above, that master has sent me to do up. But, I say, I don't think a brush would do you much harm here. (*Looks about.*) You don't look remarkably fresh. I should like to give you a coat or two. (*SINGLETON turns away.*)

Bag. (*R.*) Presumptuous painter! we want none of your coats, when we have six suits in Chancery to our back, that we hope will last us all our lives, and descend to our children after us.

Tip. (*L.*) Oh! Well, good bye. (*Slips behind door, L. 2 E., and conceals himself.*)

Sin. Joe, my coat. Mind you don't let that fellow in here again. (*Takes carpet-bag.*) Be attentive to business, Joe. Go on with the draft of Edwards's mortgage — and mind you turn off the gas at night — and have that writ served upon Jones — and — that's all. Good bye.

(*Exit L. 2 E.*)

Bag. Good bye, sir! Take care of yourself! (*Closes door, and discovers Tipton standing upright against the wall.*)

Tip. (capering). Hooray! the field's our own. I've put them all up (*imitates action of sticking a bill*), in defiance of the solemn warning, "Bill-stickers beware!" You should see them, Joe. They're enormously attractive! The milliners can't help themselves. We shall catch them alive, like bluebottles in a grocer's window. They'll be down on us in a swarm, directly. But where's Madame Vanderpants? You know you have announced her, and she must be forthcoming.

Bag. I'm prepared for that. Madame Vanderpants is an old lady, a client of the governor's, who, having a heavy suit on hand, is obliged to come up to town frequently; and to save trouble she leaves some boxes and trunks of clothes here, where she has them ready when she requires them. Now, I've selected a few articles of apparel from her store; and when I've got them on I think I shall make a very fair sample of the sex.

Tip. You'll be a prodigious creature, Joe! But what am I to do?

Bag. Why, as you're to be my assistant, I've looked out a few things for you. (*Brings down a lawyer's deed-box, which is on the floor at back.*) Here you are, in "Smith's Executors." On with these directly, or we shan't be ready to receive our visitors. (*Gives box.*) Go into that room, there; and make haste.

Tip. Well, this beats Guy's, by several chalks.

[*Exit, with box, R. 8 E.*]

Bag. Now to make a clearance here. (*Moves table back.*) So. (*Takes a note from table.*) What's this? A note, addressed to the governor, and in a female hand that I'm not acquainted with. Hem! I must see what he's been about. (*Reads*) Um, um — "*been thinking of you since the evening we met in Kensington Gardens*" — um, um — "*tender emotions*" — um, um — "*love — Cupid — innocence*" — um, um — "*flattering sex*" — um, um — "*happy to accept invitation to dine at Richmond.*" Ha! — um, um — "*Ever thine, Selina Smith.*" Whew! here's a discovery! Governor going to give a dinner at Richmond to a mysterious female. Soh! I must look after the old gentleman's morals. (*Puts letter in pocket.*)

Re-enter TIPTON, R. 8. E., dressed in female attire.

Tip. Here, Joe, will you give this gown a pull, and hook it for me?

Bag. (assisting him). Yes, yes; make haste.

Tip. Oh, ho! — there! — you tickle me! — quick! There! — oh! — don't! — there! I'm as easily tickled as a kitten. Quick! (*Twisting*) Oh!

Bag. Be quiet, will you?

Tip. What shameful stitching there is in the gown! You hear how it cracks — krr-rr-rr!

Bag. It's my turn to dress, now.

[*Exit, running, L. 8 E.*]

Tip. I wonder if I look interesting, in my new costume. (*Goes to glass.*) Oh, curse it! — ha, ha, ha! — I forgot my moustache. That will never do. A moustache on a lady's lip is an anomaly on

the face of it. I see I must sacrifice my capillary attraction, and have it off; and luckily here's Joe's razor. (*Takes razor off chimney-piece, and is strapping it on his hand, when a knock is heard at D. L. 2 E.*) Hallo! here's an applicant already. (*Puts razor on chimney-piece.*) I must defer the operation, and conceal my anomaly. Come in!

Enter ANGELICA, L. 2 E.

Angelica. I believe Madame Vanderpants lives here?

Tip. (*keeping handkerchief to his mouth*). Quite correct, ma'am. (*Aside*) A devilish old bird. Pray walk in. Madame Vanderpants will be here presently. Hem! I'm her particular friend — in fact, her medical assistant — a — when I say medical, you of course understand I allude to millinery affairs. You've come, I suppose, as — a — a —

An. A deputation, mem, from the young ladies of Mrs. Knappit, the milliner's establishment. There are seven of us, mem, all anxious for exportation; and as I was the youngest apprentice —

Tip. The youngest apprentice! (*Aside*) There's not much precocious talent amongst them.

An. They said to me, "Angelica" — (*simpering*) — my name's Angelica Tod. I'm a single young woman, mem.

Tip. Single! — ahem! — I perceive. (*Aside*) A lamb of many summers. Well, ma'am — I mean, my dear — my name is — (*Aside*) What the deuce is my name? Ah! — oh! — yes! — Smithers — Miss Smithers, my love. (*ANGELICA curtsys.*)

An. Well, mem, the young ladies said to me, "Angelica, dear, as your manner and your bonnet are so superior, will you have the kindness to go and inquire about this Madame Vanderpants, who wants a thousand milliners for the diggings."

Tip. Very proper and prudent.

An. May I ask, then, what are the prospects for young women in our line, in Australia?

Tip. Why, my dear, there's in the first place a prospect of seven thousand disconsolate diggers waiting with open arms, upon the beach, to receive the same number of affectionate wives.

An. Well, I don't think that would be a very serious objection to any of us.

Tip. Then what with drinking rum and hunting kangaroos, the men die so fast there that an active young woman, if she have any luck, may calculate upon six husbands per annum, at least.

An. Oh, I'm sure the place will suit us. The young ladies are waiting for me, close by. I'll fetch them directly. (*Going. — Returns.*) Oh, I had forgot. — As we are unprotected females, we should like a reference, Miss Smithers.

Tip. Oh, certainly. We refer you to a — a — let me see — to the Royal College of Surgeons, or to the British Museum.

An. Thank you, mem. That's quite sufficient. (*Curtsys.*) I'll now go and fetch the ladies.

Tip. Do so, dear. We'll be too happy to see you all. And you may as well tell them to come prepared to remain for the day, as

Madame Vanderpants likes to commence her colonial training as soon as possible.

An. I'll tell them, mem.

[Exit L. 2 E.]

Tip. Now to get off the moustache before they arrive. (*Runs to glass, takes razor, and commences shaving.*)

Enter BAGGS, L. 3 E.

Bag. (L.) Well, Tom, will I do?

Tip. (R.) You should n't interrupt a lady when she's shaving.

Bag. I beg your pardon. Have we had any applications yet?

Tip. (*shaving*). Yes, one nibble.

Bag. Hah — is she good looking?

Tip. That's a matter of taste.

Bag. Young?

Tip. Well — a — um — I should say — hah — tough as the devil!

Bag. The milliner?

Tip. No, no; the moustache. There, it's off. There goes the glory of Guy's. The sacrifice is accomplished. (*Puts down razor, and turns round.*) Hallo, Joe! what have you been about? You're not half dressed. Make haste. There will be a flock of young milliners here directly. Hark! I hear them on the stairs. Go; and I'll entertain them till you come. (*Pushes him L.*)

Bag. Well, mind, Tom, fair play; — honor bright, my boy.

[Exit L. 3 E.]

Enter ANGELICA, SELINA, SOPHY, CAROLINE, BELLA, CHARLOTTE, and JEMIMA, L. 2 E., each carrying a work-basket.

An. Miss Smithers, these are the young ladies. Young ladies, Miss Smithers. (*Ladies curtsy, and TIPTON curtsies awkwardly in return.*)

Tip. (*aside*). Confound it! I know I haven't got the back slide correctly. He! hem! very happy to see you, young ladies; — I may say delighted. Madame Vanderpants will be here presently. She's only blowing a cloud in her room.

Sophy. Blowing a cloud?

All. Blowing a cloud!

Tip. Ahem! — a — when I say blowing, I mean, of course, sewing a cloud, my loves. It's the newest evening costume, — the *robe de vapour*, as the French call it; — quite an ethereal affair, I assure you.

All. Oh! indeed!

Selina. (x c.) Excuse me, miss, but we should like to know when we dine.

Tip. When we dine! Well, that depends on circumstances entirely. 'Tis a question that sometimes requires serious consideration.

Sel. For my part, I like my regular dinner, though I've no appetite worth naming. (*Aside to others*) Mind, ladies, we shan't stand being put off with an early tea for dinner.

All (L.) No, certainly not. No! no!

Tip. (R., *aside*). They've formed themselves into a provisional committee upon the dinner question. I'm afraid that's a contingency

that Joe has not contemplated ; for, as the sensible poet has observed, "Lips, though blooming, must still be fed ;" and I doubt if they'd be satisfied with a cold collation of Cases in Equity, or a lunch upon Reminders. Shakspeare must have been in a difficulty of this sort, when he said, "Oh ! that we should call these delicate creatures ours, and not their appetites !"

Bag. (without, L.) I say, Tom ! (*Ladies start.*)

Sel. Tom !

Tip. Oh ! that's Madame Vanderpants. She sometimes jocosely calls me Tom. My name is Thomasine. He, he, he !

Sel. Madame Vanderpants ! Attention, ladies ; form line ; eyes down ; hands crossed ; prepare to curtsy ! (*They arrange themselves in line.*)

Enter BAGGS, L. 3 E.

Tip. (*aside to him*). Call me Miss Smithers.

Bag. (*marching down C., without noticing ladies, who continue curtsying from the moment he enters.*) Miss Smithers.

Tip. (R.) Yes, mem.

Bag. (C.) You went abroad yesterday evening without my permission. 'Tis very improper ; and if it occurs again, we must part. (*Aside to TIPTON*) How do I look, Tom ?

Tip. Plummy.

Caroline (*aside*). There's a horrible old giraffe ! I know I shall hate her.

Sel. (*aside to ladies, munching an apple*). So shall I, if she don't let us have dinner very soon.

Bag. (*feigning to see them*). Bless me, ladies !

Sel. (L. C.) Yes, mem, we're the spirited young women that's wanted.

Bag. Oh, I beg your pardon, my dears ! How many are there of you ?

Car. Six, if you please, mem.

Ang. (L.) And the apprentice, mem. (*Curtsys.*)

Bag. (*aside to TIPTON*). That's exactly half a dozen for me, and the apprentice for you, Tom.

Tip. (*aside to BAGGS*). Blew the apprentice ! Excuse the emphatic observation ; but I cannot avoid expressing my feelings strongly.

Bag. (R.) Hush ! it's all right. (*To SOPHY*) What may your pretty little name be, my dear ?

Sophy. Sophy Stokes, mem.

Bag. Pretty dear ! (*Kisses her, and looks at TIPTON.* *To CAROLINE*) And how are you called, darling ?

Car. Caroline Jones, mem.

Bag. Caroline ! Ah ! I once knew a Caroline. I shall love you for her sake. (*Kisses her, and as before.*)

Tip. By the bye, I remember, I once knew a Caroline, too. (*Goes to embrace her.*)

Bag. (*putting him back*). No, Miss Smithers, it was n't Caroline.

To SELINA What's your name, dear ?

Sel. (L. C.) Selina Smith, mem.

Bag. (c.) Selina Smith. (*Aside*) That's the name to the note I found after the governor. (*Takes out note, and examines it aside.*) Aloud] Selina Smith?

Sel. Yes, mem.

Bag. Ah! (*Aside*) It must be she. I'm thinking, my dear, where I heard the name of Selina Smith. Was n't it at — no — yes — at Kensington Gardens?

Sel. (*embarrassed*). Kensington Gardens? (*Aside*) What can she know about them?

Bag. Or could it be something about Richmond, and a dinner at the Star and Garter, that was running in my head?

Sel. (*more confused*). I — I — really can't say, mem. (*Aside*) Can she have heard of my invitation? (*Goes up L.*)

Bag. (*aside*). Right. I have my thumb on the governor. Well, young ladies, I've decided upon accepting you all, including the apprentice, whom I place under the especial protection of Miss Smithers. (*ANGELICA, L., curtsays, and BAGGS hands her over to TIPTON, R.*) There; I know you'll be kind to the young creature.

Tip. (*turning up R., followed by ANGELICA.*) I'll be — Never mind. (*She follows him about at back.*)

So. We're quite ready, mem, to begin work. We've brought our baskets with us, and only want to show you what we can do.

Bag. (*aside to TIPTON*). Have you got no work for them, Tom?

Tip. (*R., aside to BAGGS*). Work! not I. Nothing but a simple fracture of a shirt-button, or a dislocation of a shirt-collar.

Bag. What are we to do, then?

Tip. Can't you give them a large order for baby-linen?

Bag. Where's the material? 'Gad, I have it, — the window-blinds. Hush! (*To ladies*) Well, my dears, we'll commence, when you've taken off your bonnets, shawls —

Tip. And other personal incumbrances.

Bag. In that closet (*points to closet, L. & R.*) you can put them away. (*Ladies go into closet.*) Now, Tom, do as I do. (*Pulls down curtain at one window. — TIPTON the same at the other.*) We must make work for them somehow. (*They tear curtains into eight strips.*) There — there — there — there. There's a fair division of labor for them, at all events.

Ladies re-enter, from closet, without their bonnets.

An. Here we are, mem.

Bag. (*aside*). By Jove! a lovely brigade.

Tip. And here's your work, ladies. (*Gives each a piece of the cotton.*) Here's for you — and you — and you, &c.

An. (*L., curtsaying and smirking*). And the apprentice, mem.

Tip. Oh! the apprentice? (*Gruffly*) There! (*Gives her one of the pieces.*)

Bag. Miss Smithers, a chair. (*TIPTON gets two chairs, and places them C. — Ladies get chairs, and form in a line on each side of BAGGS and TIPTON, thus —*

R. JEM. SEL. SOPHY. BAGGS. TIPTON. SEL. CHAR. CAR. AN. L.

Tip. Now, ladies, commence your industrial operations.

WANTED, ONE THOUSAND YOUNG MILLINERS,

Sel. What are we to do, mem? The work is not cut out.

Bag. (R. C.) Eh? Hem!

Tip. (L. C.) Why, no. The fact is, our cutter broke her arm, last week, pouring out some remarkably strong tea for the ladies.

Ladies. Oh! oh! Poor soul! What a pity!

Bag. But we're not particular, my dears. Back-stitch those pieces up one side and down the other, and put a herring-bone hem along the back seam—and—and—that will do.

Tip. And if you find the work refractory you had better whip it.

Bag. (aside to TIPTON). I feel I'm getting rather spoony about Sophy. What an eye she has!

Tip. (aside to BAGGS). Ah! but Selina has two eyes, you dog.

So. Don't you work, Miss Smithers?

Tip. I rather think I do,—chiefly fancy work. Some of it would astonish you. I was reckoned one of the fastest hands, at Guy's.

Bag. (aside to TIPTON). Guy's! What are you about? (Ticks him sily.)

Tip. Oh! d—n it! (Hops about as in pain.—Ladies rise in alarm.) Oh! oh!

Ladies. What's the matter, Miss Smithers?

Tip. (rubbing his leg). Oh! oh! nothing;—only a cramp that sometimes seizes me. A a-ah! (Aside to BAGGS) Hang it, Joe! you need not have given me such a severe hint. (Ladies sit.)

An. (aside to ladies). La! don't Miss Smithers swear uncommon strong?

Ladies. Don't she?

Tip. Can any young lady lend me a needle? (All offer needles.—He takes two.) Thank you, my little dears. (To BAGGS) Here's one for you.

Bag. Bless me! where have I put my glasses? (Takes spectacles from pocket, and puts them on.—He and TIPTON then take thread, and, coming down, make ludicrous attempts to thread their needles. Half aside) Dash it!

Tip. (half aside). Hang it!

Bag. Can't you do it, Tom?

Tip. No!

Bag. Neither can I.

Tip. Hold! ah, ha! I've done it.

Bag. You don't mean that! Let me see. (Takes threaded needle from TIPTON.) Thank you. There, you can have mine. (Sticks his needle in TIPTON's shoulder.)

Tip. (jumping away.) Hoh! Come, I say. (Takes stage L.)

Bag. Miss Smithers, have you any idea what I've done with my Ladies' Companion? (Rises.) Could I have put it in your work-basket, Miss Smith? (Opens SELINA's work-basket, and produces a lobster.) Oh, a most remarkable Ladies' Companion as ever I saw!

Sel. (rising). It's only a lobster, mem,—a present from a friend, who knows my delicate appetite.

Bag. All surreptitious lobsters are confiscated in this establishment. (Gives it to TIPTON.)

Sel. I protest against such an invasion upon private property.

Ladies (rising). We all protest!

Bag. Private rights must always yield to the public weal.

Ladies. Shame! Robbery! Shame! Oh!

Bag. But to show my disinterested feelings, we'll have the lobster at supper.

Sel. Oh, if there's to be supper, I'm satisfied! (*Ladies sit.*)

But pray, mem, when shall we have dinner?

Bag. Well, I've not determined yet. (*Sits beside SOPHY.*) Dear me! if I have n't lost my thimble!

So. I've one here, if it will suit you, mem.

Bag. Thank you, my love. (*Puts it on thumb.*)

So. Good gracious, mem! you have put your thimble on your thumb.

Bag. Ah! so I have. It pushes better that way. (*Ladies laugh.*)

Tip. (*looking over SELINA's shoulder.*) Well, and how are you getting on, my dear? Ah, very well, — very well, indeed. (*Pinches her. — She screams.*)

Bag. What's that?

Tip. Only a spider that I found on Miss Stokes's dress. (*Pretending to crush it with foot.*) There, the presumptuous animal is defunct.

Bag. This house is full of spiders. Is not that another I see there? (*Pretends to see one on SOPHY's shoulder.*)

An. (*screaming in alarm.*) Oh! where, where? (*Rushes into TIPTON's arms.*) Where?

Tip. (*seeing who it is.*) Eh! Not here. (*Pushes her away.*) No, no.

Car. (*taking her work to BAGGS.*) Does that work please you, mem?

Bag. (*examining it.*) Beautiful! Come here, my dear. Merit shall not go unrewarded. (*Kisses her.*)

Car. (*R. C., rubbing her cheek.*) Bless me! Madame Vanderpants has a chin like a nutmeg-grater.

Tip. I must also reward meritorious industry. (*Turns to embrace SELINA. — ANGELICA interposes, and he finds her in his arms. — Aside.*) Oh, confound the apprentice! (*Pushes her away. — A knock D. L. 2 E. — BAGGS and TIPTON come forward.*)

Bag. (*aside.*) Who the devil can it be? (*x to door.*) Who's there?

(*Without.*) Mrs. Knappit, the milliner.

Bag. Mrs. Knappit?

Sel. (*to Ladies, in a suppressed tone.*) Mrs. Knappit! Our mistress!

Ladies (*alarmed.*) O-o-h!

(*Without.*) I understand that some of my young ladies are here?

Ladies (*in a suppressed tone.*) O-o-h!

Tip. Young ladies here, ma'am? What an idea! We're moral young men, — a couple of betting-list-keepers, who have retired in disgust from the honesty of the world. (*While he speaks, BAGGS conducts Ladies to D. E. 3 E., pushes them in, and shuts it.*) And we've registered a vow, ma'am, not to let any female enter our melancholy abode!

(Without). Oh dear! I beg your pardon, gentlemen — very sorry — but good morning — good morning.

Tip. Adieu, ma'am — farewell — mind the two steps, ma'am.

(Turns, with a pirouette.) Tol de rol — she's off!

Bag. (meeting him dancing). Tom, I've an idea. During the temporary absence of the ladies, may we not have a pipe?

Tip. The very thing I was about to propose. I've got my fumigator here. (Takes pipe from apron pocket. — Both sit c.)

Bag. And I mine. (Takes out pipe.)

Tip. (lighting German tinder against sole of shoe). Have a light, Joe?

Bag. (the same). Thank you, I have got it. (Light pipes.)

Tip. Joe — (puff) — I say, the smell of the tobacco may discover us — (puff) — eh?

Bag. Nonsense! — (puff) — tobacco has no smell. (Puff.)

Tip. (puff). I'm glad of that. (Puff.)

00

Enter SELINA, cautiously, R. 3. E.

Sel. Mrs. Vanderpants! (Both jump up suddenly. — TIPPON x to R., and throws away pipe. — BAGGS puts his in pocket. — Both blow to disperse smoke. — She comes down R.) Is she gone?

Tip. Yes, we persuaded her to go.

Sel. I never was so frightened in my life! (Sniffs) Eh! Bless me! there's been some one smoking here!

Tip. (c.) } Smoking? (Sniff.)

Bag. (L.) }

Sel. Don't you smell it?

Both. No.

Tip. Yet now I fancy I perceive a delicate perfume of roses. (Aside to BAGGS) Joe, you're on fire!

Bag. (aside, jumping). The devil I am! Oh, 'tis the rascally pipe! (Snatches pipe hastily out of pocket, and throws it away. — While this takes place, Ladies enter D. R. 3 E., and take places on R., each holding something behind her. — TIPPON and BAGGS on L.)

Sel. Mrs. Vanderpants, we've discovered a something in that room that has alarmed our delicacy, mem.

Bag. Your delicacy, child?

Sel. Yes, mem. Do ladies usually wear Wellington boots? (SOPHY and BELLA each produce a boot.)

Car. Or is it the fashion for our sex to amuse themselves with boxing-gloves — so? (She and JEMIMA produce two pairs of boxing-gloves on their hands, and take a pugilistic attitude.)

Char. Or play upon the post-horn? (Produces horn, and blows a discordant note. — SELINA goes to chimney-piece, and returns with razor.)

An. Or to wear such a hat as this? (Puts wide-awake on head.)

Sel. And I should like to know what business a correct female can have with a razor. (Exhibits razor.)

Ladies. O-o-h! — ah!

Bag. Miss Smithers, explain.

Tip. Me explain!

Bag. (aside to him). Hush! — it's all right. Say something,

Tip. (*z., affecting modesty.*) Well, mem, I'll tell the truth. — There is a young man comes here sometimes — to — to — ten.

Bag. A man? Oh! support me, ladies! (*Totters, and is supported by Ladies.*)

Tip. Oh, mem! but it's all correct, I'll assure you! We've put up the banns; and he's quite a respectable young gent — a medical student, mem.

Bag. A medical student? Unhappy young woman!

Tip. A student of Guy's, mem.

Bag. A student of Guy's. Worse and worse! 'Tis really shocking! I — oh, oh! (*Pretends to faint. — Ladies surround him.*)

So. She's fainted!

Sel. and Ladies. Cold water! (*ANGELICA runs into room, R. 3 E.*)

Sel. Poor dear! the shock has done it.

So. Open her dress!

Car. Cut her stays! (*They pull off his cap and corsage, the skirts of the gown only remaining; he appears as a man down to the waist.*)

Re-enter ANGELICA, D. R. 3 E., carrying a water-pitcher. 00

An. Here, here's the water. (*Dashes it in his face.*)

Bag. Poo! — wooh!! Zounds! (*Jumps up.*) 00

Ladies (*screaming and retreating.*) Gracious! it's a man!

Tip. A man? — a monster. (*Slips into room R. 3 E.*)

Sel. Ladies, if you have the spirit of ladies, you must punish the impostor.

So. Pluck him to death!

An. Tickle him into fits!

Car. Scratch his eyes out!

Sel. No, no. Let all do as I do, — prepare needles. (*Ladies take needles out of work.*) Present needles! (*They present needles at him.*)

Bag. What are you about, ladies?

Sel. Charge needles! (*They prick him on all sides.*)

Bag. Oh! the devil — spare me! Oh! I say — for heaven's sake — there, have done — do — ladies! I'm not a bag of bran! Oh, oh, oh! (*Breaks from them, and runs into closet R. 3 E.*)

Sel. Follow him! Don't let him escape. (*They pursue him into closet; his remonstrances heard within.*)

Enter TIFTON, R. 3 E., in man's attire, except head-dress.

Tip. What a pack of little demons. (*Ladies cheer in closet.*) There they go. If I could find my coat I'd be off. (*Looks for it. — BAGGS, in his own clothes, is hauled in by Ladies, bound with scarfs and shawls. — TIFTON conceals himself behind arm-chair.*)

Bag. I demand quartet.

Ladies. No quarter! — no quarter. (*They push him into chair, L. C., and proceed to tie him in.*)

Bag. Charming Selina! have pity on me.

Sel. (*seeing TIFTON.*) Oh! there's the other tiger lying in ambush, to spring upon his victims.

Tip. No s tiger! I deny it! I'm a trembling fawn — on him

cent lamb — a — (*Moves L. — Ladies seize and tie him in chair E., with the pieces they have been sewing.*)

Tip. Help! Murder!

Sel. Stop his mouth!

Tip. (*struggling.*) Would you stifle the voice of the people?

Enter SINGLETON, with carpet-bag, L. 2 E.

Sin. Ha, ladies! A female invasion! My clerk, Joe Baggs, and that rascal Tom Tipton! What brought you all here?

An. (E.) This, sir. (*Shows placard, which SINGLETON reads. — Ladies unbind TIPTON and BAGGS.*)

Sel. (aside). I'll be hanged if it isn't the old gentleman that I was to dine with at Richmond, next Sunday!

Sin. (L.) What's this? (*Reads*) "*Milliners for the gold diggings*" — um — "*apply*" — um — "*to Mrs. Vanderpants.*" My respected client. Where is she?

Bag. (L. C., timidly). I'm that penitent individual, sir.

Tip. And I'm her unhappy friend, Miss Smithers, sir.

Sin. Oh, indeed! Now I understand the hoax. This is why you wished me to go to Oxford. Why, the first man I met on the platform at the station was old Tottles, alive and well. Then I shall have the pleasure of confiding Mrs. Vanderpants and her friend to the custody of the police — directly. (*Going.*) I'll make an example of them.

Bag. A word with you, sir, first. (*Draws him to C., and shows him note.*) You know that note, sir —

Sin. (aside). Selina Smith's. How the deuce did I lose it?

Bag. Never mind, governor; — don't be alarmed. Let's cry quits, and I'll be secret.

Sin. (as from sudden thought). I know nothing about it!

Sel. (down L.) Nothing about it? — Not about me, sir?

Sin. (aside). Eh? The deponent herself. Hem! ha! — there's no twisting out of this. Well — ha, ha, ha! — hush-h! — my character! — preserve my character, and all shall be forgiven! There, I don't want to know what you've been doing. Don't tell me. I'll go and dine at a tavern.

Bag. Dine at a tavern! when I have ordered a splendid cold collation and a dozen of champagne?

Sel. and Ladies. Bravo! bravo!

Bag. Which my worthy governor here insists he shall pay for.

Ladies. Oh! Bravo! bravo! (*Clap hands.*) Encore!

Tip. You're an honor to the country that gave you birth, and to the boots in which you stand. We've taken some slight liberties with you, sir; but if you'll forgive us we'll drink your health and your own champagne, with enthusiastic applause.

Sin. Forgive you? Never! I'll be —

Bag. (aside to him). Hem! Selina Smith!

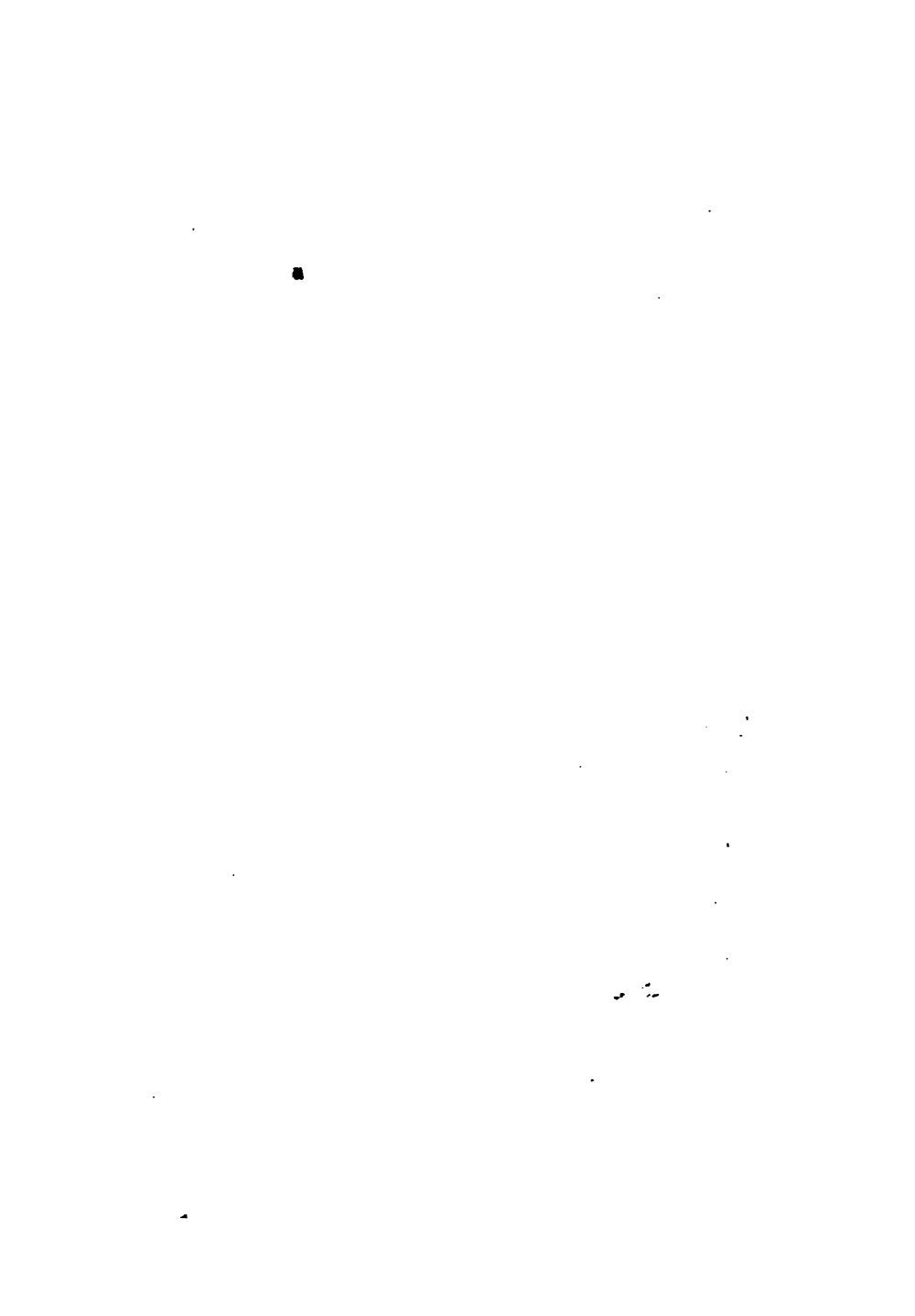
Sin. Ah! — hem! — Selina! Yes, yes, I forgive you — (*aside*) and be hanged to you!

Tip. We're much obliged. (*To Ladies*) Ladies, may we — Ah! *hiss their dear little hearts!* they have smiled our pardon before I asked it. And now to make our last appeal to a liberal and enlight-

ened public. (*To audience*) Ladies and gentlemen, pray don't mention what has passed here to-night, except to friends who, like you, can forgive our follies, laugh at our larks, and make our little theater a real Gold Diggings for these Spirited Young Milliners, who beg to drop you a grateful curtesy, before we drop the curtain. (TIPTON and BAGGS bow. — Ladies advance in line, and curtesy profoundly to audience, as curtain falls.

SITUATIONS.

JEN. CHAR. CAR. TIPTON. BAGGS. SO. BEL. SIV. SUE.
R. H. CURTAIN. L. H.



[Vol. XXVII. No. 209.]

POOR PILLICODDY.

I Satce,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

JOHN MADDISON MORTON,

AUTHOR OF

Friend Faggles — Three Cuckoos — My Precious Betsy — Where there's a Will there's a Way — John Dobbs — A most unnarratable Intrusion — Going to the Derby — Your L.f.'s in Danger — Midnight Watch — Box and Cox — Trumpeter's Wedding — Dens on both Sides — Our Wife — Old Honesty — Young England — King and I — My Wife's Second Floor — Who do they take me for? — Double-bedded Room — The Milliner's Holiday — Wedding Breakfast — Irish Tiger — Atti, Vory — Who's the Composer? — Who's my Husband? — Slasher and Crusher — Prince for an Hour — Away with Melancholy — Waiting for an Omnibus — Betsy Baker — Who stole the Pocket-Book — Two Bonnycastles — From Village to Court — Grimsbaw, Bagshaw, and Bradshaw — Rights and Wrongs of Women — Sent to the Tower — &c., &c.

WITH

ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY
MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER
OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MR. PHILGODDY, CAPT. O'SCUTLE,	Original Out, London. Mr. Buckstone " H. Hall Miss Howard " Lee " Polly Marshall	National, 1848. Mr. J. R. Vincent " S. D. Johnson Mrs. W. G. Jones " Western " J. R. Vincent	Mobile, 1852. Mr. Fuller " Moroney Miss Mary Hill Mrs. Clark " C. Fisher	Broadway, N. Y., 1854. Mr. Davidge " Seymour Miss A. Gougenhelm Mrs. Seymour Miss J. Gougenhelm	Boston, N. Y., 1854. Mr. Burton " Johnston Miss A. Lee Mrs. Cooke Miss K. Saxon
MR. PHILGODDY, CAPT. O'SCUTLE,	Charleston, S. C., 1855. Mr. Fuller " Raymond Miss Wilton Mrs. Austin " Sloan	Broadway, N. Y., 1856. Mr. W. A. Chapman " J. Seymour Mrs. Warren " J. Seymour Miss J. Manners	Walden St., Philadelphia, 1856. Mr. W. A. Chapman " Scalan Mrs. King " Stoneall " John Sefton	Boston Museum, 1856. Mr. W. Warren " E. F. Keach Rose Skerrett Mrs. Eckhart " J. R. Vincent	Boston Theatre, 1857. Mr. John Wood " S. D. Johnson Miss Emma Taylor " Ida Vernon Mrs. John Wood

COSTUME.

MR. PHILGODDY. — White silk hat with green rim; gray plaid shooting jacket; white trousers; white waistcoat; shoes; red silk neckcloth.
CAPTAIN O'SCUTLE. — Large pea jacket; broad brimmed straw hat; white trousers; shoes; striped stockings.
MRS. PHILGODDY. — Pink muslin dress.
MRS. O'SCUTLE. — Blue muslin dress; white silk bonnet; drab silk scarf.
SARAH BLUNT. — Striped cotton dress; brown Holland apron; cotton headscarf.

POOR PILLICODDY.

SCENE. — *Interior of PILLICODDY'S Shop, 3 and 5 G. At c. large glass doors, showing nursery grounds and greenhouse at back. On 3 E. R. H. a semicircular counter, with flowers, &c. Behind counter, rows of small boxes, or drawers, marked with names of seeds. Doors R. H. 2 E. and L. H. 1 E. Window at L. H. F. A clock hanging up.*

SARAH BLUNT *behind the counter, adding up figures on a large slate.*

Sarah. No — for the life of me, I can't make it right. Let me try once more. Four and seven, eleven — eleven and nine, twenty — twenty and seven, twenty-seven — twenty-seven and ten, thirty-seven — thirty-seven shillings is one pound seventeen — put down one and carry seventeen — no, put down seventeen, and carry — no, carry seventeen, and put down — It's no use! I never was a dab at figures — and what's more, I never shall be. It's just as much as I can manage to reckon my wages — but that, somehow or other, I do contrive to do! It's no sort of use, Mr. Pillicoddy, going into a temper with me about it. As I said to Mr. Pillicoddy the other day — "Mr. Pillicoddy," said I, "you hired me as a shop girl, and not as a 'Ready Reckoner.'" He always used to do the summing up part himself till he took it into his head to get married, and now it's as much as he ever once opens his day book, or attends to a customer. Not he! There he is, gadding about with his young wife from morning till night. It was only the day before yesterday that he sent me over to Winchester, to buy five hundred tulip bulbs, and then actually went into a passion, because I made a little mistake, and bought onions! I have no patience with him, that I haven't. It's all very well for a man to be polite, and attentive, and amiable — in short, to make a fool of himself, when he's courting a young woman — but when that young woman becomes his wife, he ought to come back to the shop, and stick to business — instead of which, Mr. Pillicoddy gets worse and worse — and there's every possibility of his getting worser still! O, here he comes — and I do declare he's got a watering pot in his hand! Perhaps he's had a row with *missus*? So much the better for the business, say I! (*Begins adding up on the slate again.*)

Enter PILLICODDY, at back, C. D., a watering pot with a very long spout in his hand.

Pil. (Singing as he enters.) " 'Tis the last rose of summer," &c. (*Looking at clock.*) Past six o'clock, I declare! I'd no idea it was so late. I may say, I thought it was earlier. Upon my life, I don't know how it is; but time passes so agreeably, when one happens to be married. I don't know whether that's the general opinion — but my experience — and I have been married six months — warrants me — I might say, authorizes me, publicly to repeat my observation — that time passes so agreeably when one happens to be married!

• *Sarah. (N.)* I'm glad to see you've been watering the plants, sir. It begins to look like old times again.

Pil. (L.) I certainly went out into the grounds for that purpose, Sarah, but by the time I had half finished the job, I suddenly discovered, upon looking into the watering pot, that I had entirely forgotten the water — which water is, I believe, generally, if not universally, acknowledged to be an important auxiliary in the operation of watering.

Sarah. (Shaking her head.) Ah, sir, that shows that you were thinking of something else. Things are going on very bad, sir.

Pil. On the contrary, I think they are going on remarkably well — the bulbs especially.

Sarah. Bulbs! I mean the business, sir.

Pil. Well, bulbs *is* business!

Sarah. Ah, sir, I'd give a whole year's wages to see you standing behind that counter again, with your apron on, serving out pennorths of seed.

Pil. So you will, Sarah, in time. You wouldn't grudge your master — your indulgent master — a little occasional relaxation?

Sarah. No; but the little occasional relaxation you talk of has been going on for the last six months. In short, sir, you've quite neglected the business!

Pil. I'm aware of it, Sarah. When I married, I put this question to myself — and I put it seriously, Sarah — "Shall I attend to my business, or to my pleasure?" And I at once unhesitatingly decided in favor of the latter.

Sarah. And you'll be sorry for it!

Pil. I don't know what I may be, but at present I experience no sensation of the kind whatever — on the contrary, I feel that I could devote myself to my present career of innocent dissipation for the remainder of my existence without a murmur.

• *Sarah.* Ah, sir, if you only knew what your customers say, when they never find you in the shop!

Pil. Sarah, if my customers don't approve of my domestic habits, they may indulge their horticultural and floricultural inclination at some other establishment. You may inform them, individually and collectively, with my compliments, that whenever Mrs. Pillicoddy wishes me to go out shopping with her, out shopping with her I will go — that if Mrs. Pillicoddy can't even go to market without me, she shall not go.

Sarah. You needn't go and get into a passion, sir.

Pil. I'm not going to get into any thing at all, Sarah. I can only think of my happiness — for I consider myself the happiest man in the whole county of Hampshire. I am prepared to lay wagers to an enormous amount, that I'm the happiest man in the whole county of Hampshire — I wouldn't mind including Wiltshire! By the by, has Mrs. Simcox, the milliner, been here with a new bonnet?

Sarah. No, sir.

Pil. Has any body in the employ of Mrs. Simcox, the milliner, been here with a new bonnet?

Sarah. No, sir.

Pil. Simcox and I shall quarrel. I foresee a storm brewing between Simcox and me.

Sarah. Another new bonnet for missus! Five of them in less than three weeks! That's pretty well, I think!

Pil. If I chose to go on purchasing new bonnets every five minutes for the rest of my life, I presume I am at liberty to do so!

Sarah. But she can't wear them all, sir.

Pil. Not all at once — that I'm perfectly aware of.

Sarah. You'll excuse me, sir, but I'm afraid you indulge missus a little too much.

Pil. Perhaps I do — but I can't help it. Mrs. Pillicoddy has such a winning way with her. I assure you that her playful manner of directing my attention to a new shawl, or a new dress, in a shop window, must be seen in order to be appreciated. And then, when I purchase the article in question, her style of saying "thank ye" — her "thank ye's" are not at all like the general run of "thank ye's" — she says "thank ye" as if she really meant thank ye. Ah, Sarah, you don't know what it is to have a young wife.

Sarah. No — and what's more, I'm sure I never shall.

Pil. Don't be sure of any thing — there's no knowing what may happen. Look at me — wasn't I notorious for my antipathy to the matrimonial state!

Sarah. Yes, but that was before you saw Mrs. Pillicoddy as is. Ah, she certainly was a blooming young widow.

Pil. (L., *starting*.) Sarah, how often have I told you never to allude to Mrs. Pillicoddy's former state? It's painful to me — distressing to me — the very word "widow" puts my flesh all of a creep — just as if there were several rakes being drawn backwards and forwards all over my body — up and down my back especially!

Sarah. Well, I'm sure, sir, if I had known you didn't like her to be called a widow, I wouldn't have called her a widow. And yet, if she hadn't been a widow you couldn't have married her. My brother Tom married a widow — poor fellow.

Pil. What do you mean by "poor fellow"?

Sarah. Why — because he turned up again!

Pil. Your brother Tom?

Sarah. No — t'other chap!

Pil. O, t'other chap! May I inquire who the individual you designate as "t'other chap" is?

Sarah. Why, the first husband. He was a sailor, and every body —

brother Tom included — thought him safe and snug at the bottom of the sea. But, as I said before, up he turned, for all that! By the by, missus's first husband — Captain O'Scuttle — was supposed to be drowned, wasn't he?

Pil. Supposed to be drowned! What do you mean by supposed to be drowned? He *was* drowned — very much drowned! The ship went to pieces in the chops of the Channel, and so did he!

Sarah. But they never found him?

Pil. No. He was so completely and entirely lost, that they never contrived to pick up the smallest possible particle of him.

Sarah. That's just what they said about brother Tom's wife's first husband; but, nevertheless, as I said before —

Pil. Hold your tongue, Sarah, and leave me! (*Crosses, R.*)

Sarah. Well, but, sir —

Pil. Leave me!

Sarah. Well, I'm sure!

(*Exit, D. L. H. 1 E.*)

Pil. "He turned up again." A man, universally believed to have located himself for the remainder of his days among the cockles and periwinkles at the bottom of the sea, that man "turned up again." Totally regardless of the inconvenience which he must have known would attend his reappearance, that man calmly and deliberately turned up again. Suppose my wife's first should take it into his head to follow the absurd example set him by Tom's wife's first? It won't bear thinking about — and yet the thing's impossible! I appeal to any one. Fifteen months at the bottom of the sea, and then turn up again. He couldn't do it! Then, on the other hand, it's just possible that he may be floating about still, clinging convulsively to the main top jib, or the main jib top, or waving his handkerchief, and frantically shouting for assistance, on the very summit of one of the masts. Sometimes I fancy that he may have been washed on shore on some desert island, where, at this very moment, he may be wandering about like Robinson Crusoe, with his umbrella, and his parrot, and his good man Friday. By the by, wouldn't Mrs. Crusoe have been warranted in marrying again? wouldn't she have been perfectly justified in setting herself down as the disconsolate widow of the late Robinson Crusoe, Esquire? Of course, and so was Mrs. Pillicoddy perfectly justified in considering that she had lost her Scuttle. And yet that wretched mariner haunts me perpetually. I dreamt about him last night. I thought he came to my bedside, stuck all over with sea weed and barnacles, with Neptune's pitchfork in one hand, and his marriage certificate in the other, and demanded his wife.

Mrs. P. (*Without, L. 1 E.*) Mr. Pillicoddy! Mr. Pillicoddy!

Pil. Here she comes!

Enter MRS. PILLICODDY, D. L. H. 1 E., with a bonnet in her hand.

Mrs. P. O, my dear Mr. Pillicoddy, you are certainly the most kind, attentive, indulgent little husband in the world!

Pil. You approve of the bonnet? She approves of the bonnet.

Mrs. P. It's a perfect love! (*Admiring bonnet.*) In short, it *would be absolute perfection*, but for one *little drawback*.

Pil. O, there is a *leetle* drawback? And what may that *leetle* drawback be?

Mrs. P. Simply that it doesn't fit me.

Pil. O! Well, I dare say that is an objection. But I am confident my beloved Anastasia will do me the justice to bear in mind, that when I purchased the article in question, I did not happen to have her head with me.

Mrs. P. Luckily, Pillicoddy, dear Mrs. Simcox has another bonnet which becomes me — you have no idea how *it* becomes me. To be sure, it costs a *leetle* more money —

Pil. O, it costs a *leetle* more money, does it? Never mind — consider it yours.

Mrs. P. Thank ye.

Pil. (*Aside.*) O, that style of saying "thank ye"! — (*Aloud.*) Anastasia!

Mrs. P. Yes, Pillicoddy.

Pil. Don't call me Pillicoddy — address me as John Peter. If you only knew how infinitely I prefer being called John Peter, you wouldn't hesitate to indulge me by calling me John Peter.

Mrs. P. Well, then, John Peter — dear John Peter!

Pil. Am I really dear to you? Now, Anastasia, I put it to you. If it were in your power, would you at once summon a county meeting, and publicly declare to the assembled thousands, that I am your dear John Peter?

Mrs. P. What a silly question!

Pil. Perhaps it is; but I can't forget, Anastasia, that you've had a first; that I'm only your second; and, consequently, that being your second, I naturally come after your first.

Mrs. P. For shame, Mr. Pillicoddy!

Pil. There, there — you're calling me Mr. Pillicoddy again! Pillicoddy's a word of four syllables — John Peter's only three, and you prefer the four. I can't make it out. I'll be bound you had no difficulty whatever in calling your first by his Christian name. By the by, what was his Christian name?

Mrs. P. Nay.

Pil. I insist upon knowing my predecessor's Christian name, as bestowed upon him, at an early age, by his godfathers and godmothers.

Mrs. P. Well, then — Fitzpatrick.

Pil. O, Fitzpatrick! Then, I suppose, it used to be "Dear Fitzpatrick" — or "Fitzpat" — or Pat, without the Fitz — or Fitz, without the Pat —

Mrs. P. I shan't answer you any more, sir — you're excessively disagreeable!

Pil. And Fitzpat was an angel! I say, of course, Pitzfat — I mean Fatzpit, was an angel!

Mrs. P. On the contrary, he was very violent in his temper, and extremely jealous. In short, during the three years of our marriage, he fought no less than thirteen duels on my account, and killed or wounded his adversary in every instance.

Pil. Did he? Anastasia, suppose we change the subject.

Mrs. P. (*Pouting.*) You always begin it.

Pil. I know I do — and I ought to be ashamed of myself. Oblige me by telling me that I ought to be ashamed of myself. (*Taking her hand.*) Ah, you've got that bracelet on again — that identical bracelet, given to you by your first, on your wedding day — and which bracelet, I, your second, have repeatedly requested you never to wear again.

Mrs. P. I took it up quite by accident.

Pil. You never take up any that I gave you quite by accident.

Mrs. P. You never gave me any.

Pil. That paltry excuse shall not avail you any longer, for I'll instantly proceed to the nearest jeweller's, and purchase any quantity of bracelets I think proper.

Mrs. P. Thank ye.

Pil. (*Aside.*) O, that style of saying "thank ye"!

Mrs. P. You'll not be long away, John Peter, dear?

Pil. Long away from you, Anastasia? Judge of my impatience to be with you by the pace at which I leave you. (*Runs out rapidly at C. D.*)

Mrs. P. Ha, ha, ha! Poor Mr. Pillicoddy! What extraordinary pains he does take to make himself uncomfortable! The slightest allusion to the late Captain O'Scuttle puts him at once into a fever of excitement that would be positively alarming, if he didn't luckily happen to be ridiculous — and yet, not five minutes' conversation have we had upon any matter whatever, since we've been married, that Mr. Pillicoddy hasn't contrived, somehow or other, to introduce that unfortunate subject. (*Bell rings, U. E. R.*) It's very evident to me that his mind is by no means in a quiescent state. He did nothing but talk in his sleep last night about Robinson Crusoe — and this very morning at breakfast, when I called his attention to an article in the Hampshire Chronicle, headed "Extraordinary Preservation from Shipwreck," he nearly choked himself with a bit of muffin, and asked me, in the most plaintive tone imaginable, if I particularly wished to be the death of him. What it all means I can't imagine.

Enter SARAH, C. D. R. H., with a letter.

Sarah. (*As she enters.*) I hear what you say, my good man. (*Looking at letter.*) A letter for missus — to be delivered into missus' own hands! A plague of these new-fashioned enwellops, I say! There's no longer any chance for a poor ignorant servant picking up a little useful information. Not that I've an atom of curiosity! (*Looking into letter, R.*)

Mrs. P. So it seems! (*Tapping her on the shoulder.*)

Sarah. A letter, ma'am, if you please — just come by the Winchester carrier — at the back door.

Mrs. P. (*Taking letter.*) The Winchester carrier?

Sarah. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. P. (*Opening letter, and reading.*) Ha! Leave me.

Sarah. (*Aside.*) Now she's at it! — (*Aloud.*) Yes, ma'am. (*Going behind counter, R., and taking up slate.*) Four and seven, eleven — eleven and nine, twenty — twenty and seven —

Mrs. P. Sarah, I desired you to leave me.

Sarah. I'm going, ma'am. — (*Aside.*) Rather a suspicious business this Winchester carrier! (*Crosses to L. H.*)

Mrs. P. Sarah, do you hear me?

Sarah. Yes, ma'am. (*As she goes out, L. H.*) Twenty and seven are twenty-seven — put down seven and carry a Winchester carrier — no, carry a Winchester carrier, and put down —

(*Exit, D. L. H. 1 E.*)

Mrs. P. (*Watching her out.*) She's gone — and now for another perusal of this most extraordinary epistle from cousin Julia. — (*Reading.*) "Dearest Anastasia: I am the most miserable woman in the world." A pleasant beginning! "My husband is a wretch — a good for nothing monster — and never, never, never will I look upon his odious face again! I have just arrived here from Portsmouth, and will be with you almost as soon as you receive this. Your poor, almost, it not entirely, broken-hearted JULIA." Well, Julia has certainly succeeded in exciting my curiosity. What can have happened? I suppose I must patiently await her arrival for the solution of the mystery.

Mrs. O'Scuttle appears at C. D. R. H.

Mrs. O'S. Anastasia!

Mrs. P. Julia!

Mrs. O'S. Are you alone?

Mrs. P. Come in!

Mrs. O'Scuttle enters, C. D. R. H., carrying a small carpet bag in one hand, and a large green umbrella in the other.

Mrs. O'S. (*Going up to Mrs. PILLICODDY.*) Anastasia Pillicoddy, look in my face, and tell me if I don't look the very picture of misery. Make me happy, Anastasia, by telling me that I look the very picture of misery!

Mrs. P. (*R.*) Don't be foolish, Julia, but immediately explain.

Mrs. O'S. The reason why you see me here, with my carpet bag in one hand and my umbrella in the other — (*Mrs. P. places chairs — they sit.*) I will! It's just four years ago, Anastasia Pillicoddy, since you and I got up one very cold, frosty morning, and walked, arm in arm, to Gosport church, where we were severally united in the bonds of matrimony to the men of our hearts — you to Captain Fitzpatrick O'Scuttle, and I to his second cousin, Captain Fitzgerald O'Scuttle. At the end of three years, your husband disappeared in a gale of wind, and left you a widow. I wish I could say the same of mine.

Mrs. P. Julia, for shame!

Mrs. O'S. You think the expression too energetic — wait till you hear the atrocious particulars. When my husband sailed on his last voyage, a year ago, I requested, as a particular favor, to be allowed to accompany him.

Mrs. P. Which request he very properly refused.

Mrs. O'S. Anastasia Pillicoddy, don't interrupt me. Well, the "Lively Polly" sailed without me — and my husband said he should return in six months. At the end of that time, I got a letter from

him, saying he shouldn't be back quite so soon. Three weeks had passed, and I got another letter, saying he had been detained by contrary winds and strong currents — very convenient things, these contrary winds and strong currents. A whole year passed, and I was gradually becoming tolerably comfortable in my afflicted state, when, yesterday morning at breakfast, news was brought me that the "Lively Polly" had been signalled off the Point. Of course, I went into ecstasies — but they didn't last long.

Mrs. P. What do you mean?

Mrs. O'S. Judge for yourself. I had no sooner heard the news of the "Lively Polly's" safe arrival, than in came the mate of the vessel, whom my husband had sent on shore. He had two letters in his hand — one for me, and the other for an intimate friend of my husband's. I offered to deliver it. — I took it, and —

Mrs. P. Opened it?

Mrs. O'S. Decidedly opened it! The contents paralyzed me! I believe I labored under a severe attack of hysterics for at least five minutes. There's the letter — devour its contents. (*They rise from chairs.*)

Mrs. P. (*Reading.*) "Dear Tom" —

Mrs. O'S. Yes — the letter's addressed to one Captain Thomas Trumpet — some marine monster that I never even heard of!

Mrs. P. (*Reads.*) "Dear Tom — I hasten to announce" —

Mrs. O'S. Never mind that — come at once to the P. S.

Mrs. P. (*Reads.*) "Postscript. I forgot to mention that I have brought a Jenny to England with me."

Mrs. O'S. You hear! He's brought a Jenny with him! Go on.

Mrs. P. (*Reads.*) "That pretty little creature that I told you I had met with a few months after leaving England."

Mrs. O'S. Go on.

Mrs. P. (*Reads.*) "Now, my dear Tom, you must take charge of her for the present, as my wife must be kept entirely in the dark — you understand."

Mrs. O'S. The wretch!

Mrs. P. Well, Julia, I must confess that your husband's conduct is certainly a little suspicious.

Mrs. O'S. A little suspicious! I'd give a trifle to see the expression of your face, if you suddenly discovered that Mr. Pillicoddy had got a pretty little Jenny!

Mrs. P. I should instantly demand an explanation of him, which I advise you to do of your husband, by returning to Portsmouth immediately.

Mrs. O'S. Distinctly and decidedly, no!

Mrs. P. But I am afraid you cannot remain here. Mr. Pillicoddy's notions of female propriety are so scrupulous, that I am sure he would severely blame your conduct in leaving your home.

Mrs. O'S. Then I'll go elsewhere!

Mrs. P. Stay; I think I can find the accommodation you require at the house of a friend of mine.

Mrs. O'S. O, thank you! Ha — some one is coming!

Mrs. P. Then step into my room, and I'll rejoin you immediately.
Flush — go in! (*Mrs. O'Scutter exits, D. R. N. &c.*)

Enter SARAH, D. L. H. 1 E.

Sarah. Please, ma'am, here's one of Mrs. Simcox's young women wishes to know if you'd like to try on the bonnet you were looking at this morning?

Mrs. P. Yes. Show her into the parlor, and I'll come to her directly. Has Mr. Pillicoddy returned?

Sarah. I haven't seen him, ma'am.

Mrs. P. (*Aside.*) Perhaps I had better inform him at once of Julia's arrival. — (*To her.*) When your master comes in, tell him I wish to speak with him.

Sarah. Yes, ma'am. Any orders for dinner, ma'am?

Mrs. P. Ask your master.

Sarah. Yes, ma'am. Hadn't the kittens better be drowned, ma'am?

Mrs. P. Ask your master.

(*Exit, D. L. H. 1 E.*)

Sarah. Ask your master. And when I do ask master, it'll be, "Ask your missus." I begin to suspect there's a change a-taking place. I thought the sun couldn't be always a-shining. Well, as I said before, so much the better for the business. And talking of business — let me see once more if I can't make that little account right. (*Takes up slate, and stands at counter, with her back to the audience.*)

Enter CAPTAIN O'SCUTTLE, C. D. R. H., dressed in a rough pea jacket, large white trousers, straw hat, &c. He enters hurriedly, looks about the stage, then begins walking to and fro rapidly.

Capt. I can't be mistaken! No — I saw a female enter this house — a smart, rakish-looking little craft, just the same build and rigging as Mrs. O'Scuttle — but for the life of me I couldn't distinguish her figure head. However, I've traced her to Southampton; and, by the powers, I'll not give up the chase till I discover her latitude and longitude. (*Seeing SARAH.*) Ha! (*Takes SARAH by the arm, drags her forward, turns her towards him, and looks into her face.*) No! (*Walks about again.*)

Sarah. "No!" What does he mean by "No"? I beg your pardon, sir, but —

Capt. What's the matter?

Sarah. That's what I want to know.

Capt. Then I don't mind telling you. You must know, then, inquisitive female, that — (*As if hearing something.*) Ha! (*Looking off.*) No! As I was going to say, you must know that it's just one year and three days since I and my "Lively Polly" weighed anchor and sailed from Portsmouth —

Sarah. Really, sir, you must excuse me; but it can't possibly signify to me what happened to you, or your Lively Polly either. I never saw you in my life before, and I know nothing whatever of the young woman.

Capt. Silence! Well, I had intended — (*Same play as before.*)

Ha! (*Looking off.*) No! I repeat, I had intended to return in six months; but I wasn't able. In the first place I was detained by the currents—

Sarah. (*Aside.*) O, not quite ripe, I suppose!

Capt. Well, at length, we got back to Portsmouth. — (*Same play.*) Ha! (*Looks off.*) No!

Sarah. (*Aside.*) How the man does annoy me with his "noes," to be sure!

Capt. We made the Point at six P. M. yesterday, and I leave you to imagine my surprise and indignation, when I tell you that the "Lively Polly" had no sooner cast anchor than my wife cut her cable, and run before the wind! Now, what d'ye say to that?

Sarah. Why, it wouldn't be much use her running after the wind. But why did she cut poor Polly's cable?

Capt. Inquisitive female, you're slightly stupid!

Sarah. Well, I'm sure! In one word, sir—what do you want in this house?

Capt. I want the master of it!

Sarah. Mr. Pillicoddy?

Capt. Don't know. — (*Aside.*) Never heard of him. — (*Aloud.*) Very well—let's say Pillicoddy.

Sarah. Say Pillicoddy? It is Pillicoddy!

Capt. With all my heart. But tell me first—how many women have you on board?

Sarah. On board? What, board wages?

Capt. Pshaw! There's a lady in the house—

Sarah. Yes, sir—master's wife.

Capt. Pshaw! I mean the other.

Sarah. His other wife?

Capt. Pshaw! Is there no other young and lovely female here besides your mistress?

Sarah. There's only me, sir.

Capt. Pshaw! Where's Pilli—you know. Where's your master?

Sarah. Just stepped out, sir—but he'll soon be back.

Capt. So will I—and you may tell him so.

Sarah. Yes, sir. Please, sir, what name shall I—

Capt. True. Tell him that one Captain—No, on second thoughts, don't mention my name.

Sarah. I don't know it.

Capt. Then be sure you don't tell him. I'll be back immediately; and, in the mean time, you can just inform this Mr. Pilli—I forget the rest of him—that if he presumes to trifle with me, by the powers I'll— (*Same play as before.*) Ha! (*Looks out.*) No!

(*Exit, C. D. R. H., slamming it violently after him.*)

Sarah. Was there ever such a bear! He oughtn't to be allowed to go about without a muzzle! He says his wife has run away from him. Of course she has. What could the man expect? But what can he possibly want with master, I wonder? O, here he comes!

Enter PILLICODDY, C. D. R. H.

Well, sir?

Pil. Well, Sarah?

Sarah. What is it?

Pil. What is what?

Sarah. Didn't you meet him?

Pil. Who?

Sarah. The individual who's just been here for you

Pil. What's the individual's name?

Sarah. Don't know, sir.

Pil. What's the individual's business?

Sarah. Can't tell, sir.

Pil. Sarah, I am now more than ever convinced that you are, by no manner of means, of a communicative disposition.

Sarah. It's no fault of mine, sir. I couldn't make head nor tail of what the gentleman was talking about. It was all a jumble about currants, and gales of wind, and lively Pollys, and weighing anchors, and cutting cables, and —

Pil. O — a sailor!

Sarah. I dare say he was. But what I can't make out is, why should he come here after a lady?

Pil. (*Giving a violent jump.*) A lady?

Sarah. Lor, sir — what's the matter?

Pil. Nothing. It was only a sort of a — you know I'm subject to this kind of a — But good gracious! what lady? which lady? Of course he didn't inquire for the lady without describing the lady?

Sarah. He merely said she was a young and lovely female, and as he said it wasn't me, I can only suppose he meant missus.

Pil. (*Giving another bound.*) Ah!

Sarah. Don't, sir!

Pil. Well, I won't — for now that I am able to reflect calmly and dispassionately upon the occurrence that has just taken place, I feel inwardly convinced that this "jolly young waterman" has mistaken this house for one of the numerous establishments for young ladies in or about Southampton.

Sarah. You'll soon know all about it, sir, for he'll be back directly.

Pil. Will he? Then, inform him, with my compliments, that sudden and unexpected business will detain me for the next six months.

Sarah. Lor, sir! I told him you'd be in directly.

Pil. Thank ye, Sarah — I'm indebted to you. Perhaps you'll add to the obligation by going up into the front garret and letting me know when this jovial tar approaches.

Sarah. Yes, sir.

Pil. And, Sarah — not a word to your mistress.

Sarah. No, sir. Lor, sir, talking of missus, only suppose as Low this should be her first turned up again! O crimini! what fun!

Pil. Hold your tongue!

Sarah. I've done, sir — only you know, sir, what happened to brother Tom, might happen to —

Pil. Hold your tongue, I say!

Sarah. (*Going.*) Any orders for dinner, sir?

Pil. Ask your mistress.

Sarah. (Aside.) I said so. (*Taking up slate as she goes out, R. H. 1 H.*) Four and seven, eleven — eleven and nine, twenty — twenty and — (*Stopping at R. H.*) Hadn't the kittens better be drowned, sir?

Pil. Ask your mistress.

Sarah. (Aside.) I said so. Four and seven, eleven — eleven and nine — &c., &c. (*Exit, 1 R. H.*)

Pil. Horrible misgivings are floating across my brain in hideous confusion. What if my dream should be coming true! what if this mysterious briny stranger should turn out to be my friend with the sea weed and barnacles — my Neptune — my Robinson Crusoe! No; such a frightful calamity may have happened to brother Tom, but not to Pillicoddy. No; the fates couldn't be so unkind to Pillicoddy as to turn up his wife's first. I feel inwardly convinced that the aforesaid fates could not be so unkind to Pillicoddy. Then let this salt-water individual present himself, and the sooner the better.

Sarah. (Without.) He's coming, sir. Look, sir — that's him, a leaning up against the pump over the way.

Pil. (Going to C. D.) Yes, there he is, sure enough. Holloa! what's he about? Taking a deliberate aim at the window with some species of firearm! No — it's a telescope. Now, really — (*Walks across to R. H.*)

Enter CAPTAIN O'SCUTTLE, C. D. R. H., with telescope.

Capt. (L. To PILLICODDY.) Stop! I'll trouble you to shorten sail, and bring to.

Pil. (R.) Bring two? Two what?

Capt. Pshaw! So, sir, it seems I've found you at last!

Pil. It certainly does seem so — I am not prepared to deny the fact that it does seem so.

Capt. I believe your name is Pilli something or other?

Pil. No, sir, it is not Pilli something or other — it's Pillicoddy! John Peter Pillicoddy.

Capt. No matter.

Pil. I beg your pardon — it does matter. And now, sir, if there is any thing I can do for you —

Capt. There is. You can hold your tongue, as soon as convenient, and listen to me. (*In a very sudden and loud tone.*) She's here!

Pil. (Starting.) There's no necessity, sir, for exercising your organ in that absurd manner.

Capt. I repeat, she's here! You can't deny it. Don't speak — you haven't a word to say — don't interrupt me! How did she come here? when did she come here? why did she come here?

Pil. Really, my dear sir, the pronoun *she* being applicable to the entire female sex, I must trouble you clearly to define the particular *she* you mean by *she*.

Capt. My wife, sir!

Pil. (Aside.) His wife! (*Slightly staggering.*) Holloa, Pillicoddy, what are you about? No nonsense, Pillicoddy — be firm — be firm! — (*Aloud, and suddenly.*) Pooh! pooh! I beg to observe, there's nothing personal in my pooh! pooh! therefore, as I said before, pooh! pooh! — I know nothing of your wife — how should I?

There's only one married female in this house, and she happens to be my wife.

Capt. Don't trifle with me, Pilli— whatever it is. I saw her— distinctly saw her at a window on that side of the house — and that must be the room. (*Points to door, R. H. 2 E.*)

Pil. (Aside.) Anastasia's apartment! (*Looking about for a chair to faint upon.*)

Capt. So, sir, if you've no objection, we'll have her out. (*Going towards R. H. D. 2 E.*)

Pil. (Throwing himself before CAPTAIN.) Beware, mariner — beware! I'm small, but desperate — diminutive, but determined. — (*Aside.*) And yet, now I think of it, Sarah told me that Mrs. Pillicoddy had just gone out; so it couldn't be her he saw — it must have been his fancy — he must have seen his fancy. Ha, ha, ha! I breathe again. — (*Aloud to CAPTAIN.*) Very well, sir; as you will insist upon it that your wife is in that room, have her out by all means. There doesn't happen to be any body there — but, nevertheless, have her out.

Capt. (Unable to open door, 2 E. R. H.) O, there's nobody here, eh? Then how is it that the door happens to be locked on the inside of it, eh? (*Looking through the key hole.*)

Pil. (Aside.) She must have come back! (*Seeing CAPTAIN, and violently pulling him away.*) Holloa, sir! No looking through the key hole — delicacy forbids.

Capt. Hark ye, Pilli— whatever it is — don't presume to trifle with me any longer, or, by the blood of the O'Scuttles —

Pil. (In a very plaintive tone.) The what?

Capt. The O'Scuttles! Captain O'Scuttle stands before you.

Pil. Are you that man? (*Seizing CAPTAIN's hand.*) Does this hand really and truly grasp a Scuttle? (*Brings down a chair, arranges cushion, &c., and then deliberately sits down and faints — then suddenly jumps up again, and with a sudden air of gayety.*) Stop — wait a bit! My dear sir, allow me to call your attention to a trifling, but important fact, that seems to have entirely slipped your memory, and that is, that you are drowned!

Capt. O, I'm drowned, am I?

Pil. You know you are. You are this moment at the bottom of the sea. There was no end of tears shed on your account at first; but now you are forgotten, the world gets on very comfortably without you — so why destroy the agreeable delusion? I put it to you — why destroy the agreeable delusion? Now, go back from whence you came I have considered the point in all its bearings, and I should be neglecting a duty — a sacred duty — if I did not advise you to go back from whence you came.

Capt. Thank ye. But I've had enough of the sea for some time.

Pil. I should think so — but you don't seem much the worse for it. — (*Aside.*) I don't see any barnacles about him.

Capt. Let me tell you, shipwreck's no joke. It's no trifle to be wandering about on an island like Robinson Crusoe.

Pil. (Aside.) There! I thought as much.

Capt. It's my belief I should have died if it hadn't been for the natives.

Pil. (*Aside.*) Shipwrecked on an oyster bed! The luck of some people is perfectly miraculous!

Capt. However, sir, I once again beheld the white cliffs of Old England, and I forgot all my troubles in contemplating the affectionate, loving welcome of my wife!

Pil. (*Aside.*) Poor devil!

Capt. But it wasn't to be, sir. Excuse these tears —

Pil. Don't mind me, sir — get rid of the superfluous salt water, by all means. — (*Aside.*) I really feel for the man — to me there's something peculiarly touching in the contemplation of a jolly tar, when he's not jolly.

Capt. Mrs. O'Scuttle had left her home. (*Sighing deeply.*)

Pil. (*Aside.*) He calls her Mrs. O'Scuttle. Then he's not aware — he seems so entirely broken down by grief, physically as well as mentally, that I think I'll venture to tell him. — (*Aloud.*) My dear sir, will you allow me to mention to you in confidence, that when you presented yourself before me for the first time, I immediately made this observation to myself within myself: "If ever there was a man cut out by nature to bear a shock like a Briton, yonder man is that man!" I don't wish to flatter you, but to myself, within myself, I made that observation.

Capt. Indeed! And pray, sir, didn't it occur to you, at the same time, that I was just the sort of man to cut your throat, or any other man's that dared to do me any injury? (*Very fiercely.*)

Pil. Why, no — I can't say —

Capt. Can't you? Then, by the powers, I'll show you it is so, if you don't immediately and satisfactorily explain how it is that I find my wife in this house.

Pil. Your wife? When you say your wife, of course you are naturally and powerfully impressed with the pleasing but slightly erroneous idea that she is your wife.

Capt. What d'ye mean?

Pil. Mean? (*Exclaiming.*) Good gracious! Did it never occur to you, as you were wandering about your island like a wretched Robinson Crusoe, that your wife might naturally fancy herself a widow — and that fancying herself a widow, she might equally naturally endeavor to console herself for your loss by —

Capt. What?

Pil. Can't you guess? (*Lights gradually darken.*)

Capt. No. (*PILLICODDY whispers across to CAPTAIN.*) Speak out!

Pil. (*Getting behind chair — shouting.*) By marrying again!

Capt. Marrying again? Ha, ha, ha! That would be a mighty good joke. Ha, ha, ha!

Pil. (*Aside.*) He takes it remarkably well. — (*Advancing.*) Ha, ha, ha! (*Increasing in loudness.*) Ha, ha, ha! Then you're not offended? you don't mind it? You're a great creature, and I respect you. (*Taking CAPTAIN'S hand.*) I respect you much, but, under existing circumstances, don't you think it would be as well for you to — Umph! (*Pointing towards c. n.*) In short, don't you think it would be better for you to — (*Points to c.*) Umph!

Capt. What d'ye mean?

- Pil.* Why, if she were to know that you've turned up again —
- Capt.* She? Who?
- Pil.* My wife!
- Capt.* I can't see how that can possibly matter to her — all I want is my wife.
- Pil.* Well, your wife, or my wife — it's all the same.
- Capt.* All the same?
- Pil.* Of course. We may say our wife, eh? Ha, ha, ha! (*Louder.*) Ha, ha, ha!
- Capt.* 'Sdeath and the devil! You don't mean to say that Mrs. O'Scuttle —
- Pil.* Mrs. Pillicoddy, if it's the same to you.
- Capt.* Bother Mrs. Pillicoddy! I repeat, you don't mean to say that Mrs. O'Scuttle —
- Pil.* Bother Mrs. O'Scuttle! You either can't or won't understand, that by your absurd and capricious conduct — first in getting yourself drowned, and then turning up again — you and I, at this present moment, have only one wife between us.
- Capt.* What, you don't mean to say you've married my wife?
- Pil.* Certainly not, sir. I've married your widow.
- Capt.* Widow? How can that be, when I'm alive?
- Pil.* But you have no business to be alive — it's the height of absurdity on your part to be alive.
- Capt.* Faithless, perjured woman! But I'll be the death of her!
- Pil.* Then we shall be worse off than we are now — we shall have no wife at all between us.
- Capt.* It certainly is a bit of a blunder.
- Pil.* A very considerable bit.
- Capt.* However, luckily, the remedy is simple enough.
- Pil.* I'm delighted to hear it. What is it?
- Capt.* Either I shoot you, or you shoot me.
- Pil.* It's very handsome of you to give me the choice. I'll shoot you.
- Capt.* (*Fiercely.*) No!
- Pil.* Can any thing be fairer?
- Capt.* No!
- Pil.* Very well, then —
- Capt.* No!
- Pil.* Why, just now you —
- Capt.* No!
- Pil.* You distinctly said —
- Capt.* No!
- Pil.* Yes — you've said no several times, but —
- Capt.* That'll do! Tell Mrs. O'Scuttle —
- Pil.* Mrs. Pillicoddy?
- Capt.* Mrs. O'Scuttle!
- Pil.* Pillicoddy!
- Capt.* Tell her to pack up instantly, and prepare to accompany her lawful husband —
- Pil.* That's me!
- Capt.* Me!

Pil. Me!

Capt. I'll be back directly.

Pil. (Not listening to him.) Me!

Capt. You hear!

(Exit, hurriedly, c. d.)

Pil. Me! (Shouting after him.) Me! (Walking down rapidly to front.) What's to be done? Give up Anastasia? Never! What would life be to me without my Anastasia? Nothing. What would Anastasia be to me without life? Nothings still — so let my cry be, "Anastasia or death!" with a decided preference for Anastasia. Ah -- yes! If we could only make our escape together, before this infuriated Scuttle returns — yes, yes — (The stage is now dark. He runs to R. H. D. 2 E. and shakes it violently.) Open the door! (Shakes door again.) Open the door, I say! The house is on fire! (Shouting. A slight scream is heard. Door opens, 2 E. R. H., and Mrs. O'Scuttle appears — he seizes her and drags her forward.) It's I — your Pillicoddy — your John Peter! My dream — my nightmare's come true — Robinson Crusoe has turned up again — I mean, your husband — no, not your husband —

Mrs. O'S. (Aside.) I thought so. I was sure I heard the good-for-nothing fellow's voice.

Pil. He comes here from some distant oyster bed or other, to drag you away from me — from me, your own John Peter!

Mrs. O'S. (Aside.) Can it be possible? Does he still love me?

Pil. He says he adores you — so much so, that he swears he'll be the death of you, and me too — so let's fly together, beloved of my soul — let's fly together! (Dragging at her.)

Mrs. O'S. (Aside.) Who can this be? What matchless impudence!

Pil. Wiltshire invites us. Fly with me — your second — your own true, fond, devoted second — damn your first — he's drowned! I'm your husband!

Mrs. O'S. Unhand me! (Breaks from him, and runs out, c. d., and goes into greenhouse, c.)

Pil. She breaks from me. I understand it all. She loves her first — she said so. She'll follow her first through the world — she'll put down her Pillicoddy and take up her Scuttle — she said so. O, what execrable taste! to say nothing of the base ingratitude of the woman — after the no end of new bonnets I've given her. What will become of me? Curiosity is not naturally one of my failings, but it would be satisfactory to me to have some faint idea of what will become of me. (Seats himself in chair, hiding his face in his hands.)

Enter *MRS. PILLICODDY*, D. L. H. 1 R., a bandbox in her hand.

Lights down.

Mrs. P. (Aside, as she enters.) Surely I cannot be mistaken — the gentleman that I caught a glimpse of a few minutes ago, walking about the grounds. I haven't seen Captain O'Scuttle for four years — and it is almost too dark to recognize any one to a certainty — yet, I could almost swear — (PILLICODDY sneezes.) There's somebody here! Can it be he? If so, I will inform him at once of Julia's arrival. — (Aloud.) Ahem! hem!

Pil. (Hearing.) Somebody with a cough, or a cold in the head.

Mrs. P. (Louder.) Ahem! Who's there?

Pil. (Aside.) Anastasia's voice! She's come back to implore my pardon.

Mrs. P. Is it you, captain? *(Louder.)* Is it you?

Pil. (Aside.) Captain! She think's it's Robinson Crusoe — she takes her second for her first. — *(Aloud, and assuming sailor's voice and manner.)* Ay, ay, my hearty! Shiver my timbers! Haul away, my O, boys!

Mrs. P. (Hastily and approaching him.) Then listen to me. *(Puts down bandbox.)* Your wife is here; she may have acted a little imprudently, but I'm sure you'll forgive her, like a dear, kind, affectionate husband, that you are. Believe me, she loves you as dearly as ever; so lose no time, but take her away with you at once, before Mr. Pillicoddy knows any thing about the matter.

Pil. (Who, during the above, is variously agitated.) Ha, ha, ha! *(Very loud.)* Ha, ha, ha! *(Weaker and weaker — then sinks down, crushing bonnet box.)*

Mrs. P. (Alarmed.) Why, it's Pillicoddy! Help! Sarah! Sarah!

Enter SARAH, R. H. 1 E., with lighted candle. Lights up.

Sarah. Lor, missus — what's the matter?

Mrs. P. (Seeing PILLICODDY.) Why, I do declare, it's your master! *(Calling.)* Pillicoddy! John Peter!

Sarah. (Holding candle close to his face.) It's no use, ma'am. We'd better put him to bed. You will leave the key of the cellar about! *(Putting down candle.)*

Mrs. P. John Peter, I say — dear John Peter!

Pil. (Suddenly starting up.) Don't call me John Peter — call me Pillicoddy! No, don't — call me *Mister* Pillicoddy. Go to your first! Resume your Scuttle! Follow your Scuttle throughout the world! Go, perjured, capricious Anastasia — go! Don't think to break my heart! No, no; here I'll sit, and calmly witness your departure.

Sarah. Now, do go to bed, sir. You're quite dreadful to look at!

Pil. Silence, Sarah!

Mrs. P. Well, but —

Pil. Silence, I say! I'm desperate — crazy — mad — frantic! Ha, ha, ha! Tol de rol! *(Singing and dancing.)*

“Can you dance the Polka?

Won't you dance the Polka?”

Ha! *(Looking off at c.)* He comes! Crusoe come to claim his wife! The gentle Robinson approaches! *(Shouting.)* Come in, Barnacles. Don't be shy. Come in, I say — *(Running to c. They hurry in, D. R. H. 2 E.)*

Enter CAPTAIN O'SCUTTLE, C. D. R. H.

(Seizing hold of CAPTAIN, and dragging him hurriedly towards R. H. D.) She's there — take her, and my blessing along with her! *(Violently bonnets CAPTAIN, and forces him off, R. H. D.)* And now — now —

what has Pillicoddy to live for? Nothing. Ergo, Pillicoddy dies. But the means? I can't swim, so it's no use thinking of drowning myself — and apothecaries won't dispense arsenic, except for rats — and although the majority of apothecaries are proverbially credulous, still I feel it would be useless in me to attempt to pass myself off as a specimen of that species of vermin. Ha — yes — one of those numerous and long-neglected drawers (*pointing to the nest of drawers on counter*) — contains poppy heads — the poppy heads, poppy seeds — and poppy seeds, when taken incessantly for several weeks, produce immediate dissolution. Happy thought! Here they are. (*Coming forward with drawer.*) What whoppers! Fortunate Pillicoddy — that they should happen to be whoppers! (*Eating and filling his pockets with the rest.*) Any thing much more unsavory — I might say nasty — I never tasted. Never mind — it'll soon be over, (*eating again*) — and then an inquest will be held upon me. Twelve of my intimate friends and fellow-townsmen will — But, stop — the worst of it is — that all this will add considerable to the perfidious Anastasia's worldly happiness. O, if I could only do something to destroy the perfidious Anastasia's worldly happiness before the poppy heads produce their effect. I declare they've made me quite sleepy already. Ha! what do I see? (*Looking towards greenhouse, back of C. D.*) A lovely female! (*Seeing Mrs. O'Scuttle, who is seen in the greenhouse.*) And shall I hesitate? No! Anastasia, thus do I cast you off forever! Thus do I tear your once loved image from my bosom, and supply its place with yonder exquisite stranger! Happy idea! I'll about it straight. (*Stopping suddenly, and yawning.*) Holloa! what's the matter with me? I feel quite — it's those confounded poppies! (*Shakes himself, then dances up to Mrs. O'Scuttle, takes her hand and leads her forward.*) Enchanting being! pardon the candor of a stranger — a total stranger — but I have a request to make — a trifling one — and that is, that you will from this moment enshrine me in the innermost recesses of your heart.

Mrs. O'S. (R.) Sir!

Pil. (L.) Now, do — graceful, swan-like creature, do — and I swear to you, on honor of a Pillicoddy —

Mrs. O'S. (*Astonished.*) Mr. Pillicoddy!

Pil. Yes, dove-like lass — yes. (*Suddenly very drowsy — then violently shaking himself.*) Yes — your Pillicoddy. So take me — all I have is yours. My house, my shop, my grounds, my flowers, my very cucumber frames!

Mrs. O'S. O sir, consider — if Anastasia only knew —

Pil. I wish her to know. I repeat, I wish — her — to — (*Again very drowsy; rouses himself.*) Pardon me, sylph-like beauty — I've been indulging in poppies! Yes, the sooner Anastasia knows the better, for I'm only following her example. She has recovered her Scuttle, and she is happy in that Scuttle! In short, give her a cottage and her Scuttle, and I believe she would be content.

Mrs. O'S. Scuttle? (*Anxiously.*) Surely not Captain O'Scuttle, just returned from a long voyage?

Pil. Yes, she loves the colossal mariner! She told me so. They are now together in that very room. (*Points to R. H.*)

Mrs. O'S. Can it be possible? Perfidious Anastasia! Now I can understand her anxiety to get me out of the house. What's to be done? Sir—sir— (*Going to PILLICODDY, who, during his speech, has gone fast asleep, and is standing swaying to and fro.*) I say, sir— (*Shaking PILLICODDY, who falls on her shoulder. She with difficulty supports him. A scream is heard, and CAPTAIN O'SCUTTLE comes in from D. R. H. 2 E., with SARAH fainting in his arms.*)

Mrs. O'S. My husband!

Capt. My wife!

Mrs. O'S. Let go that woman, sir!

Capt. Drop that man, madam!

Sarah. (*Recovering, looks up in CAPTAIN'S face—then modestly.*) O! (*Hiding her face on the CAPTAIN'S shoulder again.*)

Capt. Don't be absurd!

Sarah. (*Looking up again.*) I'm a foolish, timid young creature—but, really, when one hears one's self made such desperate love to—all of a sudden, too—O! (*Trying to hide her face on his shoulder again—he keeps her off.*)

Mrs. O'S. (*To CAPTAIN.*) There—you hear, sir!

Capt. Pooh—it's no such thing. (*Starting up.*)

Sarah. No such thing? O, you vile, double-faced fellow! Didn't you swear you loved me? Yes! Didn't you call me your wife? Yes! And do you think I'm going to throw a chance away? No, no— (*Making a rush at him with open arms.*)

Capt. Be quiet—it's all a mistake. The room was so plaguy dark, I thought I was speaking to—

Mrs. O'S. To Anastasia, eh?

Capt. Anastasia? Who's Anastasia?

Pil. (*Suddenly giving himself a violent shaking.*) Who's Anastasia? My Anastasia! I can't give her up—I won't give her up! (*Crosses to CAPTAIN.*) Scuttle—my gentle Scuttle—my gallant Scuttle—don't take her from me!

Capt. Who the devil wants her?

Pil. (*Crosses to c.*) Anastasia, he doesn't want you! Anastasia, the great Scuttle doesn't want you! Ha, ha, ha!

Enter MRS. PILLICODDY, D. L. H. 1 E.

Mrs. P. No; I suspect all that he requires is his own little runaway wife.

Capt. That's true enough—so come here to me, my darling. (*To MRS. O'SCUTTLE.*)

Mrs. O'S. (*Holding letter up before his eyes.*) First, be good enough, Captain Fitzgerald O'Scuttle, to explain that "P. S."—in its present state, that "P. S." reads any thing but pleasantly. (*Crosses to c.*)

Capt. Ha, ha, ha! I see—jealous of little Jenny!

Mrs. O'S. Yes, sir—and I insist upon knowing what that mysterious female is.

Capt. Ha, ha, ha! Why, the mysterious female in question happens to be the most elegant little Brazilian monkey you ever clapped eyes on.

Mrs. O'S. A monkey for me? O, my dear, dear husband! (*Embraces him.*)

Sarah. (*Aside.*) The man's married! If I had only known it at the time, wouldn't I have spoilt his "figure head," as he calls it, rather! (*Seeing PILLICODDY, who is swaying to and fro, fast asleep.*) Lor, ma'am — whatever's the matter with master? Only look at him! He looks for all the world like a goose a-going to roost. (*SARAH and MRS. PILLICODDY run to PILLICODDY.*)

Mrs. P. Pillicoddy!

Sarah. Master! (*They shake him violently; his hat tumbles off, and a number of poppy heads fall out.*) Poppies! He's gone and poisoned himself. (*They all pull him and shake him, crying,*) "Rouse yourself."

Pil. That's right. Rouse me — keep continually rousing me! Anastasia, it was all on your account — I thought he was going to tear you from me!

Mrs. P. He? Who?

Pil. Who? Why — Sarah, rouse me! (*SARAH takes a pin out of her dress, and runs it into PILLICODDY's arm.*) Thank ye. (*To Mrs. P.*) Why, your first — my predecessor — the once supposed to be lost, but lately turned up Scuttle!

Capt. If you mean Captain O'Scuttle, I am he — husband to this lady, and second cousin to my second cousin, the late Captain Fitzpatrick O'Scuttle.

Pil. Ah! Then you're not Robinson Crusoe — you're not my friend with the barnacles! Sarah, rouse me! (*Same play.*) Thank ye! I thought you were Patzfitrick — I mean Fatzpitrick — Sarah, rouse me! (*Same play.*) Thank ye! And now I've nothing to fear. (*MRS. PILLICODDY goes from L. to C., and points to audience.*) Well, what of that? (*To MRS. PILLICODDY.*) I repeat, I've nothing to fear. It isn't the first time that I've stood my trial here, and, therefore — Sarah, rouse me! Thank ye! I say, I'm inclined to hope that the same indulgent jury, without even retiring from their boxes, will once more return a verdict of "Not Guilty" — then no one will be more transported than "POOR PILLICODDY."

SITUATIONS.

CAPTAIN. MRS. O'SCUTTLE. PILLICODDY. MRS. P. SARAH.

R. H.

L. H.

CURTAIN.



Lib. 210.7

THE MUMMY.

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

WILLIAM BAYLE BERNARD,

AUTHOR OF LUCILLE, THE NERVOUS MAN, EVIL GENIUS, FARMER'S
STORY, THE MIDDY ASHORE, THE FOUR SISTERS,
WOMAN'S FAITH, ETC.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

COSTUME, CASTS OF CHARACTERS, AND ALL THE STAGE
BUSINESS.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORIGINAL CAST.

English Opera, London, 1833. Burton's, N. Y., 1854.

<i>Mr. Mundragon,</i>	Mr. Williams.	Mr. Russell.
<i>Captain Canter,</i>	" J. Bland.	" Holman.
<i>Old Tramp,</i>	" Minton.	" Gourly.
<i>Toby Tramp,</i>	" J. Reeve.	" Burton.
<i>Larry Bathershin,</i>	" B. Hill.	" Johnston.
<i>Theophilus Pole,</i>	" Wyman.	" Andrews.
<i>Fanny Mandragon,</i>	Miss Novello.	Miss Florence.
<i>Susan,</i>	Mrs. Emden.	Mrs. Holman.

SCENE—*House and Village in Berkshire, Eng. Time of Representation, one hour.*

C O S T U M E .

MANDRAGON—Square cut buff coat, waistcoat, and buff breeches, grey stockings, square toed shoes and latchets.

CAPTAIN CANTER—First dress : white pantaloons, blue dress coat, and dark blue silk waistcoat. Second dress : planter's straw hat, and long nankeen coat.

OLD TRAMP—Old-fashioned brown suit.

TOBY TRAMP—First dress : black pantaloons ; brown short-tailed coat, buttoned up to the neck, old white hat. Second dress : dark brown shape dress, with blue and red stripes, as a Mummy.

LARRY BATHERSHIN—Quaint square-cut livery.

THEOPHILUS POLE—Black pantaloons, coat and waistcoat.

FANNY MANDRAGON—White muslin dress.

SUSAN—Amber skirt, cap and flowers.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right ; L., Left ; R. H., Right Hand ; L. H. Left Hand ; C., Centre ; R. C., Right of Centre ; L. C., Left of Centre ; F., the Flat ; C. D. F., Door in Flat ; R. D. F., Right Door in Flat ; L. D. F., Left door in Flat ; R. H. D., Right Hand Door, First Entrance ; L. H. D., Left Hand Door, First Entrance ; S. E., (or 2 E.,) Second Entrance ; U. E., Upper Entrance.

R. R. C. C. L. C. I.

* * The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

THE MUMMY.

SCENE I.—*Street in a Village.*

Enter CAPTAIN CANTER, L. H.

CAN. I can't be mistaken! that must be my old London acquaintance—there's not such another face in England. But then his dress is so suspicious! I have hardly courage, in a little village—where every old woman is a general surveyor—to make myself known. Yes it is him! Hist! Toby! Toby! Toby Tramp! [*Whispering off*, L. H.]

Enter TOBY TRAMP, L. H.

TOBY. "Who calls so loud?" Ah, captain—noble Roman—what brings you to Littlestyle?

CAN. Fate, Toby.

TOBY. Toby! I beg pardon, captain, but I've changed my name, since I left town, to Horace Templeton—it reads better at the head of a bill.

CAN. Well, then, Horace Templeton, the cause of my presence here is a woman. Now what may be yours?

TOBY. Not a woman, but an art——

CAN. An art?

TOBY. Yes—you know my versatility—In London I was Master of Arts.

CAN. Very true—you professed everything. Let me see—you had a taste for drawing——

TOBY. Corks. Guess again.

CAN. You were a proficient in music—I can remember some of your dulcet notes——

TOBY. It's a long while since I've had any *silver* sounds. Elevate your notions, captain. What is the most sublime and useful study in this most civilized of countries?

CAN. Hum! the art of creating confidence in a London tradesman.

TOBY. Pooh pooh! the stage, captain, the stage—the immortal sphere of Shakespeare and of Garrick.

CAN. The stage! Oh, then you've become a *spouter*?

TOBY. Don't mention it. I don't know how it was, but one morning the furor seized me. I came down here, shut myself up two days in a garret, and opened in Richard—the hit was tremendous—before I reached the great scenes my acting was so affecting, half the people were obliged to go out.

CAN. But surely your figure doesn't answer in tragedy?

TOBY. Not answer? it tells. Why such is the utility of my construction, I can either compress myself to Romeo, or let myself out for Falstaff. My superiority to other actors is, that I don't require stuffing.

CAN. That's lucky; for in this wretched place you can get no remuneration.

TOBY. Remuneration! Read the county paper. Fame to a man of genius is enough remuneration.

CAN. But is it to a man of business? I should say, if you take the county paper to your butcher he'd ask you for cash.

TOBY. But you wouldn't have me play and pay too? No; I propose an exchange of commodities—beef and mutton for the feast of reason, and a tide of brandy for the flow of soul.

CAN. Come, come, Toby, is it really a fire in the heart, or a pain in the shoulder, which has driven you to this new experiment?

TOBY. I assure you, my dear fellow, only one thing has occurred to make me repent it. My benefit—my benefit ruined me. I had paid all my creditors with tickets, and the house was at least twenty pounds under their charges.

CAN. Well, now, what if I propose a plan to put this twenty pounds in your pocket, and thereby enable you to pursue your amusement under more favourable auspices.

TOBY. How?

CAN. Listen. I have followed here a charming creature, whom I accidentally met in London and eternally gave my

heart to. Her father, a retired merchant, has a passion for curiosities; he has spent a fortune in forming a museum; and having lately been so lucky as to buy a sarcophagus, the great object of his existence is now to get a mummy.

TOBY. A what?

CAN. A mummy—the body of an Egyptian prince; which, by some process in embalming, has been preserved entire. Well, under a suitable disguise I have introduced myself to him as an Eastern traveller that has brought over the veritable frame of King Cheops.

TOBY. (*Making signs.*) Oho!

CAN. Here I require a confederate—some one that will get into a black box I have at the inn, and put on a dress of calico bandages. Now, Toby, you are the man.

TOBY. I!

CAN. You.

TOBY. A first tragedian play a mummy! Why that's a dummy! I wouldn't do it for twenty pounds a week! [*Claps on his hat and walks off.*]

CAN. (*Pulling him back.*) But where's the difficulty? I'll take care that no one shall approach you too near till my arrangements are made, which are to get the hand of the girl as your purchase.

TOBY. But it's so bad a part—I shall have nothing to say!

CAN. No—all you'll have to do is to lie still.

TOBY. But the old foggy may have seen me act.

CAN. He'll never recognize you in so *quiet* a character.

TOBY. Suppose I'm troubled with a cough?

CAN. Then I'll shut down the lid——

TOBY. And then I'm smothered, and that ends my performance.

CAN. Then the upshot is, that I must go to town and appeal to the good nature of a truer friend.

TOBY. But, my dear fellow, no manager ever made me a corpse——

CAN. Twenty pounds.

TOBY. I never could study a dumb part——

CAN. Twenty pounds——

TOBY. But let me just open my mouth——

CAN. And I'll stop it up with twenty pounds! [*Pushes him off, L. H.*]

SCENE II.—*Mandragon's Museum. Detached glass cases are ranged around, containing curiosities. A sarcophagus stands at the back on tressels. Vases, busts, broken statues, stuffed birds, beasts, &c. heap the room and line the walls. A door stands R. H. at back. Two bottles stand on a shelf—one labelled "Elixir Vitæ," the other "Brandy."*

THEOPHILUS POLE *discovered before a stand painting a stuffed crocodile, which LARRY BATHERSHIN is holding up to him by the jaws.*

LAR. Phew! the devil fly away with the fine arts! Here have I been all the morning supporting an allegory. Mr. Tophilus, are my degrading services required any longer?

THEO. Drop the jaw!

LAR. By the powers it's a decent long one. I suppose this was some sea Demosthenes.

THEO. Now present the volume of the tail.

LAR. The volume! 'pon my conscience it's a tale in many volumes. Oh, Mr. Tophilus! I wonder at your want of pride, to take the likeness of a baste that makes mouths at you.

THEO. You have no taste for the sublime.

LAR. I deny that—I'll drink whiskey with any man.

THEO. Your master is a man of judgment. The pictures I have painted of the rare and valuable contents of his museum will go forth as a lasting record of his fame and mine. Yet painting the dead is a spiritless pursuit. Had this monster been alive, what a great work I'd have made of him.

LAR. And what small work he'd have made of you.

THEO. You have no genius; the painter who loves as I do the sublime, will always court danger to catch reality. Give me to gaze upon the hungry lion, fierce and lonely, in his forest lair—to paint the writhings of the imprisoned maniac, clutching at an empty crown! [*Seizing Larry by the throat, and fixing in an attitude.*]

LAR. What!

THEO. Ha, expression! I see at last a meaning in your face. Now I could *take* you

LAR. (*Disengaging himself.*) I'm not to be had. Sir, would you make an Irish gentleman, a mountebank?

THEO. No kindred feeling; well, let us resume our duties, and attend to the antiques.

LAR. I'm tired of your antics; here's half the house strewed with stone masons' rubbish, which the old lunatic, my master, calls rarities; and the other full of devouring monsters, well stuffed.

THEO. The gems of natural history.

LAR. Natural history! I deny that—it's *unnatural*; doesn't he keep all sorts of reptiles in capital *spirits*, and deny a glass to us experimental philosophers? Does he wish to preserve anything that's *eatable*? doesn't he set more value upon the bones of an old beast than a young gentleman? By the powers he's one of the most degrading species of *Infatuators*.

THEO. Do you impugn his taste? his love for every thing that's rare?

LAR. It's not rare, it's *over done*.

THEO. You have no science.

LAR. I deny that! I have been through college.

THEO. You?

LAR. Yes; from the back door to the front, and science carried me. I whitewashed the passage.

THEO. You are ignorant of history.

LAR. I deny that.

THEO. Do you know anything of cosmogony?

LAR. I've seen one.

THEO. What!

LAR. In Ireland.

THEO. Seen cosmogony?

LAR. Yes, sir; the *rare* thing. Do you think your dirty Ashy, and Afryky contain all the curiosities? the animal you spake of abounds in County Clare.

THEO. Cosmogony, means the history of the world.

LAR. Only hear that now. Oh, you wretched sophistication, to put down argument with a dirty bit of larnin—why, I've caught a cosmogony. [THEOPHILUS turns away in contempt—SUSAN comes down between them.]

THEO. Illiterate worm.

SUSAN. Sir!

LAR. Wretched pride of the world.

SUSAN. Gentlemen!

THEO. Contemptible insect!

SUSAN. Mr. Pole!

LAR. A shovelful of clay on a clothes-horse.

SUSAN. Who do you address this language to? Ah, Horace Templeton, you are a gentleman.

LAR. And I suppose you think you are another?

SUSAN. Mr. Pole!

THEO. Angelic Susan!

SUSAN. Have you finished my picture?

THEO. Sweet girl, your painter is the slave of circumstance. Ever since I took the first rough sketch I have been busy on the likeness of a wild-cat.

SUSAN. Do you mean to proceed?

THEO. Doubt it not; but I would first see you under some excitement, you know my forte is the sublime. I must put you in a passion some day, and then, take your features.

LAR. Then take care of your own.

Enter MANDRAGON with a portfolio under his arm, and a letter followed by FANNY, L. E.

MAN. Well Theophilus, are your labours completed? [*Taking up a sketch.*] Admirable! the jaws are full of power, and the tail has infinite spirit! This will be number five in my great work "Mandragon's gallery of Curiosities." [*Opening the portfolio, and turning over the leaves.*] "First—Authentic bust of the celebrated Cicero, the only likeness extant—nose wanting." Second—"A petrified Hedgehog, bristles erect. Supposed to have died of fright, at an eruption of Vesuvius." Third—"An extraordinary animal without head, legs or tail, name—country and climate, totally unknown." Fourth—"Pompey's Urn." Five—"An Egyptian Crocodile;" and the sixth—Theophilus—

THEO. The sixth!

MAN. Is the crown of the collection. What think you of a tenant for my Sarcophagus—a Mummy!

LAR. A what!

MAN. The veritable remains of the first Egyptian Pharaoh, full three thousand years old, there's a subject for your pencil—here's a note from its possessor, who has just returned from town with it, for my museum.

THEO. Well, a mummy is inspiring—there's spirit in a mummy.

MAN. You'll make a lovely picture of it.

THEO. If it's very horrible.

MAN. Prepare a fresh sheet for a sketch—you Larry, and Susan, attend the door—[THEOPHILUS places his stand on one side, and goes out.]

LAR. His mummy—what the devil does he mean by his mummy? his mother? [To SUSAN.]

SUSAN. No, no—a mummy is a dead man preserved.

LAR. Well, I've heard of live men preserved—but never of a dead one. [Goes out with her.]

MAN. Fanny my child, you are ignorant as yet of the great result of my years of application to black letter, and the Crucible.

FAN. Loss of appetite and temper papa.

MAN. Tut, tut, a discovery that shall waft my name down the vista of ages, to the setting sun of mortality.

FAN. What is it?

MAN. Hush—[In a low tone.] I believe I have actually discovered the constituents of that long lost compound the Elixir Vitæ, by which the old philosophers and priests prolonged their being many hundred years—[Points to the bottle on the table R. H.]

FAN. But surely you don't want to prolong yours, every day you say, life grows a burden.

MAN. No, no, I have a grander object—if this Elixir can prolong the vital functions, it must also have the power to restore them—now as I hear this mummy, by some virtue in its bandage, has been preserved without the loss of his interior.

FAN. Yes.

MAN. I'll make this the subject of an experiment.

FAN. Well—

MAN. But as the result must be ascertained in secret, you must assist me Fanny—you must amuse the traveller for half an hour.

FAN. Papa!

MAN. Then you see, if my specific fails, I can refuse the purchase—whilst, if it succeeds—

FAN. But papa—I don't know how to amuse a traveller.

MAN. Poh, poh, you can lead him over the grounds—he'll be sure to ask you a thousand-common place questions, which you can divide into three times as many answers—ah! [*A loud knock* L. H.]

Enter SUSAN, L. H.

SUSAN. Major Bangalore, and a box, sir.

MAN. Show him in—[*SUSAN goes out.*] Now Fanny, will you deny me the greatest favor I possibly can ask you—will you prevent my name becoming a constellation in science?

FAN. But papa—an utter stranger.

Enter CAPTAIN CANTER, L. H., in a broad-brimmed hat, flowing oriental costume and spectacles, followed by LARRY and two others, bearing a black box, which they place in the centre, then go out.

CAN. Mr. Mandragon, I'm your most obedient. To allay your anxiety I've returned a day before I promised. Now, sir, inspect this splendid specimen of art—this triumph of the brazen age. [*LARRY lifts up the lid.*]

MAN. (*Looking in.*) Wonderful! wonderful! Fanny, do you observe how fine is its preservation? It looks quite plump.

LAR. (*Looking in.*) Plump! By the powers it looks alive!

CAN. There—there's an eulogy! So perfect is this mastery of science over time, that the eyes of unassisted nature believe it lives—can you ask more?

MAN. I'm transported!

CAN. I shall expect you will permit no one to approach it till I resign it to your hands.

MAN. Undoubtedly. Larry, you hear, sir? [*LARRY goes out, looking fearfully at box* L. H.]

CAN. But your daughter has not seen it. Hem!

MAN. My daughter—eh! bless me! Major, I've not yet

introduced you to her—my only child—a very dutiful creature.

FAN. But, father—[*Aside to him.*]

MAN. Will you obey me? [*Aside.*] And a very entertaining prattler sometimes. By the bye, he has a great curiosity on all oriental subjects, and I have made bold to promise that you would gratify her.

CAN. With the greatest pleasure. [*Lifting his spectacles to catch her eye.*] Fanny! hem!

FAN. Really, this delusion.

MAN. Delights you—delights you, eh? Major, suppose we take a stroll in the garden, to talk over matters—Fanny, take the Major's arm.

FAN. Father, this insult to my delicacy compels me—[*To MANDRAGON.*]

MAN. To blight my peace, you hussey—As I was saying, Major, a stroll in the garden will be the best means to arrange—my girl, can't contain her raptures—[*To FANNY.*] Will you be quiet? [*To CAPTAIN C.*] Will you proceed? [*Crowds them out. TOBY puts his head out of the box, his face reddened, and his body in a dress of bandages.*]

TOBY. [*Getting out.*] What a confined character—how degraded I feel at such a first appearance—here I shall sit—[*Shutting down the lid and sitting*] lamenting my downfall like Caius Marius, amongst the ruins of Carthage—[*Pointing to the fragments, &c.*] Only one thing reconciles me—in this house lives that sweet girl that I'm teaching to play Belvidera, now if she'd come, we could have a scene—I'm very thirsty, very. [*Looking up at the bottles R. H.*] Elixir vitæ, Brandy—Elixir Vitæ—must be inspiring stuff. [*Takes it off table.*] It sounds well, it smells well, it's cheap—[*Drinks*] and nasty; I must take some brandy to wash away the taste—[*Takes down the other, and drinks.*] Ha! this is excellent, eh—some one's coming—I must go back to my private box. [*Returns the bottle to the table, and gets into the box as MANDRAGON enters with THEOPHILUS, and secures the door.*]

MAN. (L. C.) I have left them in the garden, and now can pursue my experiment in safety—Form of the mighty Pharaoh, I approach thee with due awe—[*Looking into the box.*] The flesh quite soft, the organs all entire—where's my Elixir?

[TOBY puts up his head as Mandragon takes the bottle.] Source of my future fame—gold-like liquid. Stay, if it must entirely penetrate his frame, a quart won't be enough.

TOBY. A quart! (*Aside*.)

MAN. My brain's confused—shall I pursue this course, or that of an incision?

THEO. An incision by all means.

TOBY. Damn it, does he mean to drench me with that horse medicine. (*Aside*.)

MAN. Theophilus advise me—I had proposed to try my inestimable compound on this mummy, but I had scarcely got the bottle in my hand, when the wish seized me to set another doubt at rest—to open his side, and see if he has a heart.

TOBY. What! (*Aside*.)

THEO. Well —

MAN. I have all the instruments, look here [*Goes to a case R. H. and takes out a saw, a large knife, and an Augur*]. His bones are as soft as muscle, his flesh would cut like cheese—or I might try a third experiment, which involves a still more curious theory—bore through his skull, and see if he has a brain. [*Turning the Augur*].

TOBY. My poor skull. (*Aside*.)

THEO. Restore him to existence.

MAN. Aye!

THEO. I will tell you of a sublime catastrophe.

MAN. Well—

THEO. Should signs of vitality display themselves, we'll bind him to a plank—hand and leg immovable, then as he writhes and yells, and his eyes glare open with the spasm, I'll catch the grand expression, and throw it upon canvas.

TOBY. (*Falling back into the box.*) Oh—

MAN. What's that?

[*A rapping at the door L. H.*]

SUSAN. (*Outside*). Sir, sir.

MAN. Who's there?

SUSAN. My young lady's fallen in a fit.

MAN. The perverse jade, she's bent on destroying my peace.

Theophilus follow me—I shall want your assistance—[*Putting the instruments and bottle down, they go out.*]

TOBY. (*Rising.*) Here's a conspiracy—I'm doomed, I'm sold, I'm murdered—this is a cutting up academy, and the Captain provides it with subjects—"But they're sharing spoil, before the field is won." Here's a fellow for Shylock—[*Taking up a knife.*] "A sentence, come prepare."

"Toby yet breathes, Tramp still lives, and reigns,
When he is gone, *then* they may count their gains."

I'll arm myself—[*Takes up the knife.*] Inside and out—more brandy. [*Takes down the bottle and drinks.*] Eh, some one's coming—"Thus doubly armed, [*Flourishing the knife and bottle.*] I welcome danger." [*Gets into the chest, SUSAN and LARRY peep in at the door.*]

SUSAN. The door's open.

LAR. And master's absent.

SUSAN. But you remember his commandment?

LAR. And do you never break a commandment?

SUSAN. But then, to see such a wonder.

LAR. It would be a greater wonder if you could stay away, now, I tell you what, you are scarcely old enough, you shall become a century at the door, whilst I go in, and see if the thing is dacent.

SUSAN. But I want to see, too. Well, don't be long—[*Shuts the door.*]

LAR. (*Coming forward.*) The body of an old Gypsey King, that has been in pickle three thousand years—he must be a nice bit of corn beef by this time—'pon my conscience, I've got an agy fit—I'm half afraid to go near it—if now it was to plase old Nick to enter the body of the old gypsey, how aasily he'd draw that stray sheep, my master, into his clutches—mighty pleasant if the devil was to raise up his head just as I go to look in—[*Approaching the box slowly, TOBY rises and grins at him—he falls on his knees L. H.*] Murder!

TOBY. Ha! [*Waving his knife.*]

LAR. Murder, murder—Holy Paul and Doctor Faustus—[*Rolling towards the door—SUSAN bursts in L. H.*]

SUSAN. Larry, what's the matter? [*Sees TOBY and drops on her knees with a scream.*] Yah—[*LARRY runs out.*]

TOBY. Susan.

SUSAN. Oh, mighty mummy——

TOBY. Mummy—I'm no mummy, feel me.

SUSAN. Great King Pharoah.

TOBY. Poh—don't you know the voice of your adoring Horace?

SUSAN. (*Looking up*). What?

TOBY. Yes——

SUSAN. It is! well, I like your impudence—[*Rising.*]

TOBY. That's what the women always say.

SUSAN. So you mean to pass yourself off on master as a curiosity.

TOBY. Well, where would he find a greater?

SUSAN. A man of your genius—I blush for you Mr. Templeton.

TOBY. Well my face is as red as yours.

SUSAN. Would master serve you in this way?

TOBY. No, he'd serve me in this way—[*Cutting with the knife.*]

SUSAN. What can be your object, sir?

TOBY. Why you are my object. Do you forget, Susan, our last moonlight walk, when we rehearsed Jaffier and Belvidera in the summer-house?

SUSAN. Well——

TOBY. Something whispered me that we should never meet again—my trunk was packed for my departure, when an old friend who had followed your young lady from London——

SUSAN. This Major——

TOBY. Grasped my hand with tragic fervor, and exclaimed, Toby!

SUSAN. Toby!

TOBY. Hem—Horace, Horace—I love a charming girl, but I must get at her, through a friend—I pointed out this plan—he is now at her feet, as I am at yours—[*Kneeling.*] and now, now, heartless woman, please yourself—denounce me.

SUSAN. Oh, Horace! [*Throwing her arms about his neck.*] Well, there's one promise you can keep, you can hear me in a scene of the legitimate drama.

TOBY. Hum, do you know, Susan, I think the *illegitimate* drama is more agreeable—it's the more natural production.

SUSAN. What, Horace—do you mean to say you like a melodrama?

TOBY. [*Looking at the brandy bottle.*] Why, I must confess, that sometimes a *mellow dram* is a very good thing—in a November night, for instance—besides I've written one—

SUSAN. You've written one.

TOBY. Yes—it's the fashion now for Actors to turn Authors, they overflow with so much genius.—Yes, it's full of bad spirits, red flame, blue devils, black knights, and winds up with all the horrors of a sinking stage.

SUSAN. And what's it called?

TOBY. "The Demon Bug, or the scourge of domestic felicity." Capital title—it will post so well—Demon red—Bug quite black—then underneath, "have you seen the Bug?"

SUSAN. Lord, it makes one creep.

TOBY. Come, we'll rehearse a scene in that—all the parts are good, though they all go to the devil at the end of the piece.

SUSAN. I should prefer King Richard and Lady Anne.

TOBY. Very well—the coffin scene—

"Unmannered slave, stand thou, when I command;

"Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,

"Or by St. Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,

"And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness."

SUSAN. "Why dost thou haunt him thus, unsated fiend?" Unsated fiend—go on.

TOBY. A little higher.

SUSAN. I can't get any higher.

TOBY. What's next? "I swear bright saint I am not what I was. [*Pauses and rubs his stomach.*] "I am not what I was." I'm very ill.

SUSAN. What!

TOBY. "I am not what I was."

SUSAN. Have you been taking anything?

TOBY. Taking, eh—yes, I drank something out of that bottle. [*Pointing to the Elixir Vita.*] Susan—[*Seizing her.*] tell me what's in that bottle!

SUSAN. Elixir Vitæ.

TOBY. Stuff—it's a mixture for the rats!

SUSAN. The rats! I'll run for master.

TOBY. [*Catching her.*] What—damn it, he wants to cut me up; here are all his instruments, with a fellow to paint me—I see it all, that bottle was a trap, and now my strength's gone—I fall an easy victim.

SUSAN. Shall I call your friend; if you stamp about in this way, you'll be detected.

TOBY. Detected—*dissected*! Susan, let me look at you; you are in the plot.

SUSAN. Well then, lie upon this table—I'll cover you up, and say you are something ready for the *mangle*.

TOBY. The mangle! what do you mean? Where's the brandy. [*Seizes the bottle, and drinks.*] *Exit* SUSAN, R. H.

Enter CAPTAIN CANTER, R. H.

CAN. So, sir, this is the conduct of a friend—this you consider a good joke.

TOBY. What, to swallow poison?

CAN. Poison!

TOBY. In five minutes, Captain, I shall be dead!

CAN. Drunk! what's this in your hand but a bottle of brandy?

TOBY. This is my *antidote*.

CAN. Shame, shame, sir! Is *this* the way you attend to my order?

TOBY. I tell you captain, I couldn't restore my inside to order if I was to swallow the *riot* act.

CAN. Contemptible evasion! suppose the antiquarian were to enter and detect the imposition, would he not exercise his magisterial privilege of committing us both as vagabonds?

TOBY. Captain!

CAN. But rather than suffer this disgrace, or lose my Fanny, I'll do an act of violence! [*Seizes the knife.*] Now, sir, instantly return to the box, till I've appeased him, or it shall be your coffin.

TOBY. Eh? what!—there I knew it! I'm sold—poisoned and now am going to be packed up.

CAN. Will you enter that chest?

TOBY. No ; I'll not take another step, till the twenty pounds are paid.

CAN. Will you take an instalment ?

TOBY. Yes.

CAN. Then there's five shillings.

TOBY. Then I'll tell you what I'll do. I won't get into that chest again, but I'll get behind this screen ; there—set up in this way, you see I am concealed. [*Brings the screen from the back, and places it before the chest.*]

Enter SUSAN, R. H. with a basket, containing a pipe and pint.

SUSAN. Horace, here's some refreshment for you. [*Goes behind the screen.*]

TOBY. (*Comes forward with pint and pipe.*) Now this is what I term woman's devotion.

CAN. Conceal yourself, here comes the enemy ! [*SUSAN goes out, R. H.*]

Enter MANDRAGON, L. H.

MAN. Joy, joy, Major. I have disclosed your proposal to my daughter, and she has received it with delight. I have informed her that you are willing to put me in possession of your inestimable treasure, on condition that I put you in possession of her hand.

CAN. Permit me then my dear sir, to wait upon your daughter, and learn my happiness from her own lips. [*Exit.*]

MAN. Exchange my daughter for the mummy ! was ever such a cheap purchase heard of ? get rid of a burthen, and obtain a treasure. Ugh ! I'm in such a transport of delight, I believe I could hug a hedgehog. 'I could be civil to a pick-pocket. I could actually accost with complacency. [*LARRY runs in.*] Well, sir, what the devil do you want ?

LAR. Sir, sir ! you have been long wanting another strange animal for your collection, and by the powers here's a novelty, Here, hurrah, mister step up ! [*Exit LARRY.*]

Enter OLD TRAMP.

OLD T. Mr. Mandragon, I believe ; I have called, sir, in

consequence of your advertisements in the London papers, stating your willingness to treat for the purchase of Egyptian Antiquities. Now, sir, having in my possession a very fine mummy——

MAN. A mummy! have you got a mummy?

OLD T. Consigned to me by a captain of the Levant.

MAN. And which you are willing to submit to me.

OLD T. It lies at the Inn.

MAN. And you'll bring it here?

OLD T. This instant.

MAN. Larry—Benjamin!

OLD T. One word first, sir; my visit to your village has a twofold object; twenty-five years ago, it pleased my wife to present me with a very extraordinary creature.

MAN. How was it formed?

OLD T. In all manner of wickedness.

MAN. You allude to its habits. [TRAMP yells.] Quiet, you Irish blackguard!

OLD T. Nothing can be worse, though he has had a new coat a month.

MAN. Sheds his coat every month. Pray, sir, how is this strange animal denominated?

OLD T. Toby Tramp, my son! who is now in this village, a member of a strolling company, and I wished to ask you the favour in your capacity as magistrate——

MAN. (*Violently shaking his hand.*) Set your mind at rest, rely on all my influence. But bring me over this mummy, and I pledge myself in exchange to *tickle your Toby*.

[*Exit with OLD TRAMP.* TOBY, *pushes down the screen and is discovered sitting on the chest with a pipe and pint of ale.*

TOBY. Ha, ha! now my fright's over, I begin to think this a very good joke; it's very clear I am not poisoned. I never felt more at my ease—there's Susan, sweet soul, keeping watch at the door whilst I enjoy myself. Here sits King Pharoah in all his glory; this is my sceptre, [*Flourishing his pipe.*] and this is my crown [*Putting the pot on his head.*] Hem! I suppose I am about the oldest king living. I wonder what they have done with my dominions? I shall send an express

to Egypt—but then stop, King Pharoah must have been a great gambler, eh?—yes. Faro has lost Cairo; well really what with ale and the brandy, and the Elixir Vitæ, I feel in a fine state of preservation. I think I can live three thousand years longer; now I could play Hamlet, “oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!” no, hang tragedy, a melodrama for my taste. The Demon Bug, what a *run* it will have, I can’t repeat it, but I can sing a description.

SONG.

First with a little village dance,
On some lads and lasses prance.
Then an old man tells a story,
Fearful, tearful, black, and gory.
When all of a sudden,
They all take to scudding,
Scene turns to a wood,
And a river of blood,
Where the caverns are rock’d,
And the trees are much shock’d,
And a chorus of woe,
Is heard from below.
And a demon, no bright one,
As tall as a Titan,
Misleads a poor fool,
To sell his dear soul.
Prompter whistles, change again,
Now we’re in a gay domain,
Lordly hall, superbly lighted,
Lords and ladies proudly dancing,
Eyes and stars and mirrors glancing.
Then a maiden in white,
And the soul-mortgaged knight,
Advance to the altar,
Though one seems to falter,
When a loud clap of thunder,
Throws them two yards asunder,
Then hurry, hurry, hurry,
All jump up in a flurry.
Clatter, clatter, clatter, clatter,
What the devil is the matter?
A youth rushes down,
Claims the bride as his own,
The young lady screams.
The lover’s sword gleams,

The knight doesn't fear it,
But calls for his spirit.
With flash of lightning,
Chamber brightening,
Nick appears,
Demands arrears,
Seizes knight,
By throttle tight,
And sad to tell,
Goes down to hell!

And thus amidst thunder, and wonder, and flame,
You get what composes a good melo-drame.

Enter CAPTAIN CANTER, followed by SUSAN, L. H.

CAN. Toby! Toby!

SUSAN. Toby!

TOBY. Ahem!

CAN. Here's a disaster; an old slopseller from Rosemary Lane, has brought a real mummy to the house.

TOBY. A real one? what!—made in Egypt?

CAN. No doubt, it's genuine. Mandragon intends to place you side by side, and then——

TOBY. The dead 'un will beat me hollow.

CAN. Still we have one chance left; you see that bottle of Elixir?

TOBY. I see it—I feel it.

CAN. The old visionary supposes it is the same which formerly is said to have perpetuated life, and he wishes to try it on you.

TOBY. Ah! he may try it on, but I've tasted it already—it's a preparation for bugs.

CAN. The other bottle holds brandy; a thought strikes me, what if we change the labels thus? [*Puts the Elixir Vita label on the brandy bottle, and vice versa.*] You'll not object to a dose of this!

SUSAN. Sir, sir! here are the men coming with another chest.

CAN. In—in then, Toby, to yours.

SUSAN. Toby!

CAN. A few minutes more, and you may pull off your disguise. (*Exit L. H.*)

SUSAN. Horace, what does your friend mean by calling you Toby?

TOBY. Oh, that's the name I've got among the Literati from my great celebrity in Hamlet's speech—"To be."

SUSAN. Oh,—eh?—here are the men; come, come, you'll be discovered.

TOBY. If I get into that chest again, may I be smothered. I want to stand and rest myself—I'll put the case upright like a sentry-box; yes, that will give Pharoah a footing. [*Lifts the chest up an end.*] Now, then, I can imagine myself a classical watchman! [*Goes into the box.*] Ah! now my case is altered. [*LARRY, and others, bring on another box, L. H., which they placed upright beside TOBY's.*]

SUSAN. Now, Mr. Larry, you will please to go out. Master has given me strict orders to suffer no one to disturb the bodies.

LAR. [*Taking up the pint pot.*] And you are taking care of the old boy; by the powers you are *waking* him. I'll have one peep, or there's no blood in the Bathershins. [*Goes out*—SUSAN follows him—TOBY opens his box and looks into the other.]

TOBY. So this is a real one; no wonder he's perfect, he's had such a long rehearsal. Now I hope I shall escape drenching, my friend here may like it, he looks very dry—I'll run no risk, where are the old body-cutter's weapons? [*Opens the case L. and takes out the knife and augur.*] Has he any others? [*searches round, and pulls open the lower drawer of the opposite case labelled "Old Roman coins."*] Old Roman coins, nothing here—eh? some one's coming; now I see there will be a fight—I shall have to act the last scene of Richard. "My soul's in arms and eager for the fray." [*Retreats into his box.*]

Enter SUSAN, and THEOPHILUS, with his pallet, L. H.

SUSAN. But Mr. Pole, indeed master said, no one was to enter this room.

THEO. Sweet Susan, I have this instant left him, with an order to take an immediate sketch of the royal relics; the visage of great Pharaoh I have begun already, look! [*Un-*

covers his painting frame which stands L. H. and shows a sketch of TOBY.]

SUSAN. Now there's an end of scheming, if Horace is not in we are all found out. *[Exit.]*

THEO. *(Arranging the frame.)* Now for a work sublime! Genius of the high and terrible, come settle on my soul, and give its fancy an immortal wing. Ah! could life reanimate these stiffened limbs. Great Pharaoh, could I but see that eyeball lighted—those muscles move *[TOBY steals behind the frame and cuts away the painting with his knife, and inserts his head.]* then I would throw upon this canvas—*[Returning and rooting with horror,]* Ha! *[THEOPHILUS retreats round the room, TOBY following him with the knife till he gets against the open door of the case, when he stumbles and falls into it—TOBY closes the door and plants the painting stand before it.]*

TOBY. Now, there's a real curiosity, a petrified painter, though one would suppose he was of the fox species by his brush. Well, I think I have done all this with considerable spirit, considering that my body has been three thousand years without one—eh?—footsteps! “jack in the box” again. *[Gets into his chest.]*

Enter MANDRAGON, OLD TRAMP, CAPTAIN CANTER, FANNY and SUSAN, L. H.

MAN. Eh?—Major, did you put the bodies up?

CAN. Hum!—yes, sir!

MAN. Well, gentlemen, you agree then to my proposition? here are two royal relics of Egypt, and the test which I require of their authenticity is this; which ever my Elixir revives, is the true Pharaoh.

CAN. Nothing can be fairer.

OLD T. But suppose neither should revive?

MAN. Don't cavil, sir, at this inestimable compound, till you have seen the result. I'll commence with yours. *[Takes down the brandy with the elixir label and pours out a glass.]* One glass is sufficient to produce instantaneous effect; the great epoch of my life is come. Spirit of mystic science

overshadow your Mandragon! [*Pours the brandy into the real mummy's mouth.*] Now!

CAN. No animation!

MAN. Not a muscle moves. Mr. Tramp, this mummy can't be genuine.

OLD T. Well, sir, try the other.

CAN. That's all I desire, try the other.

MAN. (*Filling another glass—whispers to CAN.*) Between ourselves, I thought that was an imposition; this—*this* is like reality. Now, dread Pharaoh, deign to receive the draught concocted by the sages of your time and realm. [*Pours the brandy into TOBY'S mouth—then retreats waving away the other characters.*] Now, now! [*TOBY lifts up a leg.*] Ha, animation! [*TOBY lifts up the other.*] He revives, my elixir—my elixir! Homage to dread Pharaoh.

TOBY. Homage to dread Pharaoh! [*In an attitude of great dignity.*]

OLD T. Toby!

TOBY. Father!

MAN. What!

OLD T. That's my son.

MAN. Your devil!

TOBY. (*Striding forward.*) Homage to dread Pharaoh.

MAN. Have I been duped?

TOBY. Oh, no; you have succeeded, you have revived me; your elixir is very capital brandy—brandy will animate any man.

MAN. You—you—you scoundrel!

TOBY. No, I'm not, though I'm very near one.

MAN. How have you dared to bore me in this way.

TOBY. (*Holding up the augur.*) How did you want to bore me. Now, I hope you are convinced I have a brain?

OLD T. Oh, Toby, Toby! will you never give over these tricks, and go back to Rosemary Lane?

MAN. So, sir, it appears you are a dealer in slops.

TOBY. (*Pointing to the bottle.*) So are you.

MAN. D—n me, sir; I—I've a great mind to commit you.

TOBY. You'll commit yourself old gentleman.

CAN. Come, come, Mr. Mandragon, he has been but my instrument in this business, and you see with what aim.

[*Leading forward FANNY.*] Consent to give me your child, and I will still fulfill my engagement, by presenting you with the real mummy as the subject of a future experiment.

MAN. You will.

CAN. Yes, and amply fulfilling to my old friend, the promise which induced him to run this risk.

MAN. I am satisfied, but I shall expect that every one present will admit that my elixir has failed, solely from some defect in its ingredients.

TOBY. Willingly. And now all I have to say is, that if there should happen to be any modern mummies about me—that is, poor wretched bodies without *spirit*, I shall always be happy to administer *my* elixir vitæ for their resuscitation.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

©

Feb. 27. 1871

DON'T FORGET YOUR OPERA-GLASSES.

In Original Farce. — In One Act.

BY

BENJAMIN EDWARD WOOLF,

AUTHOR OF "OFF TO THE WAR," "CAUGHT AT LAST," "VALET AND MAID," "RUDORA,"
"WANTED, A HUSBAND," "THAT NOSE," "GREAT EXPECTATIONS,"
"HAZING A FRESHMAN," ETC. ETC.

With Original Cast, Costumes, and all the Stage Business.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Boston Museum, Nov. 25, 1861.

PLATO POTTLETON,.....Mr. Warren.

SIDNEY BUNION,....." Ketchum.

THEOPHILUS GADDLE,....." McClennan.

Mrs. BUNION,.....Miss L. Anderson.

Mrs. GADDLE,.....Miss E. Mestayer.

TIME — The present.

COSTUMES — Those of the time of representation.

DON'T FORGET YOUR OPERA-GLASSES.

SCENE — *A sleeping apartment neatly furnished. — Balcony windows C. — Bed, with curtains, R. U. E. — Table C., with argand lamp. — Two chairs R. and L. — Doors R. and L. 2 E.*

Enter POTTLETON, hastily, through balcony window, without his hat.

Pottleton. Wheugh! a breather; but in safety at last. Deucedly lucky that these people patronize balcony windows on the first floor. But where the deuce have I got to? Never mind, as long as I am in safety. The blood-thirsty wretch! I never heard of so unreasonable a proceeding in the whole course of my life. Ladies and gentlemen (*to audience*), I am perfectly convinced that *you* never heard of so unreasonable a proceeding, in the whole course of *your* lives. Now, have you? Pshaw! how ridiculous of me to ask the question, until I have told you all about it! (*Brings chair C., and sits.*) The fact is, ladies and gentlemen, that my life has been in danger. You don't mind smoke, do you? Of course you don't. (*Lights cigar, and smokes.*) I am a victim to one of the most extraordinary fatalities that it ever fell to the lot of mortal man to suffer under. I have been assailed! My life has been attempted. The name of him I have saved from an ignominious death, by refusing him the luxury of plunging a bowie-knife into a vital part of my anatomical formation, is Bunion, — Sidney Bunion. He's a scoundrel! Yes, and before I've done with Bunion, I'll make Bunion acknowledge the *corn*. Ha, ha! not bad, was it? Corn! Bunion! Yes; he, he! (*Laughs.*) I visit the Museum. Last night I sat next to as lovely a creature as ever the sun shone on. No — that is, I mean, she sat next to me. She was attended by a gruff old fellow, with a face like a pickled mango. It was my ill-fortune to tread upon this lady's dress, by accident. I apologized, when the mango scowled at me so fiercely that I have the taste of vinegar in my mouth whenever I think of it. He shortly afterwards departed, and in his hurry left his opera-glasses on his seat — no — I mean in his chair. I of course took possession, until such time as I could restore them to him. His address being inside the case, I had no difficulty in finding him out.

Mrs. Gaddle (without, L.) Never mind, my dear. If she should come, you can show her into my apartment.

Pot. Hallo! (*getting up.*) What the deuce is that? Somebody coming this way. A lady, too. (*Peeping through D. L. 2 E.*) I must

get out of this as soon as possible. (*Runs to balcony.*) The deuce ! There is somebody at the front door. What shall I do ? Ah ! I have it. [*Exit on balcony.*]

Enter Mrs. GADDLE, reading a letter, D. L.

Mrs. G. So, so ; not yet. Never mind. Is it not too bad that a wife is *compelled* to doubt her husband's truth, and is forced, from a sense of justice she owes to herself and to society, to open every letter that comes to the house for him ? This is the eleventh business letter I have torn up to-day (*tears letter*) ; for it would never do to give him his letters opened, as that would put him on his guard.

Pot. (at window). A very tidy woman.

Mrs. G. How *can* Bunion be so blind to his wife's intrigues ? I'll swear that I have seen her and Gaddle exchange winks ! and when we last dined with them, Gaddle trod on my toes, and seemed quite disconcerted when he found they were not Clara Bunion's !

Pot. It's terribly chilly out here. (*Coming a little forward.*)

Mrs. G. I'm certain that there is something wrong going on.

Pot. (advancing a.) Good evening, ma'am.

Mrs. G. Ah ! (*Screams.*)

Pot. (putting his hand over her mouth). Doubtless overcome by my personal attractions. Don't scream, ma'am. (*Releases her.*)

Mrs. G. Ah ! (*Screams.*)

Pot. (again stopping her mouth). Don't force me to strangle you, ma'am, I beg. (*Releases her.*)

Mrs. G. How did you come here, sir ?

Pot. By the window, ma'am.

Mrs. G. And why by the window ? What is your business, here ? Don't come nearer, or I'll scream.

Pot. Very excitable female, keep quiet, I entreat.

Mrs. G. Why are you in this apartment ?

Pot. I am not exactly aware whether you, in the course of your mundane peregrinations, ever experienced the ticklish sensation of being in the momentary expectation of having six inches of cold steel run into your back. I have, madam ; and it was in the anticipation of that remarkably exciting situation, and the nervousness naturally attendant upon it, that I clambered out of danger into the first place of refuge-I could find ; which, happening to be yonder window, was not the less welcome, I assure you. But since I have seen so sweet a face, I bless the danger that has sped me hither.

Mrs. G. Certainly a very well-spoken young man.

Pot. Madam, you must know I have unwittingly trodden on a Bunion.

Mrs. G. Sir !

Pot. Oh ! you don't understand me. Very natural that you should n't. Ma'am, last night I found at the Museum a pair of opera-glasses, which I attempted, but half an hour ago, to return to their rightful owner. You may, of course, naturally surmise, when I say owner, I mean possessor.

Mrs. G. Exactly, sir ; but what is this to me ?

Pot. *Inquisitive female, have patience, and you shall hear ; inquisitive female, be silent. and you shall learn ; inquisitive female, be*

seated, and you shall discover. (*They sit.*) List, list, oh, list! I went to the domicile intimated on the case of the glasses, when what do you think occurred? I had scarcely seated myself, and addressed my conversation to the young lady for whom I had inquired, when in rushes a species of animated ham, who begins to perform an Indian war-dance around me, with a knife in his hand. I at once threw a beautiful Etruscan vase at his head, and rushed from the house, failing even to bring my hat with me. Being pursued through the streets by the sanguinary monster who had so heedlessly attacked me, I dodged about until I had baffled and lost him, and at length jumped into this window to escape his wild rage. I am certain, ma'am, that he must be a supernatural being; for when I shied the vase at his head, the force of the blow split the expensive ornament into a thousand pieces, as it struck him between the eyes; yet he never so much as winked. That is why I came in at yonder window.

Mrs. G. Well, sir, now that you are in, you can make your exit by the same route that you made your entrance.

Pot. Of course I can. Do you know that never struck me before? But does it not strike you as a matter of prudence that it would be better that I should not go out by that window, while there are two or three individuals talking beneath it, on the sidewalk?

Mrs. G. (*going to window*). So there are. Oh, sir! why did you come into this apartment?

Pot. How the deuce was I to know it *was* this apartment, until I got into it? If it would at all gratify you to know the fact, I assure you had I for a moment thought that this apartment was not *another* apartment, I would never have polluted its sanctity by my entrance to it.

Mrs. G. Oh, sir! should my husband return, I should be lost forever!

Pot. Your husband! The deuce! You don't tell me you are married?

Mrs. G. I am, sir!

Pot. And have got a husband? Well, that is extraordinary!

Mrs. G. Quit the room, I beg!

Pot. Don't be absurd, ma'am! How can I quit it?

Mrs. G. By yonder door.

Pot. Why, so I can. Now, do you know that never struck me before, either?

Mrs. G. Sir, delay not! If my husband should return —

Goddle (*without, singing*). "Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love," &c. (*"C'est l'amour."*)

Mrs. G. He *has* returned! Oh, I am ruined!

Pot. Not at all. I'll make it all right in a moment. (*Grows alarmed.*) On second thought, I think I'd better go. What am I to do?

Mrs. G. Conceal yourself quickly. Oh, cruel accident!

Pot. Certainly. Where? Ah! all right. (*Jumps into bed, and pulls down curtains before him.*)

Mrs. G. Not there, for Heaven's sake!

Pot. (*thrusting his head out*). All right. Don't be alarmed. (*Aside*) If this should be another Bunion, I'm done for.

Enter GADDLE, L., singing merrily, with a lawyer's green bag in his hand.

Gad. Ah, my dear ! (*Kisses her.*) What ! a sour face again ? Jealousy again ? It can't be ! Wheugh ? what a smell of tobacco-smoke !

Pot. (aside). *Ecce Homo !*

Mrs. G. Heavens !

Gad. Who has been here, my love ?

Pot. (aside). Fee, fo, fum !

Mrs. G. Who ? — ah ! — eh ! — nobody, my dear !

Gadd. You don't smoke, do you ?

Pot. (aside). No, nor you either, old fellow.

Mrs. G. The chimney in the next house smokes.

Gad. What ! the chimney in the next house smokes tobacco ?

Pot. (aside). Yes, short cut.

Mrs. G. Pshaw ! how silly you are. I suppose the smoke has ascended from the boarders who are smoking in the sitting-room.

Gad. To be sure it has. (*Aside*) There is some mystery here.

Mrs. G. (aside). I must dissemble, for a moment. (*Aloud*) Oh, Topsy ! you are growing jealous. (*Forcing a laugh*).

Gad. Who, I ? Nonsense ! Jealous of you, my love ? I know your faith and truth too well.

Mrs. G. Oh, the hypocrite !

Gad. By the way, have you heard of the fresh quarrel between the Bunions ?

Mrs. G. You have been to that female's house again.

Gad. No, my love, she came to my office.

Mrs. G. I know better, sir. (*Sobs.*) You are false to me.

Gad. No, my ducky. They have had another quarrel ; and this time Mrs. B. is determined to have a separate maintenance.

Mrs. G. I see it all plainly enough, sir. You encourage her in this, to further your own vile ends.

Pot. (aside). To further his vile ends ! A vile phrase.

Gad. Don't be childish, my dear. Do you think I care for any other woman than yourself ?

Pot. (aside). Something too much of this.

Mrs. G. Hypocrite ! I see it all. You will next be parting with me.

Gad. No, my tender little ducky. Bunion has simply found out that his wife is false to him.

Pot. (aside). Frailty, thy name is woman.

Mrs. G. There ! I knew you would be found out in your villany.

Pot. (aside). I would rather be found at home, just now.

Gad. Nonsense. He only wants to find his wronger, to cut his throat from ear to ear.

Pot. (aside). Hollo ! Deucedly pleasant news, this !

Gad. Now, do you think he would have told me this if I had been the object of his suspicions ? Really, my love, you cannot be so cruel as to suspect me.

Mrs. G. (aside). I must get rid of him for a moment or two. *No, my dear.*

Gad. That's a dear, good little wife. In my opinion there is nothing so repulsive to a woman of proper sense as jealousy ; and to a man it is twice as bad.

Pot. (aside). No danger here, I find.

Mrs. G. Yes ; but now go and prepare for tea.

Gad. (going R.) For my part, I am so thoroughly convinced of your love for me, that I could not suspect you, even if I would.

Pot. (aside). Very noble sentiments.

Gad. And even were I to find you in an embarrassing situation, I would at once free you from all suspicion of intended wrong.

Pot. (aside). I'm all safe. (*Coming forward*) Sir, I am proud to hear you express such philanthropic sentiments.

Mrs. G. Ah ! (*Screams.*) I am lost ! [*Exit D. R. 1 R.*]

Gad. Who are you, and what do you want ?

Pot. I am Plato Pottleton, at your service, sir, — phrenologist, electro-biologist, pathologist, &c. &c.

Gad. Explain your presence here, sir, if you can.

Pot. If I can ! Of course I can. In the first place —

Gad. Why are you in this apartment with my wife, during my absence ?

Pot. Combateness large ; caution small. Gently, over the stones, old fellow. What should I do ? Accident, I assure you. You have a very fine head. Allow me to examine it.

Gad. No, sir ! no such thing. You are a rascal !

Pot. Ha, ha ! (*Coughs.*) This old buffer says he is n't jealous.

Gad. Buffer ! What do you mean, sir !

Pot. Pooh, pooh ! (*Crosses.*)

Gad. Get out of my house !

Pot. Pooh, pooh !

Gad. What do you mean by pooh, pooh ?

Pot. Pooh, pooh ! (*Crosses.*)

Gad. Do you pooh pooh at me ?

Pot. Pooh, pooh, Theophilus ! Pooh, pooh, Gaddle ! I repeat it, emphatically and unequivocally — pooh !

Gad. Sir, you have insulted me.

Pot. Gaddle, don't be infernally ridiculous ! Insult you ! How do you know that pooh pooh is n't my way of showing my unalterable esteem and regard for you ?

Gad. Pooh, pooh ! Don't be absurd.

Pot. Did you pooh pooh at me, sir ?

Gad. I did, sir ! Pooh, pooh !

Pot. An insult ! Sir, I demand the satisfaction of a gentleman !

Gad. Very well, sir. On the spot, if you like.

Pot. And I'll have first shot !

Gad. No you won't ; I'll have first shot.

Pot. No, sir ! I insist on first shot, at two paces !

Gad. I agree cheerfully to the two paces, but I insist upon having first shot.

Pot. Hang it, we'll both have first shot !

Gad. Very well, I'll begin.

Pot. How the deuce can we both have first shot if you begin ?

Gad. Well, then, I'll have the first first shot.

Pot. No you won't. I am the insulted party, and I'll have the first shot.

Gad. No, sir, I am the insulted party.

Pot. No, sir; I *will* be the insulted party.

Gad. Hang it, then, we will *both* be the insulted party.

Pot. (*backing GADDLE R.*) Did n't you pooh pooh at me?

Gad. (*backing POTTLETON L.*) Did n't you pooh pooh at me?

Pot. Pooh, pooh! you pooh poohed at me first.

Gad. Pooh, pooh, sir! you pooh poohed at me first!

Pot. D—n it, then, we both pooh poohed at each other first!

Gad. Certainly, if you like; but you pooh poohed at me *first* first.

Pot. I tell you what it is, Gaddie, it strikes me that you are a little loose in your upper story.

Gad. Sir! Once for all, tell me what you do in my wife's apartment.

Pot. What do you think I care for any man's wife's apartment, when my life's in danger? No, sir!

Gad. Sir, I am a lawyer. I come home, after a hard day's labor, and discover a stranger in my wife's sleeping-apartment.

Pot. I beg your pardon; *your* sleeping-apartment.

Gad. No, sir! My wife's sleeping-apartment.

Pot. And where is *your* sleeping-apartment?

Gad. Why, this; the same.

Pot. Just what I said. *Your* sleeping-apartment.

Gad. (*angrily*). Mine and my wife's, sir!

Pot. But you said your wife's, first.

Gad. So it is.

Pot. And now you say yours.

Gad. (*growing confused*). So it is!

Pot. And again you said yours and your wife's.

Gad. (*confused*). Did I?

Pot. It can't be all three, you know! Who pays for it?

Gad. I do.

Pot. Well, then, it's yours, and not your wife's; and there can be no impropriety in my being in *your* sleeping-apartment.

Gad. (*puzzled*). I did n't see it in that light before. You are right, sir. But then, sir, you were in my sleeping-apartment, alone with my wife.

Pot. Don't be absurd again. How could I be alone, if I were with your wife? But I was not with your wife.

Gad. (*surprised*). No?

Pot. No, sir; she was with me.

Gad. So she was. Sir, I beg your pardon. I have been hasty. (*Offers him his hand.*)

Pot. (*taking his hand*). Of course you have. Sir, I came in at that window to escape a Bunion.

Gad. You don't say so!

Pot. Yes, sir; I have been vindictively pursued by an individual bearing that remarkably euphonious and appropriate appellation.

Gad. You don't mean to say you are *the*—

Pot. What the deuce do you mean by *the*?

Gad. Why, *the*—

Pot. I suppose I am ; though I have not the slightest idea who the is. And now that I have confessed all to you, I will depart.

Gad. But you haven't confessed anything.

Pot. Never mind ; I'll do it some other time. Good-bye. (*Aside*) What a jolly old guy ! [*Exit D. L. 2 E.*]

Gad. What an extraordinary young man ! So this is the young fellow of whom Bunion is so jealous, eh ?

Enter MRS. BUNION, in great haste, D. L. 2 E.

Mrs. Bunion. Mr. Gaddle, save me ! — preserve me !

Gad. Mrs. Bunion ! For Heaven's sake go away ! What if my wife should find you here ?

Re-enter POTTLETON, L. 2 E.

Pot. (aside). I wonder who that pretty woman was who brushed by me on the stairs. (*Goes to balcony.*)

Mrs. B. Conceal me, Mr. Gaddle.

Gad. Conceal you ! Where ? — how ? — for what ? Madam, I conjure you to quit this house !

Mrs. B. Never !

Pot. (aside). Wheugh ! it's Bunion's wife ; — my fascination of the Museum !

Gad. Ma'am, are you aware of the consequences of your presence here ? Suppose your husband should come in ?

Mrs. B. He *will* come in.

Gad. I'm a dead man !

Mrs. B. Sir, I have fled him, never to return.

Gad. But madam, you don't expect to take up board and lodging here, do you ?

Mrs. B. I do. Bunion has treated me cruelly, Mr. Gaddle.

Pot. (aside). I wonder if Bunion has been running after her with his cheese-knife.

Mrs. B. I am determined never to go home to him again, until he has begged my pardon in the most humiliating manner.

Pot. (aside). Bravo, little one !

Gad. But, madam, you cannot remain here. (*Aside*) Oh, if Mrs. G. should pop in ! (*Aloud*) Ma'am, you must know that my wife is remarkably jealous, and that you, of all other women, are the last to whom she would take kindly.

Mrs. B. And so you throw me into the street. Sir, tremble ! I move not from this spot !

Gad. I hear footsteps. Should it be Mrs. G. !

Mrs. B. Should it be Bunion !

Gad. Conceal yourself.

Mrs. B. Where ?

Gad. How do I know ? Anywhere !

Mrs. B. I'll hide behind these bed-curtains.

Bunton (without, L.) Never mind ; I'll find the room !

Mrs. B. My husband ! (*Conceals herself behind bed-curtains.*)

Gad. Should he or Mrs. Gaddle discover her there, I'm ruined.

Enter BUNION, hastily, L. 2. E.

Bun. Where is she?

Gad. (*humming a tune, and dancing*). Good evening.

Bun. Where is she? (*GADDLE still dances.*)

Pot. (*aside*). There 'll be a scene here presently. I wonder if old Bunion has got his cheese-toaster in his pocket.

Bun. (*fiercely*). Are you deaf, Gaddle?

Gad. (*dancing tremulously*). What — is — it, Bunion?

Bun. What is it! Where is my wife?

Pot. (*aside*). Spoken with good accent and discretion, both!

Gad. Not so loud, there 's a good fellow. My wife is in the next apartment.

Bun. (*roaring*). I want my wife! She has fled me, and I have traced her here. Where is she?

Gad. Will you be quiet? Do you think I carry your wife about my person concealed?

Bun. I don't know. Let me search you. (*Feels GADDLE's pockets.*)

Gad. Nonsense! Take a chair, and be cool. (*Sits.*) Now tell me all about it.

Bun. (*sits*). Sir, my wife has fled from me. (*Rises.*) I may say (*sits*) she has quitted me. (*Rises.*)

Gad. Is it possible?

Pot. (*aside*). Jolly old hypocrite, is Gaddle.

Bun. (*sits*). Sir, in my opinion she has gone after that puppy we saw at the Museum last night (*rises*), and whom I caught by her side an hour ago. (*Sits.*)

Pot. (*aside*). That is me.

Bun. (*rises and roars*). Sir, I will have my wife back again!

Gad. Aye, but don't bellow like a bull after her, and rouse the whole neighborhood.

Bun. (*rises*). Gaddle (*sits*), if I thought that any man had won her affections from me (*rises*), I'd gash his body into a hideous corpse! (*Sits.*) Aye (*seizing GADDLE by the throat*), his blood should flow in torrents! (*Shakes him.*)

Gad. (*releasing himself*). What a blood-thirsty fiend!

Bun. But I am not going to take your word for her absence. I will search for myself.

Gad. No, pray don't!

Bun. Ah, you fear!

Gad. No — but —

Bun. Then, why not search, eh?

Gad. Consider your health. You may get a cold in your legs.

(*Aside*) I'm lost.

Bun. Come, aid me in my search. (*Seizes him by the collar.*)

Gad. I'd rather not.

Bun. Come! come! (*Rushes off, dragging GADDLE after him.*)

Pot. (*advancing*). What a tragedy!

Mrs. B. Now to escape. (*Going L., meets POTTLETON.*)

Pot. Good evening.

Mrs. B. You here! Monster, away! Bunion is here! You know him!

Pot. No I don't. He knows me. I wish he did n't.

Mrs. B. Then beware his vengeance! He seeks your life! Ah! he comes this way again. (*Conceals herself in bed-curtains.*)

Pot. Oh, I can't be dodging backward and forward all night. Hang Bunion! If he dare molest me, I'll stab him. (*Searching his pockets.*) I have only a toothpick. Never mind; resolution and a just cause, aided only by a toothpick, may do much.

Re-enter BUNION, R. 1 E., dragging in GADDLE.

Bun. 'Tis well!

Gad. Are you satisfied now?

Bun. No. (*Sees POTTLETON.*) Ah! he here! My suspicions are confirmed. Monster!—wretch! What do you here?

Pot. (*nodding familiarly.*) Sit down, and make yourself at home, old fellow. Don't mind me.

Bun. Sir, I again demand why you are here!

Gad. (*aside.*) I am lost.

Bun. Never mind, sir. I shall find you out in good time. Gaddie, I go. If I find you have played me false, your life!—remember—your life!

Gad. But I have had no hand in this matter.

Bun. Never mind. Were you as innocent as a child unborn, you shall perish! Beware! I shall return! [*Exit, violently, D. L. 1 E.*]

Gad. Thank goodness, he is gone!

Re-enter BUNION, tragically.

Bun. Ah! (*Looks suspiciously.*)

Gad. (*starting.*) Goodness, gracious!

Bun. Beware!

[*Exit, savagely, L. 2 E.*]

Pot. Ah, Gaddie!—sly dog!—lucky fellow!

Gad. What do you mean, sir?

Pot. Oh, it won't do. I am an old hand at the bellows.

Gad. I should say so, by the way you go on *blowing*. Who the deuce are you, and what do you want?

Pot. Gaddie, I envy you. Mum's the word. Fine head, that of yours.

Gad. Are you crazy?

Pot. Allow me to examine you professionally. I feel quite an interest in such a head as that.

Gad. Sir!

Pot. (*forcing GADDLE into a chair, taking off his wig and pocketing it.*) Excuse the liberty. (*Feels his head.*)

Gad. (*rising.*) This insolence—

Pot. Sit down, and don't bother. Amateness, large. I say, Gaddie, no mistake about that, is there? Quite a little lump. Benevolence, small. Veneration, wanting. Destructiveness, large. Sir, you've a splendid negative head.

Gad. (*interested.*) A negative head! What is that?

Pot. A head with more of what you have'n't got than what you have.

Gad. You don't say so! It's a marvellous science.

Pot. Of course it is. You bear witness to the truth of what I have said.

Gad. I don't know whether it's true or not, but it's very wonderful!

Pot. Yes. (*Still feeling head.*) You're a lawyer.

Gad. Have I got a lawyer's bump? Ah! I told you I was a lawyer, though.

Pot. More wonderful still! You see, what you told me tallies exactly with what I told you. There's evidence nobody can doubt. (*Pulls GADDLE's wig the wrong way on his head, and slaps it down.*)

Gad. So it is. (*Rises.*) Good night.

Pot. You are not going to give me the cold shoulder, are you?

Gad. Yes; go!

Pot. Come, come; suppose I should tell your wife that there's a young lady here who has no right to be here, eh?

Gad. Oh Lord! what will become of me? I see you have discovered that lady in what I must admit is a very delicate situation. How you have discovered it I know not, but if anything in my power to bestow will repay you for ridding this house of her presence, at any risk, it is yours.

Pot. Are you serious?

Gad. I am.

Pot. Then I have wronged you, you dear, chaste man! (*Embracing him.*) Oh!—again! (*Embraces him.*) At any risk, do you say?

Gad. At any risk, short of my wife's knowledge of her ever having been here.

Pot. (*dramatically.*) It's done!

Gad. Is it? My preserver!

Pot. Away! Leave all to me!

Gad. Oh! my deliverer! Bless you. (*Sheds tears.*)

[*Exit D. R. 2 E.*]

Pot. Extraordinary fellow, that Gaddle. I wonder if Bunion is chasing after his wife yet. By George! I hope he'll keep running until he catches her. She is very quiet, considering. I wonder if she has let herself out. (*Opens bed-curtains, and discovers her asleep.*) Asleep! Well, that's cool! The slumber of innocence. She's very pretty! (*Kisses her.*) Ah! Very pretty! (*Kisses her again.*) In fact, quite pretty! (*Kisses her again.*)

Bun. (*without.*) Gaddle! Gaddle!

Pot. What, returned! What's to be done! (*Closes curtains.*)

Enter BUNION, hastily, D. L. 2 E.

Bun. I cannot find her. She must be here. I'll have Gaddle's heart's blood! (*Sees POTTLETON.*) You here yet?

Pot. I'm not exactly certain on that point, but I think so.

Bun. Who are you, and what do you want? Why do I find you where I have every reason to believe my wife is concealed? Horror! Oh, fatal thought! perhaps she has followed you here!—mayhap a rendezvous! Wretch!

Pot. Look here, Bunion, if you utter any more of that sort of nonsense, I will pull your nose.

Bun. (*contemptuously.*) Bah! miscreant!

Pot. I told you so. (*Pulls his nose.*)

Bun. Don't; you hurt. I don't like practical jokes.

Pot. You look as though you did n't.

Bun. Are you not my wife's lover? Now don't deny it.

Pot. I won't.

Bun. Then you admit it?

Pot. Yes, since you tell me not to deny it.

Bun. Sir, I demand satisfaction!

Pot. Oh, you're one of the chivalry, are you? Ain't you satisfied yet? Look here, Bunion, I know nothing about your wife. I came here by accident, to do you a favor!

Bun. What favor?

Pot. Why, to save you the trouble of killing me, and thereby imperiling your neck.

Enter MRS. GADDLE, followed by GADDLE, D. R. 2 E.

Gad. But, my love—

Mrs. G. Don't love me!

Gad. (aside, seeing POTTLETON). Oh, my! I wonder if he has got her out of the house yet!

Pot. Wheugh! Mrs. Gaddle! Now it's coming. I'll be off in a jiffy.

Bun. (x, and shaking finger sternly at GADDLE). Mr. Gaddle!

Gad. (seizing him imploringly by the arm). My dear Bunion! don't speak; Mrs. Gaddle is so jealous!

Pot. I say, Bunion—go! (*Claps BUNION's hat over his eyes.*) There, it's all right. (*Drags him towards D. L.*) Come along!

Bun. What does this mean? I won't be used in this way!

Gad. Pshaw! you'll catch cold if you ain't well wrapped up. There. (*Ties large muffler over his mouth.*)

Pot. (catching him by back of neck and seat of trousers, and running him L.) Come along!

Mrs. G. What does this mean?

Bun. (dragging muffler down). Murder! Fire! (*Breaks away.*)

Mrs. B. (screaming, and opening curtains). Fire! Where? (*Picture.*)

Bun. (L.) My wife!

Mrs. G. (R.) Mrs. Bunion in my bed!

Mrs. B. (C.) My husband!

Gad. (L. C.) Discovered!

Pot. (L. C.) Ha, ha! good-by to Gaddle's hair! By the way, he wears a wig. That's lucky! Ha, ha! I say, Bunion, how do you feel?

Mrs. B. What shall I say?

Mrs. G. (to GADDLE). So, sir! I have caught you at last, have I? I have found you out, in your iniquities with that brzen-face, have I? (*MRS. GADDLE and MRS. BUNION both advance C.*)

Pot. Bravo! bravo!

Mrs. B. (placing her arms akimbo). What do you mean by brzen-face, ma'am?

Mrs. G. (the same, and backing MRS. BUNION L.) You, ma'am! you!

Mrs. B. (backing Mrs. GADDLE R., and talking very fast). Don't talk to me, ma'am! I'll not hear it! You're a saucy hussey!

Mrs. G. (the same). And you're an insolent snip, ma'am! (They go up c.)

Pot. Glorious! Go it, young 'uns.

Gad. Bunion, hear me! On my honor —

Bun. Villain and burglar, away!

Gad. Mrs. G., my love —

Mrs. G. Don't speak to me, you brute!

Mrs. B. Bunion —

Bun. Away, incendiary!

Mrs. G. Oh dear! was ever woman so wretched? (*Makes a face at Mrs. BUNION, and sits R., sobbing.*)

Mrs. B. Oh, was ever mortal used so cruelly? (*Sits L., sobbing.*)

Bun. Gaddle, explain, if you would not fall a sweltering corpse at my feet!

Pot. (c.) Here, Bunion. It's an accident, altogether. Come this way. In your ear. You see these glasses. (*Takes opera-glasses from his pocket.*)

Bun. (L. c.) Certainly I do. They are mine.

Pot. (pathetically). Take them! be happy, and say no more about it. There! (*Weeps.*)

Bun. But —

Pot. (mysteriously). Hush! no more!

Bun. And you, madam! what have you to say for yourself?

Mrs. B. (L.) I hate and despise you, and will never go home with you again!

Bun. Madam, did I not see you seated on the sofa alone with this gentleman?

Pot. Certainly you did. I went to return the glasses which you left at the Museum last evening.

Bun. Is that all?

Pot. Certainly it is, you old ninnyhammer!

Bun. Oh, my ducky! can you forgive your Bunion?

Mrs. B. No, I can't!

Pot. That's decisive, Bunion.

Gad. (R. c., to Mrs. GADDLE). My dear, I am undeserving of this harshness.

Mrs. G. (L. c.) Don't tell me, sir! You are a villain!

Gad. Won't you make it up?

Mrs. G. No!

Bun. (to Mrs. BUNION). Won't you?

Mrs. B. No!

Pot. Hang it! you must. How can the piece end happily if you don't? Once for all, will you embrace, and be friends?

Mrs. B. } (sulking in chairs, R. and L.) No! no! no!

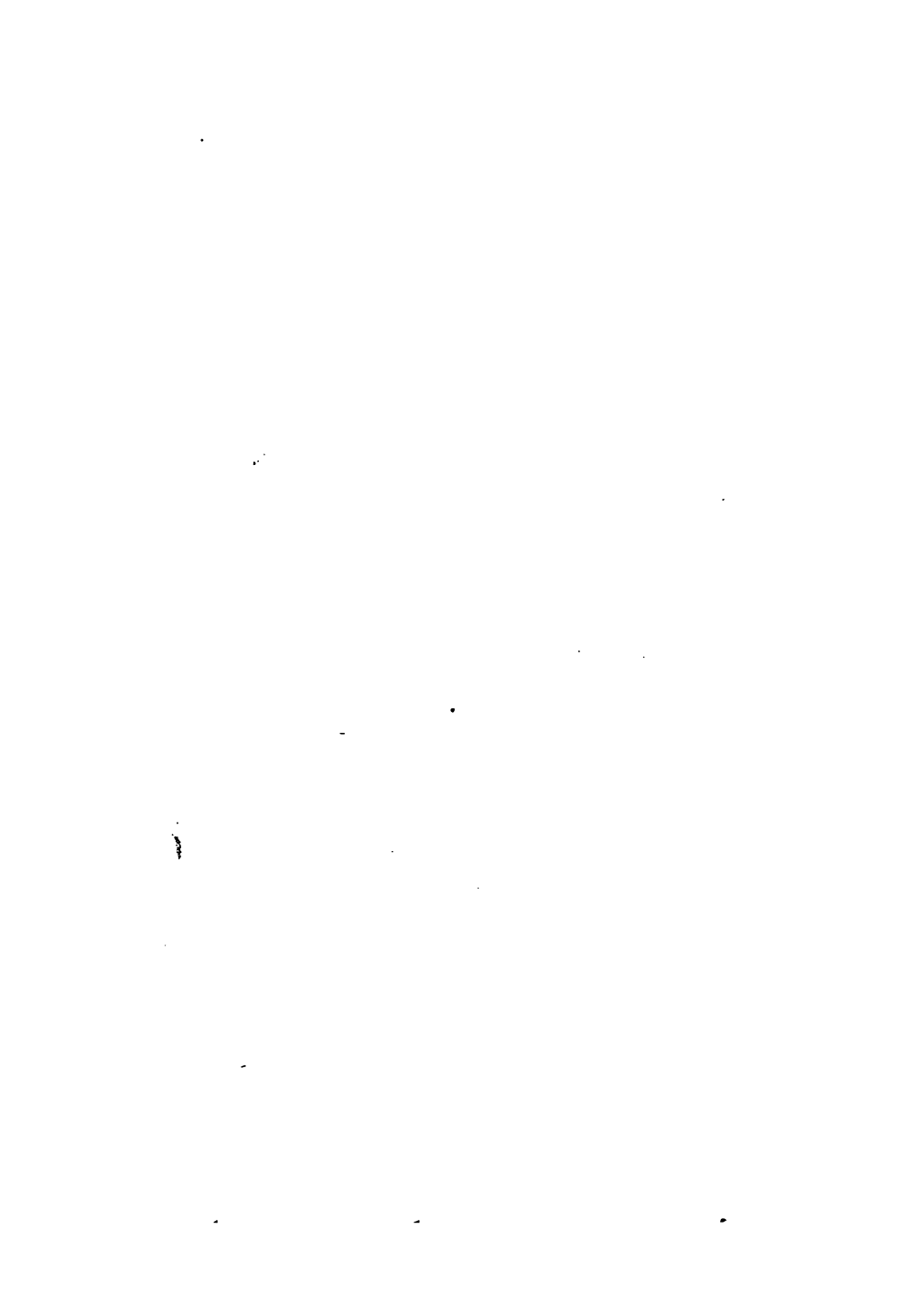
Mrs. G. }

Pot. Very well, then; drop the curtain. (*Comes forward, and curtain falls.*) Ladies and gentlemen (*to audience*), it is only a little tiff. I dare say all of you who are married have experienced similar; and can inform all who are not married that they will experience them when they are. It will be all right by and by. Come

and see them again to-morrow night, by which time I have no doubt it will be all right, and their desire to please you in all things as strong as ever! Hallo! Prompter, ring up again. (*Curtain rises.* — MRS. BUNION *seen embracing* BUNION, and MRS. GADDLE *embracing* GADDLE.) A word to the gentlemen:—"Don't forget your opera-glasses."

SITUATIONS.

BUNION. MRS. BUNION. POTTLETON. MRS. GADDLE. GADDLE.
 R. H. CURTAIN. L. H.



©

[No. 212.]

LOVE IN LIVERY.

AN ORIGINAL FARCE

IN ONE ACT.

BY

J. P. WOOLER, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

"Allow me to Apologise,"—"Founded on Facts,"—Etc.

WITH ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY
MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER
OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.



NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORIGINAL CAST.

<i>Princess', London,</i> 1845.	<i>Arch st., Philad.</i> 1855.	<i>Troy Museum.</i> 1855.
Lord Sparkle.....Mr. W. Lacy.	Mr. Dolman.	Mr. Wayne Olwina.
Frank Howard.....Mr. A. Harris.	Mr. Myers.	Mr. Waller.
Paul Patent.....Mr. Compton.	Mr. J. S. Clark.	Mr. James Biddlea.
Thomas.....Mr. T. Hill.	Mr. Caterson.	Mr. English.
Violet.....Miss Stanley.	Mrs. Drew.	Miss Julia Daly.
Louise.....Miss L. Honnor.	Mrs. Landon.	Miss Rosa.
Mary.....Miss Somers.	Mrs. Wilks.	Miss Garuther.
Susan.....Miss Mott.	Mrs. Baker.	Miss Morris.

SCENE—Switzerland. Time in representation, 45 minutes.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre; F., the Flat; C. D. F., Centre Door in Flat; R. D. F., Right Door in Flat; L. D. F., Left Door in Flat; R. H. D., Right Hand Door, First Entrance; L. H. D., Left Hand Door, First Entrance; S. E., (or 2 E.,) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

. The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

MEMOIR OF MR. J. S. CLARK.

It has been said, and indeed it is generally conceded, that *acting* is the only profession for which no previous initiation is required. None are educated for players; chance or caprice makes actors, and aptness, quick perception, and study secure their success. For the reasons assigned, a well-known writer has said that a player has never been in good odour with the merely *calculating* part of mankind; and, unhappily, his own irregularities too often prove a bar to his favorable reception with the *enlightened* and *liberal*. Many of the theatrical profession are wholly *illiterate*—a defect that, when they have dropped the cap and mask, renders them intolerable. The applause bestowed upon such Thespians, by the injudicious and “barren spectator,” engenders a silly vanity that almost leads them to expect the like favor when left to the resources of their own wit. But what is awarded to the *nummer* is denied to the *man*. There is no reason why an honorable profession like the *Histrionic Art* should not have more followers who have received some decent qualification, if not *scholastic*, to illustrate the noblest triumphs of human wit. The elder Booth, Garrick, Kemble, and many more of the past, and the late J. B. Booth, Forrest, Conway, Charles Kean, Roberts, Burton, J. M. Field, Brougham, Richings and others, of the present, are deeply learned and well-read gentlemen. Mr. Clark, the subject of this sketch, though not a classical scholar, is possessed of a liberal education, and is a close student; of this gentleman we expect much. His life thus far has not been marked with any peculiar events—though his genius, talent, education, and studious habits, indicate a high round in the dramatic ladder. He was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1832. In 1851 he abandoned the mercantile business, to which he was apprenticed, and adopted the stage, making his first appearance on the boards at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, as *Frank Hardy* in *Paul Pry*. In 1852 he became a member of the Chesnut Street Company, Philadelphia, then under the management of the efficient and able stage

director, Mr. W. S. Fredericks. Here Mr. C. first attracted the notice of the critics, and acquired great popularity in second low comedy, and what is technically termed "little bits." In the fall of 1854 he filled the position of "first low comedian" at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, and became a tremendous favorite. We next find him in New York, where he first appeared at the Metropolitan Theatre, under the management of Mr. J. H. Hackett, in May 1855, as *Dickory* in the *Spectre Bridegroom*. His success was complete; his performance eliciting warm commendation from the critics of the *New York Herald* and other journals. He is now "leading low comedian" at Wheatley's Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, enjoying a popularity unequalled and nightly augmenting. His performance of *Paul Patent*, in *Love in Livory*, is a most amusing and droll delineation, and quite original. With study and application, Mr. Clark is destined to occupy a still more enviable position.

"THE MAJOR."

C O S T U M E.

LORD SPARKLE—Green Swiss valet's coat, braided—tight black pantaloons—and Hessian boots.

FRANK HOWARD—Blue dress coat and trousers—white waistcoat.

PAUL—*First dress*—Livery. *Second dress*—Very tight fashionably cut trousers—white waistcoat—black dress coat.

VIOLET—Pink striped silk dress.

LOUISE—Flowered muslin.

MARY & SUSAN—The same.

S C E N E R Y.

SCENE 1.—Lord Sparkle's dressing-room, in 1.

" 2.—Handsome chamber with folding doors, backed by garden in 4 and 5.

" 3.—Same as 1st.

" 4.—Same as 2d.

P R O P E R T I E S.

SCENE 1.—Table C., with toilet-glass and bell on—2 chairs.

" 2.—Tables R. and L.—chairs and sofa—foot stool—flower vases—bell—writing materials—handsome volumes, &c., on tables.

" 3.—Written letter on salver for Thomas—Paul's coat ready L. for Thomas.

" 4.—Furniture as in Scene 2—torpedoes for prompter—visiting card on salver for servant.



LOVE IN LIVERY.

SCENE I.—*Lord Sparkle's Dressing-room.*

LORD SPARKLE *just completing his toilet, L. H., in the costume of a Swiss Valet.*

LORD S. It's plaguy strange, now, that any woman should have the power to transform me into a footman! And she loses by it, too—for she was mistress of a *Lord* before—now she's only mistress of a *lacquey*. Where's my plague, Paul, I wonder! Here, Paul! (*Knocking without. Throws cloak round him.*)

Enter SERVANT, L. H.

SERV. Mr. Howard, my lord.

Enter FRANK HOWARD. (Exit SERVANT, L. H.)

How. Good day, Tom!

LORD S. Good day, Frank!

How. Why, Tom, you're cloaked as if you were going to ramble up the Alps. May I ask the meaning of this wintry garb in July? if it isn't a new dressing gown!

LORD S. You remember my mentioning to you a scheme for winning the pretty Countess Violet?

How. I recollect something about it—but it was so exquisitely absurd, that I thought I had dreamt it, or you were joking.

LORD S. Does this look like a joke? (*Throwing off cloak.*)

How. I protest, more like a joke than ever. Prithee, Tom, throw off that masking foolery, and, if you like the woman, make love to her in your proper character.

LORD S. The Countess is one of the most romantic women in Europe. The ruse will take her in a fashion after her own heart. You don't know her—

How. I know her for one of the proudest women in Switzerland, and the least likely in the world to fall in love with

her own footman—and how such a stupid idea ever entered your head, I cannot conceive.

LORD S. I think it emanated in you; we are two opposites. It is a matter of necessity, Frank, as well as romance. I can get no introduction to her. The old men won't introduce me through prudence—the young ones through jealousy—so, with my hearty thanks to them all, I'll introduce myself.

How. Confound me, if I'd put on that jacket, if you threw all the Duchesses into the bargain.

LORD S. Then I wish with all my soul you may marry a milkmaid. But, come—though you laugh at the road I travel, wish me safe at my journey's end.

How. With all my heart!

LORD S. I am not known in the neighborhood by sight. Now I can't be absent without leaving some one to represent me, in case of accident. I've chosen one who I think possesses fidelity, though sadly deficient in everything else—my most incomprehensibly clumsy blockhead, Paul.

How. (*Laughing.*) Impossible!

LORD S. Fact! now all I ask of you, is that you will look in now and then, to see that he commits no very glaring folly.

How. Fortune speed you! Good bye—and I say, Tom, mind you attend to your duties, and bring away a good character. [*Exit L. H.*]

LORD S. Ha, ha! Good bye, Frank. Now for the new Lord Sparkle. (*Rings bell on table, L.*)

Enter PAUL PATENT, R. H.

PAUL. Did you ring, sir?

LORD S. Ring, sir! Where the deuce have you been, sir, for the last half hour?

PAUL. I've been trying to come the lord a little in the kitchen, and I rather think I gave 'em a touch of nobility.

LORD S. Now just excuse me, Paul—I wanted you to look as bright as you could to-day, and hang me if you don't look more stupid than ever.

PAUL. Didn't I tell you, I'd been trying to come the lord?

LORD S. Sir! But just turn round a little, and let's look at you. (*PAUL turning round.*)

LORD S. (*Laughing.*) No—I can't put my coat upon such a figure as that!

PAUL. Yes, I think the figure's a cut above the common run of nobility. I don't recollect ever seeing such legs as

these under a lord's table; but, I dare say, when I get on my quality clothes, I can manage to disguise 'em.

LORD S. I pray you, friend Paul, for my reputation's sake, disguise them and yourself as much as you possibly can. If you could procure a wig to hide that horrible red head of yours, it would be as well.

PAUL. Hide this head, my lord? the envy of whole parishes? though my last mistress had the impudence to tell me to get out of her sight, or my hair would tan her.

LORD S. Have you tried on the clothes I gave you?

PAUL. I have—and uncommon like a lord I looked. They're a trifle tight in one or two immaterial places—I can't get a very fair view at my feet, and——

LORD S. They'll do very well. Now, remember the cellar will be at your command. But if you dare to get intoxicated, you are no longer a servant of mine.

PAUL. By-the-bye, I shall thank your lordship to explain to the things in the kitchen, that I shall require a lot of respect—and please be very particular with the *women*.

LORD S. I'll discharge the first that disobeys you. And remember, should you happen by any chance to see me, beware you don't recognise me.

PAUL. My nobility will be particularly short-sighted.

LORD S. I shall leave the same order with all the servants.

PAUL. I'll take care, my lord.

LORD S. If any letters come for me, attend to them yourself, if you can—if not, take them to my friend Howard. But if you play any tricks with my name or reputation, I'll break every bone in your skin.

PAUL. All care shall be taken of your lordship's reputation that it deserves.

LORD S. You shall be no loser by it. Now go and dress at once. You'll see me in a week—(*Aside*)—for if I can't win a woman in that time, she must be made of something devilish tough indeed! My cloak! (*PAUL puts on LORD S.'s cloak. Exit LORD S., &c.*)

PAUL. Good bye, my lord. Hilloa! what's that? Good bye, my lord! I ought to say, "How d'ye do, my lord! happy to make your lordship's acquaintance." (*Shaking hands with himself.*) "Can I offer your lordship anything to drink?" (*Affectedly.*) Yes—and the sooner the better. I'm to consult my nobility about getting drunk. I'll consult it while I'm getting dressed. In the mean time, I'll take the

smallest bottle I can find, that I mayn't get drunk before the consultation comes off. This way, my lord. Will your lordship go first? (*Drawing himself up affectedly.*) Yes. Shall I follow your lordship? Yes. [*Exit R. H.*]

SCENE II.—*The Countess Violet's Apartment, opening on a garden. Chairs, Tables, R. and L. H. Vases on them. Ottoman C. and two stools.*

VIOLET *discovered, C., seated, reading.*

VIO. (*After a pause.*) This is positively the most tedious book! (*Throwing it down and sighing.*) Ah, I certainly don't find so much pleasure in being a widow as I expected. It was decidedly pleasant at first. Perhaps I've tried it rather too long. It is now—what? eighteen months since I lost the poor, dear, ridiculous old Count—(*Rising*)—and, heaven's grace, I am twenty-to-morrow. I have lovers enough—but then my hand is scarcely my own—and what my foolish departed husband could mean by leaving me under the control of an old English lord, and thereby prevent my marrying but at his good pleasure, at the risk of my fortune, I can't conceive. I have the reputation of being proud—at all hazards, I am too proud to ask any man's consent in the disposal of my hand, and too proud to bring any man my person only as a dowry, so my chances of marriage are, I fear, trifling.

· *Enter LOUISE, L. H.*

LOU. A young man, madam, has applied for the situation of footman to your ladyship.

VIO. And his appearance——

LOU. Charming, madam! His dress is lovely, and his face and figure, madam—if they ain't beautiful!

VIO. You can commend him in his own society, girl—what can his face and figure be to me? I will speak to him.

LOU. Yes, madam. (*Aside.*) I'll lay my best cap she'll engage him without a character. [*Exit L. H.*]

VIO. Now to be bored by some great clown or other—for I suspect Louise's ideas of a beautiful face and figure are a pair of moustache and six feet. (*Sits.*)

Enter LOUISE and LORD SPARKLE, L. H.

LOU. This way, young man—don't be timid.

LORD S. (*Aside.*) How lovely she is!

VIO. (*Aside.*) Come, the girl has more taste than I gave her credit for. So, young man, you wish to enter my service?

LORD S. I seek such honor, madam.

VIO. From the Tyrol, by your dress?

LORD S. You are right, madam.

VIO. And your name?

LORD S. (*Aside.*) 'Pon my life I forgot that! (*Aloud.*) My name, madam, is Fidelio.

VIO. Have you any letters to speak in your favor?

LORD S. No, madam—'tis my first service.

VIO. It is rarely the custom to receive servants on their own report—but your appearance bars any suspicion—and, trusting that you will not forfeit my good opinion, I take you at once into my service.

LOU. (*Aside.*) Of course—I knew that!

LORD S. Madam, I thank you.

VIO. Louise, here, will instruct you in your duties, and will see that you receive what you require. (*Sits herself.*)

LORD S. (*Aside.*) She must give me her mistress then!

LOU. I can see all this very clearly. Fidelio, your place is there. (*Pointing to the side.*) And here you must stand till you're wanted, d'ye hear? [*Exit L. H.*]

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Very monumental employment! How lovely she looks!

VIO. (*Aside.*) Now do I feel that that fellow's eyes are fixed on me. I hate to be stared at, especially. Oh, this is positively provoking. Fidelio!

LORD S. (*Running to her.*) Madam!

VIO. Hem! reach me that stool.

LORD S. Yes, madam. (*Places stool for her, and sits at her feet, L. C.*)

VIO. Sir! remember your place——

LORD S. 'Tis here, madam.

VIO. What, at my feet?

LORD S. Yes, madam—it is the custom of the Tyrol. (*Aside.*) I think that's where I come from. (*Aloud.*) But if I offend——

VIO. There is no offence in a supposed duty—but in my service you must forget such duties as soon as possible.

LORD S. Such a duty, madam, to such a mistress, can never be forgotten.

VIO. Well, remain as you are for the novelty of the thing, this once.

LORD S. (*Aside.*) The custom of the Tyrol will do!

VIO. What were you saying, Fidelio?

LORD S. I was saying, madam, that I never saw so lovely a foot.

VIO. Is it a custom in the Tyrol, too, for a servant to compliment his mistress's feet as well as kneel at them?

LORD S. It is a servant's perquisite, madam, in the Tyrol.

VIO. Indeed! the perquisite being of so agreeable an order, may I ask the salary given for such service?

LORD S. All we serve for, madam, in the Tyrol, is *love*.

VIO. It must be a profitable situation then.

LORD S. Above all profit, madam. The wages of a Tyrolean servant are a smile a day—and, would you credit it, madam, a kiss at the close of every week?

VIO. And perhaps, if you had the first week's wages in advance, it would be an advantage.

LORD S. (*Rising.*) I shall be happy, madam, to take that advantage of you. (*Offering to kiss her.*)

VIO. It is time, sir, to remind you of your position and mine—and to caution you, that though I have spoken thus lightly with you, the next attempt to address me in the same tone and terms will ensure your dismissal. To your place, sir.

LORD S. The custom of the Tyrol won't do this time?
(*Retires up, L. H.*)

VIO. (*Aside.*) Come, he has the grace to be silent. Now he's gone up there to stare at me again. The fellow's given me the fidgets. Fidelio!

LORD S. Madam!

VIO. Hem! you have never been in service before?

LORD S. No, madam.

VIO. By your appearance, your life has hitherto been a very easy one?

LORD S. As easy, madam, as freedom and pleasure could make it. But, trust me, service to you will be far easier than any freedom.

VIO. Again, sir! Be careful! You'd better leave the room, I think.

LORD S. Confound her pride! once alarmed, it will be rather difficult to lull again. (*Retires up.*)

VIO. (*Aside.*) My new gent^l man is rather presuming—I must put a stop to it. *Allo, I shall walk awhile in the garden.* (*Rising.*)

LORD S. I shall—and you, madam. (*Throws open door at back—she goes towards it—he offers his arm.*) Will you allow me, madam?

VIO. (*Drawing back haughtily.*) Sir, this is beyond belief—

LORD S. (*Aside.*) 'Gad, I forgot! (*Aloud.*) Your pardon, madam, it is the custom in the Tyrol.

VIO. Keep such customs, then, for the Tyrol—and beware, sir, lest your freedom be deemed impertinence, and receive its reward. Learn the duties of a servant, and let me counsel you, observe them. (*Stamps angrily, and exit c.*)

LORD S. Even her foot's in a passion! Well, thanks to the Tyrol, and its customs, and thanks to my own imprudence, I spoil it all as fast as I did it. But, my sweet Countess, the hours of your widowhood are numbered—for if I don't win and wear you before the week's out, may I never get a smile from the sex again. [*Exit L. H.*]

SCENE III.—Lord Sparkle's Apartment.

Enter PAUL, R. H., in Lord Sparkle's clothes, and brocaded dressing gown.

PAUL. It strikes me they put the strongest stuff into the smallest bottles, for I've certainly only emptied *one* bottle—and the bottle was a little bottle—and I feel in a very fit state to play the devil with my nobility. Now I suppose I ought to feel like a lord, but if I had a very confidential friend here, I should tell him that though my dignity fits me extremely well, my clothes don't. It's a regular Court suit, too—but it feels to me like a suit of *court plaster*. I shall never be able to sit down in 'em.

Enter THOMAS, with a letter, L. H.

THOM. Here's a letter for his lordship—

PAUL. Whose lordship, blockhead!

THOM. Oh I forgot—your lordship.

PAUL. Think before you speak, Thomas, in future. Give it

me. I'm afraid you haven't washed your hands this morning, Thomas. Don't let this happen again, or you will get the sack, Thomas. (*Recollecting.*) I mean, you quit my service, Thomas. Go and cleanse, you dirty vagabond!

THOM. (*Aside.*) He's going mad, I think.

[*Exit L. H.*]

PAUL. I hope my friend writes a good hand, or I shall be bothered. (*Reads.*) "To the Right Honorable Lord Thomas Sparkle." Ah, that's me! "My dear son." Oh, from the governor! "I have just heard that you are in the neighborhood of a ward of mine—the Countess De—— De——" Ah, never mind—it is a Countess. "She is young and very beautiful. Now, Tom, you could not make choice of a nobler lady, even in England. It is my wish that you make her an immediate offer of your hand. In haste—your affectionate father."—What's to be done? I can't find him, that's certain. Don't know where he is. He told me if any letters came, to attend to 'em myself if I could—and I suppose I can make love to a woman. Though she is a Countess, I suppose she's something like other women. Besides, I shall get the affair in such a beautiful state of forwardness when I hand it over to him, he'll double my wages. I'll go at once. Thanks to the little bottle, I'm just in the humor. Thomas! His lordship's coat Thomas!

Enter THOMAS, with coat, L. H.

Now, Thomas—will you assist his lordship? (*THOMAS helps him off with dressing gown.*) Gently—gently—you rough creature! I'm not used to such things. Now the coat, Thomas——

THOM. Here it is, Paul—my lord! (*Helps him in on with it.*)

PAUL. Didn't I tell you to think before you spoke? send in the rest of my servants. (*Exit THOMAS, R. H.*) I must let them know formally that I'm going out for the day, or the wretches might fancy I was too drunk to get home—they do have the oddest ideas——

Enter three or four MALE SERVANTS, MARY AND SUSAN, L. H., tittering.

Let me know when you've quite done laughing. You'll oblige me by remembering that I am no longer in the menial situation I blush to have ever been in. And you, female women, will oblige me by forgetting to remember any little attention I may have been low-minded enough to pay you.

MARY. (*Aside.*) The wretch!

SUS. (*Aside.*) The viper!

MARY. (*Running to him.*) Dear Paul, you won't desert me! remember the many times you—

PAUL. Off, woman! you're a chambermaid. Hence to your region of bolsters and blankets, and be smothered!

SUS. That's right, Paul—she's not your dear, but when I speak—

PAUL. Hence, woman! you're a cook. Off to your regions of grease and gravy, and be basted. I know nothing about your honesty.

THOM. Come, Paul, this is coming it rather too strong.

PAUL. Paul, sir? Paul! Who do you mean by Paul? One of your blackguard associates, I suppose.

THOM. Precisely so.

PAUL. Is there any Paul here, sir? Go to the devil, sir, and take Paul with you! How dare you interrupt me, sir? I said I don't know much about your honesty—no more I do—so, to prevent mischief, all of you come with me, and get the carriage ready directly.

THOM. Well, I suppose we must do it.

PAUL. Suppose, you villain! Do I pay you your abominably extortionate wages for you to suppose?

THOM. (*As they exeunt.*) Oh, shan't he suffer for this!

[*All exeunt but PAUL, MARY and SUSAN, L. H.*

PAUL. Plagued with servants! Well, what are you stopping for?

SUS. (*Turning sharply to MARY.*) Yes, madam—what are you stopping here for?

MARY. I wish to speak to his lordship.

PAUL. Very properly answered. Now, Miss—what are you stopping for?

SUS. I want to speak to *you*, Paul Patent—who has promised to marry me a hundred times, and who thinks because he's thrown off his old clothes, he can throw off his old words—but I can tell him I *won't* be made a fool of!

MARY. Perhaps there's no necessity to make you one, ma'am.

SUS. Take care I don't spoil your wit, ma'am!

(*From this point to the end of the Scene to be spoken very rapidly.*)

MARY. Take care I don't spoil your beauty, ma'am!

PAUL. (*Aside.*) Thank heaven, they've begun—I'm pretty safe!

SUS. It strikes me you're a creature, ma'am!

MARY. Take care nothing else strikes you, ma'am!

SUS. I don't wonder, ma'am, at your being so free with your words, seeing how free you are with your lips, ma'am.

MARY. What do you know about my lips, ma'am.

SUS. Not so much as Thomas, I dare say, ma'am

MARY. I'll pull your hair out of curl, I promise you, ma'am!
(*Goes up to her.*)

PAUL. Oh, this won't do. Women, I can't have this disturbance in the building. I shall ring the bell——

MARY & SUS. How dare you interfere!

SUS. You upstart—insignificant——

PAUL. Will you be quiet, you little devils!

MARY. Go, sir—do—go! (*Both striking him.*)

SUS. & MARY. (*Following and beating him.*) There—you hideous three-cornered little tyrant—there!

PAUL. I wish his lordship was in his own clothes, now! Get off, you two vixens! (*They beat him off R. H. squabbling and scuffling.*)

SCENE IV.—*The Countess Violet's Chamber, as before.*

LORD SPARKLE *discovered on the ottoman.*

LORD S. I may make a very respectable lord—in fact, I think I do, but I certainly am the most bungling lacquey in or out of livery that ever filled a glass. (*LOUISE sings without.*) Ha! here comes that pert little hussey, her maid. I'll be sworn she's marvelling strangely that I don't make love to her. By-the-bye, she might assist me—besides, 'twill pass the time.

Enter LOUISE, L. H.

LOU. (*Aside.*) Oh, he's here! When a fellow-servant is tolerably good-looking, and does the agreeable to me, I generally contrive to serve him—when he doesn't, I generally contrive to serve him out. Now here's a very strong case. This fellow's very handsome, and he hasn't opened his lips to me!

LORD S. *What the plague's she chattering to herself about, I wonder! Hem!*

LOU. Ah! you here! I say, young fellow—do you know you're very clumsy! We are used to something better, I can assure you.

LORD S. I shall improve under your instruction, child.

LOU. No, man—you are much too stupid for me to instruct.

LORD S. I am willing to learn from such a pretty teacher—though we should forget our lesson, I fear, and fall into another subject.

LOU. What subject, Mr. Impudence!

LORD S. One I fancy we should be both more at home with—love!

LOU. So you're going to make love to me, are you?

LORD S. Let me recommend a large stock I have on hand ready made.

LOU. I don't like things ready made—and I dare say you are ready enough to swear you love me.

LORD S. Quite! I do swear it! (*COUNTESS VIOLET enters behind, c.*)

LOU. Well, what will you swear by?

LORD S. I'll swear by anything you think the safest.

LOU. Oh, come, I'm in no danger yet, Mr. Safe.

LORD S. Well, I swear by my honesty.

LOU. I don't think you could swear by a more trifling affair than that.

LORD S. Oh, yes—I might have sworn by yours.

LOU. Well, I declare! (*Aside.*) He's no such fool though!

LORD S. However, I swear by those two red lips—will that do!

LOU. Yea—but isn't it necessary when one swears to kiss the book?

LORD S. You're right, dear! (*Kisses her—VIOLET comes forward—they start back.*)

VIO. This is monstrous! So, sir—this is the custom in the Tyrol too, I suppose.

LORD S. Yes, madam—if you'll allow me—

VIO. It is not the custom of my house—at least not to my knowledge—though from Louise's aptness, it may have been. You will return to the Tyrol, sir, if you feel disposed—

LORD S. I assure you, madam, 'twas a harmless frolic only. (*Aside.*) Ah, my unlucky stars!

LOU. Yes, madam, very harmless, as far as I am concerned. It was only an experiment. I always try the disposition of new servants, madam, that I may know how to treat them af-

VIO. Very possibly you do—but you try no more in my house. As for you, sir, you have repaid my confidence well, have you not? but I might have guessed as much. You leave my service to-morrow morning.

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Discharged in three hours! My dear Howard, you were very right—I'll carry her off to-night.

VIO. You can leave the room——

LOU. Please, madam, I don't think he did kiss me quite.

VIO. If anything makes a bad affair worse, 'tis an attempt and lame defence. We will talk no more of this at present. I hear a carriage—see who it is. (*LOUISE runs to window, c.*)

LOU. La, madam! it's a strange carriage—with grooms on horseback. I never saw it before—chocolate lined with crimson.

LORD S. Eh?

LOU. And such a glaring coat of arms on it—and two such lovely cream-colored horses.

LORD S. (*Aside.*) The devil there are! (*Goes up to window.*)

VIO. I know none such. Whose can it be?

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Your discharged valet's! my coach and horses, as I breathe! Now whose infernal audacity is this? It must be a trick of Howard's to stop this freak.

Enter SERVANT, L. H., hands card to VIOLET.

VIO. (*Reading.*) Lord Sparkle, Revel Hall——

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Oh, Lord Sparkle, is it? who the devil am I, then?

VIO. (*Aside.*) The son of Lord Rackington, my guardian—of whom I have heard so much. Admit his lordship. (*Exit SERVANT, L. H.*) Fidelio, remain here to receive his lordship. Louise, no more experiments, if you please.

LOU. No, madam. [*Exit VIOLET and LOUISE, R. H.*]

LORD S. It strikes me I shall quarrel with Frank. (*Sits and reads—his back towards entrance.*) I'll not notice him, he may take his oath of that.

Enter SERVANT, introducing PAUL, L. H.

SERV. My Lord Sparkle——

[*Exit L. H.*]

PAUL. Well, that's manners, is it, to holloa out a fellow's name, and then cut out of the room without so much as handing a chair or hanging up his hat. But I'm a lord—and I'll let 'em know it. Where's a bell? Ha, there's a servant. I'll astonish 'em a little. (*Calls loudly.*) Now, young man. (*Slapping him on the back.*)

LORD S. (*Starting up, and rushing forward.*) Paul!

PAUL. The devil!

LORD S. Confound that eternally blundering head of yours! what on earth brought you here? Answer me, or I'll shake you dumb. (*Collars him.*)

PAUL. Your lordship's creams. (*Aside.*) I will have my lark out, in spite of him. I came to make love to the Countess Thingumy—what's her name?

LORD S. Have you been drinking?

PAUL. It's a positive fact I did a little—but may I ask what your lordship's doing here?

LORD S. I'll tell you what I shall do here directly, and that is, fling you out of the window. Tell me, sir, at once, what brought you here?

PAUL. Very well, sir—just after you—

Enter LOUISE, R. H.

LOU. Fidelio, you're to go and see after his lordship's carriage and servants. Now, run—don't stand fidgetting there.

PAUL. (*Aside.*) Who's she talking to?

LORD S. (*Aside.*) This is amusing. I shall have to groom my own horses, I suppose.

LOU. Now, are you going?

LORD S. Oh yes—I'm going.

PAUL. Why don't you go?

LORD S. (*Aside.*) But I'll very soon make my way back!

[*Exit, L. H.*]

LOU. I'm afraid your lordship has been bothered with that clumsy fellow—

PAUL. Yes, he did bother me a little. I say, where did you pick him up?

LOU. The Countess engaged him this morning, my lord. He came from the Tyrol.

PAUL. The Tyrol! ah, in Australia somewhere! I say, couldn't you manage to keep him down stairs? By-the-bye, have you had your dinner?

LOU. No, my lord.

PAUL. I suppose your mistress—hem, generally asks drop-pers in to stop, eh?

LOU. She will be very proud of your lordship's company, I'm sure.

PAUL. She shall have it. Is she dressing? I hope she's not doing anything extra on my account.

LOU. She is here, my lord.

PAUL. (*Aside.*) I wonder how a Swiss Countess looks. I don't feel very comfortable—I'd rather stay with the maid.

Enter VIOLET, R. H.

VIO. Welcome, my lord, to my poor chateau.

PAUL. (*Bowing extravagantly.*) Thank you, madam—I hope you're pretty well, madam. (*Aside.*) I should like to know what to do with my hat? I'd better leave it on my head—it's out of the way there.

VIO. (*Aside.*) What an uncouth creature it is! (*Aloud.*) I trust you have left my guardian, your noble father, well?

PAUL. (*Aside.*) My noble father! ah, ah, I forgot. I think she's beginning to bother me. (*Aloud.*) Yes, ma'am—much obliged—the governor's all right. (*Aside.*) I wonder if I ought to ask after her family—it isn't worth while, perhaps.

Enter LORD SPARKLE, L. H.

And now, ma'am, I'll tell you what brought me here.

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Aye, let's hear that!

VIO. Not till you have taken some refreshment. I trust your lordship will do me the honor of dining with me.

PAUL. With all the pleasure possible, ma'am.

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Curse his impudence—I shall have to wait on my own valet!

VIO. But I beg your lordship ten thousand pardons—I forgot you were standing. (*Aside.*) How strange, he persists in keeping his hat on.

PAUL. Don't mention it, ma'am. I was looking out for a chair, though.

VIO. Fidelio! chairs, here—and take his lordship's hat. (*LORD SPARKLE places chair for VIOLET—and one for PAUL, in which himself sits, and draws close to VIOLET.*)

PAUL. Hilloa, you sir—come out of that chair! (*Pulls him out.*)

LORD S. (*Aside to PAUL.*) You shall remember this! (*PAUL attempts to seat himself, but the tightness of his clothes prevents him—after several trials, he manages to do so.*)

PAUL. I say, ma'am—you've got a very clumsy servant here.

VIO. Never heed him, my lord—I have discharged him for his misconduct this morning.

PAUL. (*Aside.*) Discharged! misconduct! capital! (*He tries to smother his laughter.*)

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Damn the fellow! he's enjoying it!

VIO. Didn't I tell you to take his lordship's hat, Fidelio?

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Yes—and his lordship's head shall go with it in two minutes!

PAUL. Here, Fiddler—take my hat! (*LORD SPARKLE takes his hat off, and pulls his ear—PAUL cries out again.*)

PAUL. Really, ma'am, this man of yours is the clumsiest—

VIO. You had better leave the room, I think, Fidelio!

PAUL. Yes, Fiddler—you had better leave the room. What queer names these servants have, ma'am! Fiddler may be a very good name, but I think Paul a better.

VIO. Call him what you please, my lord. But I haven't heard from your noble father since my poor husband's death—

LORD S. (*Aside.*) I don't suppose you have!

PAUL. I'm very sorry for that, ma'am. It was very wrong in the governor not to write—but he's a careless old file!

LORD S. (*Aside—to PAUL.*) I'll not leave you a whole bone in your skin!

PAUL. (*Aside—to LORD S.*) Keep quiet, you sir! (*Aloud.*) And how long may your husband have been dead, ma'am?

VIO. Eighteen months, my lord.

PAUL. Ah, he must be very dead indeed by this time. Niceish sort of man, ma'am?

VIO. (*Aside.*) This is a strange specimen of English nobility. (*Aloud.*) He was quite as good as I deserved, my lord.

PAUL. Then he must have been an out-and-outer, ma'am. (*Aside.*) Come, I have done a compliment.

LORD S. How can I stop this infernal fellow's tongue!—(*VIOLET drops her handkerchief.*)

VIO. I beg your lordship's pardon—

PAUL. (*Aside.*) What for, I wonder!

VIO. May I trouble you, my lord?

PAUL. Oh, pick it up—with pleasure, ma'am—(*Tries to stoop, but cannot, on account of his clothes.*)—if I can, that is. (*Aside.*) These cursed things—it's not to be done—Do you want it very particularly, ma'am?

VIO. (*Hardly repressing her laughter.*) I'm concerned to trouble your lordship, but if—

PAUL. Oh, certainly, ma'am—if you want it—(*Tries again, but fails—LORD SPARKLE laughs.*)

VIO. Fidelio!

PAUL. Oh, *he's* there, is he? What am I troubling myself about for? Here, Fiddler! Paul, you rascal—come and pick this up.

VIO. Fidelio, will you attend to his lordship's orders?

LORD S. To yours, madam. (LORD SPARKLE *picks up the handkerchief.*)

VIO. And now, my lord, I shall be glad to know to what I owe the honour of this visit?

LORD S. (*Aside.*) So shall I!

PAUL. (*Aside.*) I wish she'd let that alone till after dinner—for the game's certainly up, when that's out! (*Aloud.*) Certainly, ma'am—but I hope I am not interfering with the dinner hour—

VIO. By no means, my lord. There is yet half an hour—

PAUL. (*Aside.*) Time enough to be kicked out now before dinner! I'll give her the letter. (*Aloud.*) The fact is, ma'am, this letter will let you into a move of the governor's.

LORD S. (*Aside.*) A letter! What the deuce can all this be about?

PAUL. I hope she won't be making love at once, or he'll understand it all!

VIO. I am honored, my lord, by your father's preference, but—(*Aside.*) Marry him! No, the footman behind my chair would be more welcome—and so vanish all my hopes!

LORD S. "Honored—father's preference!" Oh! I can't allow this to go on any longer!

VIO. (*Rising.*) My lord, excuse my freedom; but it would be most culpable to deceive you. As a friend, my doors are ever open to you—none more welcome than yourself; but—pardon me, I can never be your wife.

LORD S. (*Aside to PAUL.*) Why, you impudent vagabond, you're never offering her your hand?

PAUL. (*Aside to LORD S.*) Yes; I am doing it for you!

LORD S. (*Aside to PAUL.*) And I'll do for you, you rascal! At all hazards, I will know the meaning of this. (*Aloud.*) Madam, this absurd masquerade must proceed no further. I am Lord Sparkle, and that fellow's my rascal of a valet.

VIO. What?

PAUL. (*Aside.*) I shall lose a glorious dinner if I give in. He can't prove it—I'll stand him out!

VIO. Is this true, sir?

LORD S. Let him deny it, confound him!

PAUL. I do deny it. Are there no means of telling a lord

from a lacquey? What does he here in that dress, if he's me, ma'am?

LORD S. (*Rushing at him.*) You barefaced rascal, I'll strangle you! (*PAUL crosses to R.*)

VIO. Stop, sir—I command you. There appears to be some mystery here; but the truth can soon be ascertained. I cannot doubt his lordship, here. Ring that bell!

LORD S. Certainly, madam, at your command. (*He rings the bell.*)

Enter SERVANT, L. H.

VIO. Let Lord Sparkle's servants come up here. (*Exit SERVANT, L. H.*)

LORD S. (*Aside.*) That'll do. It's lucky they came, or I couldn't so easily prove it.

PAUL. (*Aside.*) That's prime! He told 'em himself, if they recognized him till he came home again, he would discharge them.

Enter SERVANT, with SERVANTS, L. H.

VIO. You will have the kindness to point out your master, Lord Sparkle.

SERV. (*Pointing to PAUL.*) There he is, ma'am——

VIO. I thought as much. You may go.

LORD S. Why, you lying rascals—do you dare to say you don't know your own master?

THOM. (*Aside.*) We'll stick to it for you, my lord! Never saw you before!

LORD S. (*Aside.*) What's to be done? They will stick to this. I forgot I told them to do so.

VIO. (*To LORD S.*) If I were to treat you as you deserve, sir, I should order these honest men to horsewhip you into the road. It depends upon his lordship whether I shall do so or not.

LORD S. (*Aside.*) This is devilish agreeable! I shouldn't wonder if he said yes.

PAUL. I think he would be a trifle the better for it, ma'am—but let him go.

VIO. For your escape, sir, you may thank his lordship.

LORD S. (*Aside.*) Oh, damn his lordship! Madam, I see it is hopeless to endeavor to convince you; and as for that double rascal there—whom I always took to be the veriest fool on earth—he turns out to be a bit of a rogue. I came here

in disguise, simply to be near you—I saw and loved you, and could only gain admittance to your house by stratagem.

PAUL. I ask anybody—does he look as if he was telling the truth?

VIO. I cannot believe this romance, sir—

LORD S. I pledge you my honor—

PAUL. (*Aside.*) The honor of a valet! I tried to pledge mine once, but could get nothing on it.

Enter SERVANT, L. H.

SERV. Mr. Howard, madam!

LORD S. I pray you admit him, madam; he is a friend of mine, and will clear every thing.

VIO. Admit him.

PAUL. (*Aside.*) I'm doubled up, and put by!

Enter SERVANT, with FRANK HOWARD, L. H.

HOW. My dear Tom! (*Shakes hands with LORD S.*)

LORD S. Frank, you never came more seasonably. Ten to one, I should have been kicked out of the house! I have been disowned by my servants, and bullied out of my name by that scoundrel, there. Confess your abominations, or I'll strangle you! (*Crosses, and seizes PAUL.*)

PAUL. Oh—oh—I confess! You're the lord, and I'm the lacquey. There's the letter, sir; read that, and don't ask any thing else.

LORD S. (*Having read the letter.*) This is indeed happiness! I forgive you—this letter makes your peace. Now, dearest madam—

VIO. Lightly won, may be lightly lost—but take me—I am yours.

LORD S. (*Coming forward.*) And now may I beg, for myself and my newly acquired treasure, your kind approval and satisfaction at the manœuvres of LOVE IN LIVERY.

CURTAIN FALLS.

Disposition of the characters at the fall of the Curtain.

PAUL. SPARKLE. VIOLET. HOWARD.

[No. 213.]

ANTHONY & CLEOPATRA.

A BURLETTA,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

CHARLES SELBY, COMEDIAN,

AUTHOR OF

Captain Stevens—A Day in Paris—Unfinished Gentleman—Catching an Heiress—Married Rake—Widow's Victim—Rifle Brigade—Tutor's Assistant—Jacques Strop—Hunting a Turtle—Dancing Barber—Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials—King's Gardener—Fairy Lake—Lord Bateman—Behind the Scenes—New Footman—Marceline—A Lady and Gentleman in a Peculiary Perplexing Predicament—Boots at the Swan—King Richard ye Third—Rival Pages—Peggy Green—Mysterious Stranger—Valët de Sham—Irish Dragoon—Lioness of the North—Taming a Tartar. Phantom Breakfast—The Drapery Question—Frank Fox Phipps—Pearl of the Ocean—White Sergeants—Hotel Charges—Phantom Dancers—Husband of my Heart—Taken in and Done For—Chamber practice—Witch of Windermere—Fire Eater—Ask no Questions—Judgment of Paris—Out on the Sly—The Elves; or, the Statue Bride—My Friend the Major—Robert Macaire, Etc., Etc.

WITH ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY
MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER
OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,

122 NASSAU STREET. (UP STAIRS.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORIGINAL CAST.

	<i>Adelphi, Lon., Nov. 7, 1842.</i>	<i>Burton's N. Y. 1858.</i>	<i>Broadway, N. Y. 1858.</i>
ANTONY, a Gentleman on Town,	} Mr. Wright.	Mr. Geo. Jordan.	Mr. Davidge.
CLEOPATRA, a Grisetto,			
	Miss Murray.	Miss A. Robertson.	Miss J. Gougenheim.

Time in Representation—85 minutes.

COSTUME.

ANTONY.—Crimson trowsers, with broad black leather round the bottoms and inside seams; French gray hussar jacket: powdered wig with braids and club; small French foraging cap, blue cloth.

CLEOPATRA.—Full black velvet trowsers, reaching a little below the calf, ornamented with silver buttons down the outside seams; scarlet stockings; black shoes with small gilt buckles; a blue sash tied round the waist in a bow, with long ends behind, a white mousseline de laine shirt; a with black handkerchief tied loosely round the neck; a powdered wig, with long braids, ringlets, and club; small red and blue French foraging cap. Sky blue domino and white mask for second dress.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre; F., the Flat; C. D. F., Centre Door in Flat; R. D. F., Right Door in Flat; L. D. F., Left door in Flat; R. H. D., Right Hand Door, First Entrance; L. H. D., Left Hand Door, First Entrance; S. E., (or 2 E.,) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

* * The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage, facing the audience.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

SCENE—which remains the same during the Piece. The Stage is divided to represent two garrets, with a practicable door in the centre. **LEFT HAND CHAMBER**.—A door at back in L. E. A window, 8 E. Between partition and the door, a stove with an iron chimney. Between 1 and 2 E. a fold-up bedstead, with a mattress, bolster, sheets, and counterpane. Before the window, a table with a drawer. Against the partition a large trunk. Between the trunk and the door, in the partition, a rush-bottomed chair. On the table, a water-bottle, a tea-cup and saucer, and several plates. Under the bed, a boot-jack, a backgammon board, and a pair of old boots. **RIGHT HAND CHAMBER**.—Door at the back. 1 E. E., a small table, with a lighted candle. 2 E. a buffet. Between it and the table a chair (which can be easily broken) another chair, C. Against the partition, facing the buffet, a table with blanket, iron, &c. Near it a small ironing-stove, a basket with charcoal, bellows, and tongs. A bonnet and gown hung on the door in the partition. A straw-hat on the buffet. A water-bottle, and a broken tea-cup on a small table 4 E. R. of door in partition.

CLEOPATRA discovered sleeping, in R. H. chamber, in a chair, with her head leaning against the buffet. She is dressed as a Débardeur, with a shawl over her shoulders. Her hat and mask are on the floor. A lighted candle on the table, R. H.

CLEO. [*Dreaming she is dancing a Gallopade—beats time with her feet, and sings the air—the last figure of the “Danois.”*] No, no, no—too fast—too fast! Be quiet, hussar! don't squeeze me so—you shan't—let me go! If you kiss me again, I'll call murder. Hussar, behave yourself. Ah! will you? [*Struggling, and calling loudly.*] Police! police! [*Awakes.*] Oh, what a fool! [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! I'm at home! [*Rubbing her eyes.*] I thought I was at the masquerade at the Opera, dancing the gallop with an hussar, who was impertinent enough to kiss me. Ha, ha, ha! [*Rises and advances.*] A dream is a strange invention. I could have sworn I felt the tickle of a mustache—it was so like reality. Ah! a masquerade is a world of happy dreams. I could live in it for ever! But I've been prudent, and have come home in good time. Five o'clock in the morning is very early, considering the fun doesn't begin till near two. I must have a little sleep, or I shall not be able to finish the shirts and collars I have promised to take home this evening. [*Sits, and endeavors to com-*

pose herself to sleep.] Oh, dear! we poor seamstresses are worse off than the galley slaves. Work, work, work—morning, noon, and night, and not the slightest recreation. [*Sings the air of the last figure of the "Dancois."*] That gallop haunts me—I shall never get it out of my head. [*Sings.*] And that hussar—I can't help thinking of him, too! [*Sings.*] He was very good-looking, and very funny. [*Sings.*] I wonder if I shall ever see him again. He was rather too free—but at a masquerade—[*Sings*] Dear me—[*Changing her position*]—I wish I could go to sleep. I hear the music, and see the people flitting about—there's a ball going on in my head! [*Sings.*] If the hussar—but that's nonsense—I'm going to be married. [*Sings, and gradually falls asleep.*] He's really very good—good look-ing—but—I wish—mustaches—now, hussar!—upon my word—[*Sings and sleeps.*]

ANTONY [*Without, L. H.*] Eh? hollo! hollo! I can't find the key hole. Somebody has run away with it. Ah, you rascal—there you are at last! [*Opens door L. H. and enters—he is a little intoxicated, and holds a bottle in which is a lighted candle. He throws off his cloak, and appears in the costume of an Hussar, and sings in imitation of the Swiss minstrels.*]

Varieté! variété! variété!
My mountain home, my mountain home.
Ud-ldi! Udeldi! ho, ho!
My merry mountain home!

[*Looking round, and laughing.*] And a pretty mountain home it is! Ha, ha, ha! Up six flights of stairs, with a splendid bird's-eye view of a back street, and a magnificent stack of chimnies in perspective. [*Reeling.*] Hollo, bollo! [*Looking at his legs.*] Mr. Antony, Mr. Antony, your legs are not fit company for a steady young gentleman. [*Addressing his legs.*] This comes of keeping late hours, and drinking champagne and other *patriotic* liquors. [*Striking them.*] I'm ashamed of you! You are unsupportable, and set a bad example to my head, which has an inclination to dance the cachuca.

Voices in the street sing a drunken chorus.] Heu, heu, heu! tra la la la!

ANT. Ah, there go the peep-o'-daylight boys! [*Opens window and looks out.*] Ohie! ohie! Chopin, Chiquot! good night, old fellows. [*Sings,* "Heu heu heu! tra la la la!"] Keep it up! knock at the doors—let down the lamps, and smash the windows! Ohie! ohie! yo ho ho ho! [*Shouting and singing.*]

A very gruff voice is heard without.] Hollo! hollo! will you be quiet up there, or I'll call the police.

ANT. The old fogie who lives underneath! I'll give him a gallop. Heu heu heu! tra la la la! [*Sings, and thumps chair on the floor.*]

VOICE. [*Without.*] Hollo, hollo! are you coming through the ceiling up there? I'll complain to the landlord.

ANT. [*Pours water from jug into basin, and throws it out of the window.*] Do, with my compliments.

VOICE. [*Without.*] Eh—dear me! murder! you rascal, I'll—I'll—
[*Sneezes.*—complain—complain—

ANT. Ha, ha, ha! Good night, old crusty—my love to your wife. [*Noise of carriage.*] Eh? a carriage stopping at our door? the devil! that confounded blue domino has followed me. [*Bawling.*] It isn't here coachman—go on—No. 15 in the next street. It's all right—he's gone. [*Shutting window and shivering.*] Ough! I'm perishing with cold! I must retreat to my usual calorifier, vulgarly called my bed. [*Goes to bed, turns it down, and shakes bolster.*] It's astonishing the affection we gentlemen, who are not blessed with what the newspapers call "affluence," have for our roosting places; they not only serve us for repose, but decrease our consumption of food and fuel. Oh, that lovely little creature I danced with at the masquerade! What a foot—what a waist! The last gallop—oh! [*Imitates the cornet à piston, and dances the gallop, holding the bolster in his arms for a partner. At the end of the dance he kicks against a folded paper which is on the floor.*] Eh! what's this? [*Picks it up.*] A paper that has been pushed under the door! [*Puts the bolster under his arm and reads.*] Ah! death and the old gentleman! A notice from the court that my furniture will be seized to-day, for a debt contracted with a rascally tailor. What a reproach on a free country, that a gentleman can't owe a few hundred francs without being forced to pay at his creditor's convenience. Seize my furniture! Bring my beautiful rosewood chairs and tables—my pictures, and my family plate and china to the hammer—shameful! Oh, the cabbaging rascal! If I had you here for five minutes, I'd beat you into apple fritters! [*Beats bolster, then kicks it away.*] There, you scoundrel—I'll teach you to insult a gentleman! Sooner than part with a single article of my valuable property, I'll smash it all to atoms! [*Seizes the boot-jack, and throws it against the door in the partition. Cleopatra wakes with a start.*]

CLEO. Come in.

ANT. There goes the china! [*Throws plate and cup and saucer against the door.*]

CLEO. [*Rising.*] 'Tis a smash in the next room. [*Calling.*] I say, sir—mademoiselle—madame, or whatever you may be, I wish you wouldn't make such a row there. You keep people from sleeping.

ANT. Go along, my good woman—go along. Don't interfere in things that don't concern you. [*Throws another plate.*]

CLEO. Hollo! hollo, there! I wish you wouldn't. Can't you throw your plates and dishes out of the window? [*She brings forward ironing-stove, lights fire with a lucifer, and blows it with the bellows.*]

ANT. Ah! 'tis the little shirt-maker I have so often heard singing at her work. [*Sings in imitation.*] Good morning, neighbor. How do you do? I hope you are pretty well?

CLEO. Pretty well, thank you. Good night. [*Blowing at the stove on which she places the irons.*]

ANT. I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance, have I? [*Kneeling on chair, and rocking it.*]

CLEO. No—you are quite a stranger.

ANT. Ah, I'm sorry for that. Never mind—if you should be taken ill at any time, call for me, and I'll come and comfort you.

CLEO. Much obliged—[*Brings down the ironing-table*—I shan't trouble you. [*Blows fire.*]

ANT. Not the slightest trouble. [*Goes to door in partition.*] She's lighting her fire. [*Knocks at the door.*] Neighbor!

CLEO. Well, what's the matter—what do you want?

ANT. Can't you oblige me with a light?

CLEO. No. You are very impertinent to disturb me so. I won't answer you any more. [*Tries heat of iron.*]

ANT. Oh, don't be so unsociable, my little darling. There is only the door between us—let me break through the feeble barrier, and on my knees sue for pardon and—[*He shakes door.*]

CLEO. Ah, you had better leave that alone. If you try to open it, I'll alarm the house. [*Aside.*] I've often thought that door remarkably dangerous. [*Irons a collar.*]

ANT. [*Lights a cigar.*] Good night, my love. Pleasant dreams.

CLEO. Thank you. [*Aside.*] Masquerades—bussars—mustaches. [*Aloud.*] Good night.

ANT. Good night. But I'm not going to bed yet. When one has danced for two, and supped for four, a cigar is an indispensable night-cap. [*Blows smoke through keyhole.*] Smoke not disagreeable. I hope?

CLEO. Not at all—I like it! I smoke my—ahem! good night. [*Aside.*] His allusion to supper puts me in mind that I am hungry. [*Goes to buffet, cuts a slice of bread, and covers it with raspberry jam.*]

ANT. [*Aside.*] I'll have another try to bring her out! [*He sits on bed and throws a plate at door in partition.*] Slips! I beg pardon, neighbor—quite an accident. You break something, and we shall be quits.

CLEO. Pshaw! I'm not so foolish. [*In putting the loaf into the buffet she knocks down a plate.*]

ANT. Ah! thank you, my love—I'm eternally obliged.

CLEO. He thinks I broke it on purpose. Oh, the fool! [*Laughs loudly, and thumps the table with her iron.*]

ANT. [*Knocks against door.*] "Come, I say—Mademoiselle, or Madame, or whatever you may be, I wish you wouldn't make such a row—you keep people from sleeping."

CLEO. There's impudence; yet I can't help laughing at him. [*Approaches the door.*] I wonder if he is good-looking.

ANT. My merry neighbor ought to be pretty. [*They both look through the keyhole at the same time.*] No effect. It is plugged on the other side.

CLEO. Not a glimpse! it is stopped up with putty. [*Goes to table, puts down the slice of bread and jam, and continues her ironing.*]

ANT. I'm rather near-sighted. [*Takes a telescope from under the bed, kneels, and places it at the keyhole.*] I'll bring her down with a long shot! No go. I won't give her up. I'll get her into conversation. Madame—

CLEO. Mademoiselle.

ANT. Ah, I'm delighted to hear that. Mademoiselle, can you inform me what o'clock it is by your watch! Mine has gone down.

CLEO. [*Seats herself on the corner of table, and eats the bread and jam.*] Sorry I can't oblige you, for mine's gone up—ahem—I mean, down, too.

ANT. Another failure! Here goes again. Madame—

CLEO. Mademoiselle. [*Eating.*]

ANT. I beg pardon, Mademoiselle—I think you said you were—

CLEO. Well, upon my word, you are a very inquisitive person. Hadn't you better ask me if I'm handsome or ugly, short or tall, thin or stout, light or dark, young or old, rich or poor, and anything else that may strike you.

ANT. Certainly, such is my intention; but, by way of preface, allow me to give you a slight sketch of myself. I am light, handsome, and thin, like a fashionable novel in a single volume—my name is known in history, my profession is liberal, and I am got up by a good tailor, regardless of expense.

CLEO. I'll be equally candid. I am a young lady of independent fortune, and my father was an officer in the king's household. [*Aside.*] A footman!

ANT. I have just left the masquerade at the Opera.

CLEO. So have I.

ANT. Where I amused myself in glorious style.

CLEO. So did I.

ANT. I danced the cachucha, and the çan-çan.

CLEO. So did I—ahem!—no, no—I mean, I didn't.

ANT. You did—you did! Ah, if you should be my little lighter-man.

CLEO. [*Aside.*] Heavens, my hussar! [*Aloud.*] What lighter-man?

ANT. A merry, fascinating little devil that I followed all night—an angel in velvet trowsers, who set my heart on fire! Ah, I think I see her now, with her hands in her pockets, and her head thrown saucily aside, as she started in the gallop with the left foot in

advance. [*As he speaks, CLEOPATRA takes the positions.*] She interested me to such a point, madame—I beg pardon, mademoiselle—that I offered her my hand and fortune in the vast arena of the Opera House, before several hundreds of Pierrots, Turks, and Tartars, but, whiz! she slipped through my fingers like an eel, and disappeared in a cloud.

CLEO. [*Forgetting herself.*] No, no—a hackney coach.

ANT. What! it was you.

CLEO. [*Laughs loudly.*] Good night, neighbor.

ANT. Oh, my dear angel—my lovely neighbor—my adored little lighterman! Oh, you little crocodile! [*Bawling through keyhole.*] Seraphine, I demand you in marriage.

CLEO. Already! I ask three hours to consult my family, and make enquiry into your character. But I have already a good deal of information regarding you.

ANT. What information, Pamela, my angel? Explain, dear Caroline—

CLEO. [*Goes to door in partition.*] Faithless hussar! the sky-blue domino—

ANT. Ah, did you see me? Pardon, dear Clotilde—

CLEO. [*Sits herself with back to door in partition, eating bread and jam. Aside.*] Seraphine, Pamela, Caroline, Clotilde! What will he call me next, I wonder? [*Aloud.*] Well, monster?

ANT. When you ran away from me I was wandering about in despair, when the confounded sky-blue domino threw herself into my arms. "Allons, hussar!" said she, "gallop!" Away she dragged me, and on we went, like devils in a whirlwind!

CLEO. [*Sings the air of the gallop.*] Well, Timoleon—

ANT. Antony!

CLEO. La, how very odd! I'm Cleopatra.

ANT. Indeed? Extraordinary genealogical coincidence! We are bound to imitate our great prototypes. They had no wall between them. [*Shaking door.*] Let us be historically correct.

CLEO. No, no, no! Historians differ. If you presume to touch the door again, I've done with you forever. [*Eats.*] Go on about the domino—

ANT. Cruel Aspasia! Well, during the dance, I perceived my partner had a small, elastic waist, and a remarkably pretty foot.

CLEO. [*Looking at her feet.*] After all you said of mine. Faithless hussar!

ANT. Forgive me, fair Queen of Egypt—my perfidy has been punished. When the gallop was over, I asked my domino to take a glass of punch.

CLEO. A la Romaine?

ANT. No—rum.

CLEO. [*Pours water from bottle into tea-cup and drinks.*] It's remarkably nice!

ANT. It's astonishing how our tastes assimilate. Dear Chloe—
[*Shaking door.*]

CLEO. Hussar, remember—behave yourself. Go on with your romance.

ANT. She accepted several glasses of the treacherous fluid. Of course I kept her in countenance. By degrees we grew animated, sentimental, and affectionate. Still she persisted in remaining incognito. Finding all my entreaties useless, I had recourse to stratagem. I watched her in a looking-glass, and as she turned and lifted her mask to imbibe the punch, had a view of her face. Imagine my horror, dear Chloe, she was as old as the hills—a grandmother of sixty, at the very least.

CLEO. [*Laughing.*] *Ha, ha, ha! poor hussar! What a fool you must have looked—ha, ha, ha!

ANT. My passion was cooled in an instant. With one bound I cleared the table and gained the street, when I took to my heels, and never stopped till I got home.

CLEO. What a miraculous escape!

ANT. It was, indeed—and I've had another just now. The old Jezabel followed me in a hackney coach, and if I had not persuaded the driver he had mistaken the house, she would have come up stairs, and then I don't know what would have become of me.

CLEO. You deserve to be forced to marry her, as a punishment for your perfidy to me. Didn't you swear that I was the only being you could ever love? Faithless hussar!

ANT. I did—I did, fair sylphide. But you ran away, and left me in the middle of the dance?

CLEO. You were getting too affectionate, hussar. You had no business to kiss people on so short an acquaintance.

ANT. I wished to keep up my character, and saluting is a military manoeuvre. You owe me a gallop, Celestine, and I must beg of you to name an early day to pay it.

CLEO. You shall have it now. [*Removes table.*]

ANT. Ah—[*Running to door, and trying to open it*—my angel!

CLEO. No, no. *imagine* the wall away.

ANT. Impossible! I'm a materialist, and hate the ideal. [*Shaking door.*]

CLEO. Hussar, I insist! Another shake, and I call for assistance. Now—are you ready?

ANT. Tormentor! Are you still in costume?

CLEO. Yes, wig, and everything.

ANT. I'm the same.

CLEO. Now, then. *en place*—face the wall, and off we go! [*They place themselves at the extremity of the Stage, facing each other, and go through a gallopade—(which is played in the orchestra)—Antony pretending that he holds a lady; and Cleopatra that she is held by a gentleman.*]

ANT. [*Speaking through the music.*] Oh, you dear little devil!

CLEO. Hussar, behave yourself—don't squeeze me so!

ANT. [*Striking the partition.*] Confound the wall!

CLEO. Be quiet, hussar! I'll call murder! Let me go!—let me go—

ANT. Only one kiss—only one—

CLEO. Very well—take it!

ANT. [*Smacking his lips in imitation of a kiss.*] Oh!—bless you! [*At the end of the dance Cleopatra falls into a chair, and Antony throws himself on the bed, and kicks and tumbles.*]

CLEO. Oh, I'm quite exhausted. Waiter! A glass of champagne! ANT. A bottle! a bottle, and a bowl of punch! [*Jumping from the bed, and going to door in partition.*] Lighterman!

CLEO. Hussar!

ANT. Since you won't allow this door to be opened, I'll go out and try the other in the passage—[*Going.*]

CLEO. Do—at your peril! [*Bolts C.D.*]

ANT. [*Aloud.*] On second thoughts, I won't. [*Aside.*] I have a better plan. The last gentleman who lodged here left behind him a bunch of skeleton keys. I'll try the soothing system. [*Searching in table drawer.*]

CLEO. He's so quiet, I'm afraid he's meditating mischief!

ANT. [*Goes on tiptoe to door in partition, and puts in key.*] Now for an agreeable surprise!

CLEO. [*Alarmed.*] Ha! he is picking the lock! Hussar, I command you to desist! I'll scream! Hussar—hussar! don't be foolish. He perseveres! What will become of me? Ah—[*Struck with a sudden thought*—the blue domino! I'll frighten him away. [*Opens buffet, takes out a blue domino, and exit by door at back.*]

ANT. [*Trying to unlock door.*] Forgive me, dearest angel. I am desperate. Confound the key—it won't turn! Don't be cruel, Emmeline. I shall never make it answer! Speak to me, light of my soul! I shall never do for a housebreaker. Lighterman! Cleopatra! Sylphide! The key won't work—I'll break open the door. [*Seizes chair, and is about to break open the door, when a knock is heard without.* 1 E. L. H.] Eh? a knock at my door! Who the deuce can it be? [*Knock again. Bawling.*] I'm not at home! Ah, perhaps the dear creature has relented, and wishes to surprise me. It must be so! [*Running to L. H. D.*] Come in, light of my heart—come in! [*Opens door—Cleopatra disguised in a blue domino, and a white mask enters.*] The blue domino! I'm assassinated!

CLEO. [*Speaking in an assumed voice, with great affectation.*] Antony, dearest—support me, or I shall fall. [*She throws herself into his arms, and pretends to faint.*]

ANT. Devil take the old tabby! [*Giving a chair.*] Here—here, sit down, you old hyena—sit down—[*Pushing her into chair.*]

CLEO. Where am I? [*Looking round wildly.*]

ANT. Oh, you know well enough. Up six flights of stairs in the Rue Chamont.

CLEO. Ha! memory returns to me. A masquerade—a gallop—an hussar—punch à la Romaine——

ANT. Which you took a pretty good whack of, old mermaid!

CLEO. It is not a dream—the dear youth is here! Come to my fluttering heart. [*Trying to embrace him.*]

ANT. No, no—sit down, and don't agitate yourself. [*He pushes her into chair.*] What the devil shall I do with her?

CLEO. Oh, Tony, dear—how could you desert me so cruelly? [*Sobs.*]

ANT. Tony, dear? Familiar old porcupine? Come, come—[*Shaking her*—no nonsense. The champagne has got into your head. You had better go home, and go to bed.

CLEO. I *am* at home. Cruel hussar! didn't you swear to me eternal constancy? Your perfidy has nearly broken my heart. You are my first and only love—the realization of my girlish dreams. You swore you loved me, and—and I took a hackney-coach—and—and—[*Sobbing.*]

ANT. What, madam? In the name of all that's damnable—what?

CLEO. I—I have come home! [*Throws herself into his arms.*]

ANT. Horrible old vampire! She'll send for her boxes, and mark her dresses with my name.

CLEO. [*Passionately.*] I care not for wealth—you are my only treasure. I could starve with you in a lone hut on a desolate heath! [*Looking round, and speaking in her natural voice.*] Dear me what a hole! You are not overburdened with furniture, hussar. [*Resuming her affectation.*] And although the world forsake us, we would be rich in love.

ANT. Yes, yes. [*Aside.*] How can I escape from her. [*Going to door in partition and trying to turn key.*]

CLEO. [*Stopping him.*] Hussar!

ANT. Domino! [*Puts his hand behind him, and tries to turn key.*]

CLEO. Have you nothing pleasant to say to me?

ANT. Nothing that I can immediately recollect.

CLEO. Have you forgot the pretty feet, and the taper waist you admired so much! [*Shows her feet, and crosses to L. H., holding the domino round her to show her figure.*]

ANT. No, no. It's astonishing. Anybody might swear she was young. Cinderella might envy her feet, and Venus her figure. The age of women, like that of poultry, is only to be told by their beaks. If I could open this confounded door I should be safe—[*Working at door with his hand behind him.*]

CLEO. Hussar!

ANT. [*Pulling away his hand.*] Domino!

CLEO. You don't seem glad to see me. Shall I take off my mask?

ANT. No, no—[*Putting his hand behind him, and turning key*]—one dose is enough. It turns! it turns!

CLEO. Say but one kind word, dear Tony—say—

ANT. [*Opening door, and dashing through into the next room.*] Good night!

CLEO. [*Bolts the door in partition, places her back against it, and laughs.*] Victory! victory! Ha, ha, ha! The bolt is on this side, and I am safe. Will you have another gallop, hussar? Ha, ha, ha! Why didn't you let me take off my mask? Oh you fool! Ha, ha, ha!

ANT. [*Shaking door.*] I shall commit suicide! Caroline, lend me one of your razors.

CLEO. Take the bread and butter knife—you'll find it in the closet. [*Antony thumps the buffet with his fist.*] Hollo—hollo? don't break my valuable glass and china.

ANT. Rosalie, my angel—I'm distracted—mad!

CLEO. Put on a strait waistcoat, and have your head shaved. Ha, ha, ha!

ANT. Cruel Chloe! Do not trifle with my sufferings! Open the door, or I'll jump out of the window!

CLEO. You can't. It's a skylight! Ha, ha, ha! Keep quiet till eight o'clock, and I will release you.

ANT. No, no. I must and will—[*A knock is heard at centr. door R. H. room.*] Eh? *Whispering through the keyhole to Cleopatra.* Somebody's knocking at your door!

CLEO. Oh, for heaven's sake, don't answer. A man in my room, my character would be lost for ever!

A very hoarse voice. [*Without.*] Cleopatra! Cleopatra!

ANT. A gentleman, who seems to have a very bad cold, is asking for you.

CLEO. 'Tis Mr. Coquillard, my intended husband. Pray be quiet, or I'm ruined.

ANT. Your intended husband? Oh, Julie—[*Groaning through keyhole*] oh, come to my funeral. [*Knocking at door.*]

VOICE. [*Without.*] Are you asleep, my angel?

ANT. He wants to know if you are asleep. I'll have him in, and give him a taste of the bread and butter knife.

CLEO. No, no. Pray, be quiet.

VOICE. [*Without.*] Why don't you answer, my darling duck? Chloe—Chloe, my love, Chloe!

ANT. [*In a whisper to Cleopatra.*] He calls you his darling duck—I can't stand that! [*Aloud, in a very gruff voice, as if awaking from sleep.*] Hollo, hollo, hollo—who's there?

CLEO. [*Sinking into a chair.*] Ah, I am settled!

VOICE. [*In a tone of surprise.*] Eh? dear me! I wanted a young lady called Cleopatra.

ANT. She doesn't live here now. She has removed.

VOICE. Removed.

ANT. Yes. Go down to number nine—on the fifth floor.

VOICE. Thank you, sir. I am very much obliged. Number nine.

ANT. Yes—next door to the pork shop.

VOICE. [*At a distance.*] Thank you—thank you.

ANT. [*Bawling.*] Make my compliments. Ha, ha, ha! [*Throws himself into the broken chair.*] Poor devil!—ha, ha, ha! [*Chair breaks—he falls.*] Hollo, hollo! Caroline, my love, your chairs are very rickety.

CLEO. Do you know what you have done, sir? [*Thumping at the door in a passion.*]

ANT. I've nothing for you, good woman. Go down to number nine—ha, ha, ha!

CLEO. This is beyond bearing. Hussar!

ANT. Lighterman!

CLEO. You have lost me a husband.

ANT. I'll find you another.

CLEO. Where?

ANT. [*Striking his breast.*] Here.

CLEO. Honor?

ANT. Refulgent. I love you—you love me—

CLEO. Love you? Hussar!

ANT. Lighterman!

CLEO. Go on!

ANT. Let us be married.

CLEO. Oh, good gracious—[*Falls into chair and pretends to faint.*]

ANT. Eh? what? Do you make any remark?

CLEO. Eh? no. Go on.

ANT. I've a large fortune.

CLEO. In the bank?

ANT. No—in perspective. A light heart, and a thin—coat and waistcoat.

CLEO. Just like me.

ANT. Oh, we were made for each other. [*A knock at L. H. D.*].

CLEO. [*In a whisper through keyhole.*] There's somebody knocking at your door.

ANT. Oh, for heaven's sake, don't answer. A woman in my room—my character would be lost for ever!

VOICE. [*Without.*] Open in the name of the law—

CLEO. [*Alarmed.*] The police have come after you. Oh, hussar! what have you done?

ANT. Only a rascally tailor. They've come to seize my furniture, and everything that belongs to me.

CLEO. [*Alarmed.*] Oh, dear! then they'll seize me.

ANT. Ah! Transporting confession—you are mine!

CLEO. Yes, yes—dear hussar!

VOICE. [*Without. Knocking.*] Will you open the door?

ANT. At such a moment? unfeeling scoundrels! [*Struck with a*

sudden thought.] Ah! Cleopatra, my angel, open the door. I'll remove the furniture into your room.

CLEO. Into my room!

ANT. What does it matter? we are going to be married.

CLEO. Honor?

ANT. Bright!

CLEO. Go on. [*She unbolts the door—Antony passes into the room and embraces her.*]

ANT. Lovely sylphide!

CLEO. [*Pushing him away.*] Hussar!

ANT. What does it matter? We are going to be married

CLEO. Honor?

ANT. Bright!

CLEO. Go on.

VOICE. [*Without Knocking.*] If you won't open the door, we'll force it!

CLEO. Quick, quick—remove the valuables. Where are they? [*They run about in confusion, and carry the various articles of furniture into R. H. room.*]

ANT. First, my best friend. [*Rolls up the bed-clothes and throws them into R. H. room. Cleopatra carries away the bolster. Antony rolls up the mattress and carries it into R. H. room. As he returns he meets Cleopatra carrying a chair. Embracing her.*] Oh, you darling!

CLEO. Hussar!

ANT. What does it matter? We are going to be married.

CLEO. Honor?

ANT. Bright!

CLEO. Go on! [*Antony, in removing the table, lets the drawer fall out, and discovers a variety of articles—a pasteboard nose, a penny trumpet, two or three knockers, a red herring, a pack of cards, &c., &c. He picks them up in confusion.*]

CLEO. [*Dragging a trunk towards R. H.*] What's in this trunk?

ANT. My linen.

CLEO. [*Taking out a collar and showing the empty box.*] Is this all?

ANT. The rest is at the wash. [*Meets Cleopatra and embraces her.*] Oh, you divinity!

CLEO. Hussar!

ANT. What does it matter? We are going to be married.

CLEO. Honor?

ANT. Bright!

CLEO. Go on.

ANT. My looking-glass—

CLEO. [*Taking down a small looking-glass from window and giving it to Antony.*] Here, here—take care of it yourself.

ANT. My boot-jack—my crystal fountain— [*Taking water-bottle.*]

CLEO. [*Gives him a backgammon-board, which he puts under his arm.*] Your library—

ANT. Thank you. Oh, you angel! [*Embraces her—lets fall the boot-jack and the backgammon-board—the men fall out.*]

CLEO. Hussar!

ANT. What does it matter? We are going to be married.

CLEO. Honor?

ANT. Bright!

CLEO. Go on. [*Antony folds up the bedstead, and removes it—Cleopatra takes off the chimney from the stove, and is going R. H.—Antony stops her.*]

ANT. No, no—that belongs to the landlord! [*Puts it and the stove across doorway, L. H.*] We'll leave them something. [*Throws a plate against door at back, runs into R. H. room, and locks door. The knocking at L. H. D.—(Which must be kept up during the Scene)—grows louder.*]

ANT. [*Embracing Cleopatra.*] Oh, you dear little devil!

CLEO. Hussar!

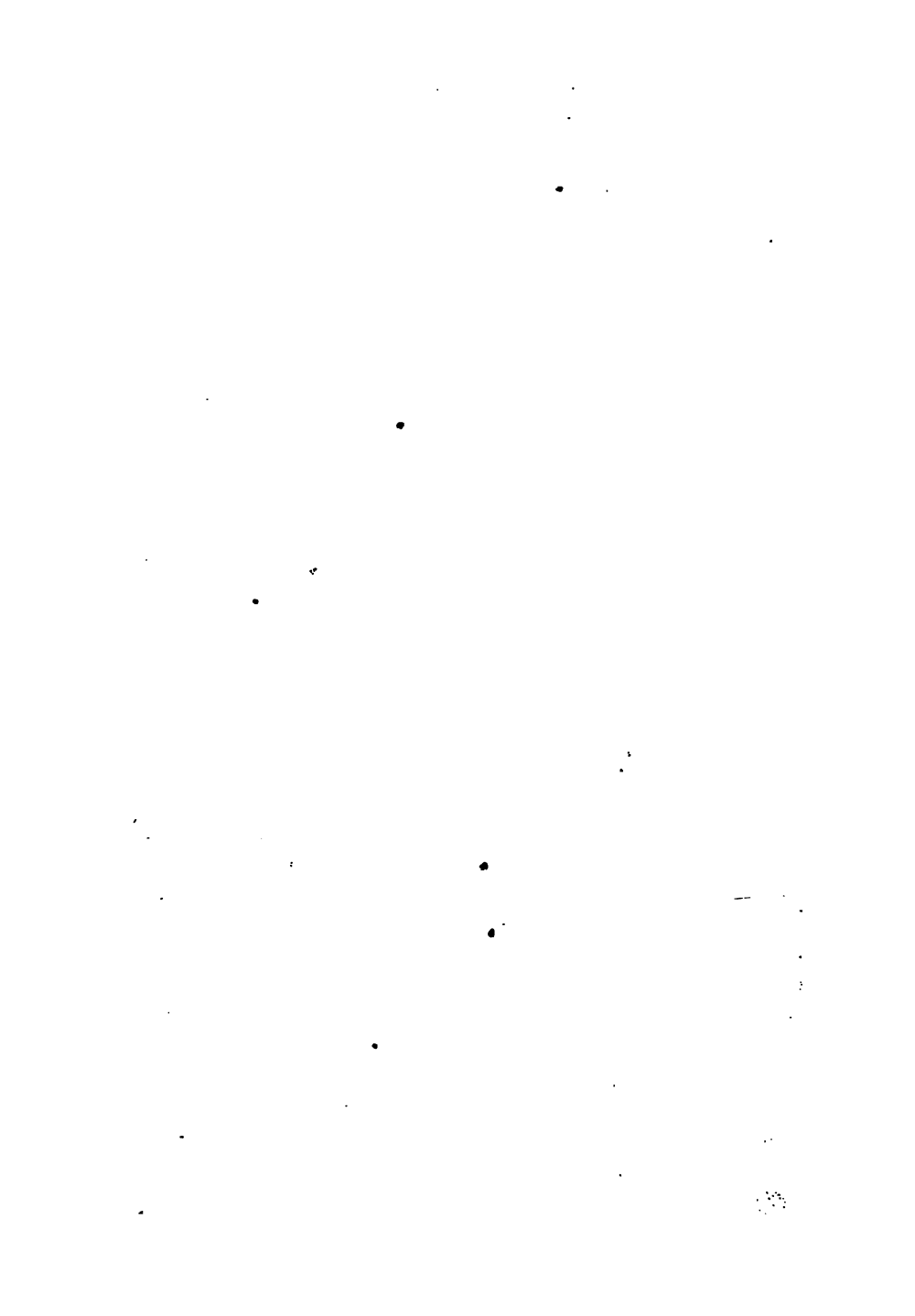
ANT. I am going to marry you!

CLEO. Honor?

ANT. [*Looking at Audience.*] With our friends' consent?

CLEO. [*To Audience.*] You won't object? Go on! [*At this moment the door at L. H. is forced open—two Bailiffs enter, fall over the stove, and roar "Murder! Murder!"*]

THE CURTAIN FALLS.



©

[No. 214.]

TRYING IT ON,

A FARCE,

IN ONE ACT,

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM BROUGH,

AUTHOR OF

"A Phenomenon in a Smock Frock," "Apartments," "House out of Windows," "Number one, Round the Corner," "How to Make Home Happy," "The Chameleon,"
Etc., Etc.

WITH ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY
MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER
OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Original. Lyceum, London, 1853.	Burton's, New York 1853.	St. Louis, 1856.	Laura Keane's, New York, 1857.	Burton's Theatre, New York, 1857.
Mrs. WALSINGHAM PORTER,	Mr. C. Matthews.	Mr. George Jordan.	Mr. G. Pauncefort.	Mr. Geo. Jordan.	Mr. W. H. Briggs.
" JOBSTOCK,	" Basil Baker.	" G. H. Andrews.	" Geo. Johnson.	" J. H. Stoddart.	" Moore.
" TITTLERBAT,	" H. Butler.	" Radcliffe.	" McDonough.	" Ringold.	" Mac Rae.
Mrs. JOBSTOCK,	Mrs. C. Mitchell.	Mrs. Cooke.	Mrs. Silabee.	Mrs. J. H. Stoddart.	Mrs. Dunn.
FANNY, (her niece,)	" Robertson.	Miss Annie Walkers.	Miss Mary Shaw.	Miss Alleyne.	Miss Miller.
JOSE, (her maid,)	" Wadham.	Mrs. Hough.	Mrs. H.	" J. Manners.	Mrs. Holman.
	Burton's Museum, 1857.	Boston Theatre, 1857.	Laura Keane's, New York, 1857.	Academy of Music, Philadelphia, 1857.	Broadway, New York, 1857.
Mrs. WALSINGHAM PORTER,	Mr. Levick.	Mr. C. Matthews.	Mr. G. Jordan.	Mr. C. Matthews.	Mr. C. Matthews.
" JOBSTOCK,	" Bridgman.	" W. H. Curtis.	" Stoddart.	" A. Becket.	" W. H. Curtis.
" TITTLERBAT,	" Cunningham.	" N. T. Davenport.	" Peters.	" Howland.	" N. T. Davenport.
Mrs. JOBSTOCK,	Mrs. Dickson.	Mrs. Abbott.	Miss Wells.	Mrs. Silabee.	Mrs. P. Warren.
FANNY, (her niece,)	Miss Palmer.	Miss Ida Vernon.	" C. Thompson.	" Proctor.	" W. J. Nagle.
JOSE, (her maid,)	Mrs. Eldridge.	Mrs. Burroughs.	" C. Jefferson.	Miss Price.	Miss J. Mannert.

Time in representation, — 40 minutes.

COSTUMES.

Mrs. WALSINGHAM PORTER.—Black fashionable morning coat; white vest; light drab trousers; black hat; black neck tie; turn over collar; light hair; Wellington boots.
 Mrs. JOBSTOCK.—Black dress coat; black satin vest; Oxford gray trousers; low crowned hat; white cravat.
 Mrs. TITTLERBAT.—Brown Newmarket cut coat; French gray trousers; black vest; light neck tie; white hat; cane.
 FANNY.—High muslin morning dress; white under skirt.
 Mrs. JOBSTOCK.—Grey glaze silk dress.
 JOSE.—Neat, servant's morning dress; black silk apron; cap with pink ribbons, and bows to come off.

TRYING IT ON.

SCENE.—*A drawing-room handsomely furnished. Doors R. and L. and C. Fire-place, mantel-piece, L. H. Piano R. H. Tables L. H. with epergne of flowers, scent-bottle, inkstand, with pens, paper-knife, writing portfolio, albums, &c., and JOBSTOCK'S hat. Work-table R. H., work-box, with materials, &c.*

Enter LUCY, C. D., ushering in MR. TITTEBAT.

LUCY. Yes, sir: if you will wait a moment, I will tell my mistress you are here. (*Aside*) What on earth brings him so early this morning? [*Exit door, R. H.*]

TIT. Now for it. This time I am determined I will speak out; after all the trouble I've taken for her she can't refuse to use her influence for me with her niece. She's coming, and what do I see?—Fanny herself is with her. Oh, how my heart is kicking up its heels in my breast! Oh! (*sighs*.)

Enter MRS. JOBSTOCK and FANNY, D. R. H.

Good morning, my dear madam. Miss Fanny—

MRS. J. (*Eagerly*.) Well, have you got it done?

TIT. (*Mysteriously*.) All right!

MRS. J. Thanks! let me look at it.

TIT. Before Miss Fanny?

MRS. J. Oh! I've no secrets from her; I brought her here on purpose. Come, Fanny, look at this.

(*TITTEBAT takes a morocco jewel-case from his pocket and gives it to MRS. JOBSTOCK.*)

FANNY. (*Looking at it.*) Well, aunt, what of it? It's your necklace? What loves of diamonds?

MRS. J. Are they not? You could not tell them from the real ones, could you?

FANNY. Real ones, aunt? Nonsense! What, the diamonds that my uncle gave you?

TIT. Are gone back to their uncle again, if I may be allowed the expression.

FANNY. Sir!

MRS. J. The fact is, Fanny, my diamond necklace is now in the hands of a jeweller, who has lent me some money upon it. This is an imitation one I have had made to wear until I can get my own back again.

FANNY. Impossible!

MRS. J. Oh, not at all; it's the old story, my unlucky brother in trouble again.

FANNY. What, uncle George?

Mrs. J. Yes, silly fellow; he has put his name to a bill to oblige a friend—his friend has somehow disappeared.

Ttr. As friends somehow invariably do in these cases.

Mrs. J. And George was left to pay it. To save him from prison, I have borrowed the money, as I tell you; I could not ask my husband. He has paid George's debts two or three times already; besides, I know all his money is locked up in shares and scrip, and things of that sort, so that he couldn't do it, even if he would.

Ttr. And we know he wouldn't even if he could, Miss Fanny; so I have had the pleasure of arranging it.

Mrs. J. I don't know how I can ever hope, sir, to repay your kindness. (*Goes up and places the case open in a workbox, on table, &c.*)

Ttr. Pray do not mention it. But oh, Miss Fanny, if I might mention something—

FANNY. Don't sir, I beg. (*Turns away.*)

Ttr. But if you only knew—

Enter JOBSTOCK hastily, a newspaper in his hand, D. L. &c.

JOB. Hollo! Tittlebat, you here? Seen the paper?

Ttr. I—no!

JOB. Such news. Now's the time to make our fortunes. Look, United Nugget mining shares down to 30, and the Balloon Navigations at 80 premium. Didn't I tell you those Balloons would go up? Come, Fanny, quick, my hat. (*FANNY gets it from L. table, and gives it him.*)

Mrs. J. You surely won't go out without your breakfast.

JOB. Breakfast—I breakfast, with United Nuggets down to 30. Impossible; come Tittlebat, or we shall miss the market. You, I think, have given some attention to the Nuggets.

Ttr. (*Looking fondly at FANNY.*) I, no—for months I've thought of nothing but—

JOB. Balloons! Well, come along—

Ttr. But if I dared to ask Miss Fanny?

JOB. Nonsense. What's the use of asking her? What do women know about it? (*Getting him to C. D.*)

Ttr. But I just wanted to speak to you on the subject of—

JOB. I know; those preferential shares of yours. We will talk of those as we go along. Stop. By-the-by, Mrs. Jobstock, I've got a new clerk coming to-day, if he calls let him wait. Come, Tittlebat.

Ttr. One moment.

JOB. Come; we shall be too late.

[Exit JOBSTOCK and TITTLEBAT, C.]

FAN. Well, he's gone at last. That Mr. Tittlebat is really getting quite a nuisance. (*Sits at table, L. &c.*)

Mrs. J. (*Seated at table, &c. &c.*) No, don't say that. I'm sure he's very kind. But, come; what's this you were going to tell me about your adventure at the Opera last night?

FAN. Oh, yes. You know I went with the Hendersons. We had such a nice box, close to the stage, on the pit tier; well, after the first act, I happened to look into the stalls, and there,

close to our box, I observed a gentleman. Oh! Oh! such a nice-looking young man.

Mrs. J. Fanny, my dear!

FAN. Well, what? I couldn't help his being good-looking; could I? But I was going to tell you. What made me notice him was the extraordinary manner in which he kept fidgeting about. He could not sit still a moment. First I noticed him picking open a little hole in the back of the seat, where the stitches had begun to give way. As soon as he had succeeded in making this big enough to get his fingers in, he commenced scratching a speck of white off a gentleman's coat in front of him. Well, the gentleman turned round to ask him what he meant by it: he was, of course, full of apologies, they entered into conversation, and all the while they were talking, I noticed him buttoning and unbuttoning the other gentleman's waist-coat, arranging his watch-chain, and, in fact, setting him generally to rights.

Mrs. J. What impudence!

FAN. Oh, that's nothing. The next thing that seemed to strike his fancy was a hat that somebody had placed on the seat near him; he took it up and turned it round and round in his hands, smoothed down the nap, looked into it, at the name of the maker, and was just going to put it on his own head, when the owner of the hat turned around, and threatened to have him put out of the theatre.

Mrs. J. Serve him right.

FAN. I couldn't help laughing at him. I turned round to point him out to Julia; and when I looked again, what do you think he had got hold of?

Mrs. J. What?

FAN. Why, my opera glass, which was lying on the ledge of the box; and there he was as busy as possible, breathing on the glasses, rubbing them with his handkerchief, then looking through them to see if they were clean, and then rubbing them again; at last he began unscrewing one of them.

Mrs. J. Well, and what did you do?

FAN. Why, I tried to take it from him, of course; but the moment I reached out my arm to take it, he put down the glass and took my hand.

Mrs. J. Good gracious?

FAN. Lor, aunt, I'm sure he meant no harm, it's evidently only a habit he has got of touching everything he comes near.

Mrs. J. Yes, but when it comes to touching ladies' hands—

FAN. Oh, there! Mr. Henderson spoke to him about it, and made such a fuss. I was really quite sorry for the poor fellow—he seemed so dreadfully confused and vexed at what he had done. I didn't hear a note of the opera for looking at him; no more did he, I'm sure; for every time I turned my head, I found his eyes fixed firmly upon me. I'm certain, aunt, he's a perfect gentleman.

Mrs. J. Clapping an unknown lady's hand, and afterwards staring her out of countenance, are truly admirable proofs of his good breeding.

TRYING IT ON.

FAN. No; but really, aunt—

Enter LUCY, D. R. H.

LUCY. Breakfast is on the table, please ma'am.

MRS. J. There, come along, Fanny, this very fidgetty friend of yours won't trouble you again, depend upon it.

FAN. Lor, aunt, he's no friend of mine.

(Exit Mrs. J. and FANNY, D. R. H.)

LUCY. There's master gone without his breakfast again. I never saw such a man, not I. He's always in a hurry; no time to eat or drink any thing. *(Dusting the furniture with a feather brush.)* Oh! lor, here's mississ's diamond necklace. *(Seeing them in open case, on table &c.)* Oh! what ducks of diamonds, to be sure.

MR. WALSHINGHAM POTTS *is heard outside, L. C.*

WAL. In here, thank you. By-the-bye, your clock is ten minutes too slow. *(Enters L.)* Hah! good morning, my dear! Are you aware that your clock is slow? A Dutchman, I believe? Dutchmen are always slow. May I ask if your mistress is in?

LUCY. (R.) Yes sir, but she is at breakfast.

WAL. (L.) At breakfast, eh! Oh; don't disturb her. I can wait. And her niece?

LUCY. Miss Fanny? She's at breakfast too, sir.

WAL. *(Aside.)* Fanny! Her name is Fanny! Sweetest of Fannies! And she is now engaged in the delightful task of breakfasting. Oh happy muffins! how I envy you!

LUCY. If you will take a seat, sir—

WAL. No, thank you, don't mind me. That's a nice little cap of yours, by-the-bye. I wonder how I should look in it? Let me try it on? No? You won't? Oh, very well, never mind. I don't like these ribbands though, some of those cheap and nasty Tottenham-court-road things. *(He pulls one off.)* Hah! bought ready-made, of course; those things never will hold together. Indeed, I don't see how we can expect them to do so at the price that's paid for needlework. Do you? Of course not. No, depend upon it, the whole system is altogether rotten, *(pulls another off,)* very rotten.

LUCY. Really, sir, excuse me, but if you will have the kindness to sit down—

WAL. No, I prefer standing, thank you, but as I was saying— *(He pulls a pin out of her apron.)*

LUCY. I beg your pardon, sir, but—

WAL. Oh! not at all, not in the least. Eh? Why I've surely not done anything to offend you, have I? Now really, if I have—What a comical little apron, to be sure! *(Takes it off and puts it on himself, LUCY snatches it away.)*

LUCY. If you will oblige me with your name, I will say you are here.

WAL. My name?—oh certainly. Mr. Walsingham Potts. But pray tell the ladies to finish their breakfast, and not to hurry on my account. Here, stop, look here—here's a needle. *(Picks one up.)* Nasty things to be lying about. *(Gives it her.)*

LUCY. Thank you, sir. Mr. Potts, I think you said? (*Going.*)

WAL. Walsingham Potts; don't forget the Walsingham, whatever you do. The elegance of my christian name is the only reparation I can possibly make for the utter vulgarity of my surname; Walsingham is a sort of currant jelly in which we swallow the bitter pill, Potts!

LUCY. Yes, sir, Mr. Watering Potts. [*Exit D. R. H.*]

WAL. (*Calling after her.*) Walsingham! and mind two t's in Potts, d'y'e hear? Stupid thing! She's safe to make a mess of it. Well, here I am! beneath the roof that covers in my Fanny! So I shall see her again—shall—(*stopping abruptly as if some one had spoken.*) Eh? what's that? (*To audience.*) Who am I? ah, to be sure, I forgot. Well then, my name is Walsingham Potts. Potts with two t's—I told you that before, I think. Six-and-twenty years of age—living on my property, five hundred a year—good expectations, good health, and the best of spirits. And here I am beneath the roof that covers in my Fanny! (*Stopping again.*) Eh?—I beg your pardon—Oh! because I said *my* Fanny. Well, so she will be my Fanny, at least, if I have any luck. I've come here to make her my wife. You must know I met her last night at Covent Garden. She was sitting in a box close to me. She turned her eyes on me—full, like a policeman would his lantern. I was a dead man—pierced through and through. However, I made inquiries and found she was the niece of a Mrs. Jobstock, and, as I think I said before, here I am! (*Takes up the brush while speaking and plucks the feathers out.*) Perhaps you'd like to know how I'm going to introduce myself to the family, now I am here; the easiest thing in the world. I belong to the family. I know there was a great aunt of mine married to a Mr. Jobstock in India. Therefore, of course, I'm related. (*Takes different articles from the table while speaking, takes a flower from a vase and puts it in his button-hole.*) Really, my relations show a great deal of taste in the way this place is furnished. Eau de Cologne, too. (*Using it for his handkerchief.*) How nice this is now. Well, I wish she would come. They are a long while breakfasting. (*Sees necklace.*) What's this? A necklace? Her's of course. Diamonds! Not half so brilliant as her eyes. To think that this has clasped her neck—her charming fairy neck—slender as any swan's. I suppose now, it would go about half way round my great bull throat. (*Puts the necklace round his neck.*) Perhaps not that.

Enter LUCY abruptly, D. R. H.

LUCY. She's here, sir.

WAL. Eh! (*He starts, the necklace slips off down his back, he thrusts his hand after it, trying to catch it. Aside.*) Good gracious! it's gone down my back.

LUCY. What's the matter, sir?

WAL. Matter,—nothing, I'm only feeling for my gloves.

LUCY. What? do you keep them there, sir?

WAL. Of course, where should I keep them? Go, be off!

LUCY. Why here are your gloves, sir, in your hat.

TRYING IT ON.

WAL. No, no! Did I say gloves—I don't mean that, of course. It's my latch-key—there, leave me, I tell you.

LUCY. Yes, sir. (*Aside*) Whatever ails the man? [*Exit C. D.*]

WAL. It's going further. (*He pushes his right hand still further down his back, and puts his left under his waistcoat.*)

Enter MRS. JOBSTOCK, D. R. H.

Oh lord! the aunt. (*Withdraws his hands rapidly and endeavors to appear composed.*)

MRS. J. (*R.*) Good morning, sir. You wished to see me, I believe.

WAL. (*L.*) No, madam—I—at least—that is, yes, I thought—I mean—(*Aside*) Ugh! there it goes.

MRS. J. You are, I presume, the new clerk that my husband is expecting?

WAL. Certainly not, madam; quite the contrary, I assure you. But I've no doubt disturbed you; you have not finished your breakfast. Let me beg of you to finish, I will await with pleasure.

MRS. J. Thank you, sir, I have breakfasted.

WAL. But won't you take another cup of coffee: do let me prevail on you. Well, half a cup!

MRS. J. I'd rather not, I thank you.

WAL. (*Buttoning his coat.*) If I could only stop it going any further. (*Aside.*)

MRS. J. But pray be seated, sir. (*She sits, R. H.*)

WAL. You're very kind. (*Sits, L. H.*)

MRS. J. You seem uneasy?

WAL. Yes, madam. If I must tell you, the fact is, I am suffering from chilblains. Oh! (*He seizes at his coat near the waist as if to stop the necklace.*) It's going!

MRS. J. From chilblains. There!

WAL. Yes, madam, here exactly, this is the place; I feel it now just under my hand. But don't take any notice of it, I am subject to them.

MRS. J. But pray, may I ask the object of your visit, sir?

WAL. Madam! my name is Walsingham Potts.

MRS. J. Yes, sir; my servant informed me of the fact.

WAL. A perfect paragon of honesty; I pledge my word, I wouldn't rob a living being of a farthing.

MRS. J. (*Laughing.*) Really, sir, I don't know that I have any right to demand a certificate of your good character.

WAL. Eh? of course not; that's exactly what I meant to say, only, when you don't know people, you might suspect; that is, I mean—(*aside*) I don't know what I'm saying,—(*aloud*) Walsingham Potts, madam, six and twenty years of age, five hundred a year, good expectations, good health, and the best of spirits.

MRS. J. (*Aside.*) He's evidently mad. (*Aloud.*) But, sir, may I again request you'll tell me, to what I owe the honor of this visit:

WAL. Ah, true! Then madam, you must know my name is Walsingham Potts.

TRYING IT ON,

9

MRS. J. Again!

WAL. As honest as the day, I pledge my honor, wouldn't rob a living being of a penny.

MRS. J. But, sir—

WAL. Oh! by-the-by, I told you that before. Well, madam, the fact is, I am nearly related to your family, by the Indian branch.

MRS. J. The Indian branch

WAL. Precisely, the Jobstocks, of Bombay; you know.

MRS. J. Sir, I am not aware that I have any such relations; perhaps some distant connexions of my husband's.

WAL. Ah! you've got a husband, have you? you don't say so. He's pretty well, I hope?

MRS. J. Quite well.

WAL. That's right. Quite well, eh? I am delighted to hear it—and the rest of the family?

MRS. J. (*Aside.*) Oh! this is getting past all bearing; the man's decidedly an idiot. How shall I get rid of him? (*Aloud.*) Excuse me, sir, I am most grieved to lose your highly entertaining conversation, (*rising*) but—

WAL. (*Rising.*) Oh! madam, oh! (*Puts his hand to his back.*)

MRS. J. What is it?

WAL. Only a touch of the tooth-ache; never mind it. I am subject to it.

MRS. J. Good morning, my dear sir, I am most grieved at being forced to leave you. [*Exit D. R. H.*]

WAL. Madam, I'm truly sorry. Eh! thank heaven she is gone. Now for it. (*He makes renewed efforts to reach the necklace.*) Oh, lord! it's gone out of reach. Hah, the tongs! (*He takes the tongs and puts them down his back.*) Ugh, how cold they are? Now gently—gently—hah! I've got it. (*Draws out the tongs.*) Oh, it's gone again. There's no help for it, here goes. (*He takes his coat off and tries to reach it beneath his waistcoat.*) No. (*Unbuttons his waistcoat.*) Now I must get it. Yes—no, it's gone. (*With a sudden thought.*) Pooh! what folly, putting myself in such a state about it, it's all right; now—of course—I ought to have tried that plan before. (*Shakes his leg so as to kick it out at the leg of his trousers.*) Yes, there it goes—Oh! it's in my boot. Good gracious! and I wear straps.

Enter TITTLBAT, C. D.

TIT. Hallo!

WAL. (*Aside.*) The husband, for a thousand. I am ruined!

TIT. You seem at home here, sir?

WAL. (*Confused.*) Yes, my coat—you see it's tight—at least those scoundrels of tailors. (*Sits down on the notes of the piano R. and immediately jumps up again.*) What am I at?

TIT. (*Not having seen him sit down.*) Oh, I see, you're the man that's come to tune the piano then.

WAL. (*Seizing the idea.*) Exactly so. (*Sits down and begins to tune.*) But how is any one to tune with people in the room.

(*Sings up an octave and strikes the notes louder than ever.*) Go, sir, it's absolutely necessary I should be alone.

Enter FANNY, D. R. H.

FAN. What on earth is all this noise?

TIT. It's the tuner.

WAL. (*Aside.*) She here too! it's getting pleasant.

TIT. Oh, Miss Fanny! how I bless the happy chance that—

FAN. Yes, I know; but I believe my uncle wants you in the office.

WAL. (*Aside.*) So it's not the uncle; perhaps a rival. Oh, if I thought so, I'd— (*Strikes the notes furiously.*)

TIT. Yes, Miss Fanny, I'm going; but oh, if you knew how I bless the happy chance that—

(*WAL. plays louder so as to drown his voice.*)

TIT. Confound the fellow with his infernal din. (*Shakes his fist at him, kisses his hand to FANNY, and exit c. d.*)

FAN. (*Approaching the piano.*) I beg your pardon, sir, but—

(*WAL. plays and sings the notes as if tuning, and turns his face away.*)

FAN. (*Going to the other side of him, recognizes him.*) Ah!

WAL. (*Aside.*) She has seen me.

FAN. You here, sir?

WAL. Then you have not forgotten me.

FAN. Forgotten you, no—at least, I mean, I did not know you were a piano-forte tuner.

WAL. Nor am I, fairest creature. (*Coming forward.*)

FAN. (*L.*) Sir!

WAL. (*R.*) No, 'twas a subterfuge—a disguise—to gain admission to your presence.

FAN. This language from a stranger?

WAL. No, not a stranger; a relation by the Jobstocks of Bombay; a distant cousin, that would be a nearer one; a cousin who adores you!

FAN. Sir!

WAL. No, do not start, I know the forms of society require that I should be introduced to you, but what are these cold, heartless forms to me; with love like mine I can afford to trample on them, thus. (*He strikes his foot down, and immediately draws it up again with a cry of pain.*) (*Aside.*) Oh lord, those diamonds, how they cut!

FAN. Eh, what is that?

WAL. Nothing, fair angel; 'twas but the ardor of my love. (*Aside.*) Oh! that I had a boot-jack.

FAN. Enough, sir; leave me, I command you.

WAL. Never! (*Kneeling, takes her hand.*) On this fair—boot-jack—I mean on this—

Enter MRS. JOBSTOCK, D. R. H.

WAL. Oh, lord! the aunt.

MRS. J. (*R.*) What, not gone yet? Fanny, how is this? You know this gentleman?

FAN. Yes, aunt; at least, he is— (*Crossing to her.*)

WAL. Walsingham Potts, madam.

MRS. J. Twenty-six years of age, five hundred a year, &c., &c., &c. I am aware of it.

FAN. Pray don't be angry, aunt: indeed, I couldn't help it. This is the gentleman I told you of.

WAL. Exactly so, the gentleman she told you of.

MRS. J. What gentleman?

FAN. (*timidly.*) The one I saw last night at the opera.

MRS. J. He, and come here! what impudence.

WAL. Not in the least, my dear madam, I assure you. Listen, and I will tell you all about it. In the first place, you must know I rent a stall in Covent Garden—of course I mean a stall in the opera—not in the market.

MRS. J. Sir, I have already heard quite enough about your own affairs—all I want to know is, what brought you here?

WAL. A pair of eyes; bright, radiant as diamonds. (*Aside.*) Confound the diamonds, I can think of nothing else! (*Aloud.*) Or rather let me say, two brilliant stars; two pole stars—if you will allow the astronomical impossibility—which have attracted the most sensitive of magnets—myself.

MRS. J. And this fine speech translated into English, means—

WAL. Your niece.

MRS. J. Fanny?

FAN. Indeed, aunt, I couldn't help it.

MRS. J. Enough. Now let me beg of you to leave my house.

WAL. Never! until I have had the assurance that I may be allowed to hope—

MRS. J. Sir?

FAN. Aunt, let me leave the room.

WAL. Until I hear that blessed avowal, here do I firmly plant my foot— (*Is about to stamp his right foot, but remembering the diamonds in his boot, changes it to the left with an expression of pain.*) No, not there. Here do I plant my foot.

MRS. J. If you compel me, sir, to send for the police—

FAN. Oh no, aunt; don't, pray don't. He'll leave the house, I'm sure, if I request him.

WAL. On one condition, that you promise we shall meet again.

FAN. (*Bashfully.*) May I, aunt?

MRS. J. What, a perfect stranger; forcing his way thus into people's houses without an introduction?

WAL. What! didn't I introduce myself? I really beg pardon. Allow me, madam; my name is Walsingham Potts, I am six and twenty—

MRS. J. Enough, sir; let me once more beg of you to go before my husband returns. For my niece's sake I will forgive your extraordinary conduct; but should my husband find you here, he would be furious. Go, sir.

WAL. You promise then I may return?

FAN. (*Aside to her.*) Oh do, aunt.

WAL. With that assurance I depart. I leave my heart behind and carry with me in exchange— (*Aside.*) Good heavens! I'd forgotten. What do I carry with me in exchange?

the diamonds! an exchange that the most ardent lover of old proverbs would hesitate to call "no robbery."

MRS. J. Well, sir?

FAN. Pray go before my uncle returns.

WAL. (*Aside.*) She too would urge me on to the larceny. (*Aloud.*) No, ladies, on the whole I think it best to stay—(*aside.*) at least, until I find a boot-jack.

MRS. J. Oh, sir, I hear my husband.

FAN. Aunt, don't expose him, there's a darling. I'm sure he meant no harm.

Enter JOBSTOCK, C. D.

JOB. All right, my dear, (*placing his hat on L. H. table.*) I never shall have such a chance. (*Seeing POTTS.*) I beg your pardon, may I ask to whom I have the honor—

MRS. J. (*Confused.*) This gentleman has come—

(FANNY pulls her dress and makes signs to her not to betray him.)

FAN. Yes, uncle, the new clerk you expected.

WAL. (*Aside.*) A clerk?

MRS. J. (*Aside to her.*) Good heavens, Fanny, how imprudent! (*They talk aside.*)

JOB. I'll talk to you when I come back, young man, I hav'n't time at present. Maria?

MRS. J. Eh! did you speak to me?

JOB. I want to ask you a favor. I know you'll do it for me; you've told me fifty times you would if I required it. Well now, I do require it; you'll do it, won't you?

MRS. J. Of course I will, if it is in my power.

JOB. I knew it. Come then, lend me your diamond necklace.

MRS. J. (*Terrified.*) My diamond necklace?

WAL. (*Aside.*) Her necklace! Hah! It only wanted that. I wonder if the treadmill is so very disagreeable.

JOB. Yes; it is only for a time. I'll promise you shall have it back to-morrow.

MRS. J. (*Aside.*) How shall I tell him I have parted with it?

WAL. (*Aside, seeing the case.*) Oh, lord! they'll find the empty case. (*Pockets it and shuts the work-box.*)

JOB. You surely won't refuse me, so often as you've told me if I wanted money I might have it; and now when I have every chance of making a fortune—if I had only a little ready money—what I could raise on your necklace, added to what I have, would make £200, with that—

MRS. J. Refuse you, no; but— (*Aside to FANNY.*) What shall I say to him?

FAN. But uncle, why not get your banker to advance the money?

JOB. Impossible! were it known to a single individual that I was buying, the shares would go up like lightning before I could get hold of them. Am I not right, young man? They tell me you know all about the Stock Exchange.

WAL. (*Aside.*) The deuce I do. (*Aloud.*) Why to a certain extent you are right, but then when things are on their present footing— (*Steps on the diamonds again.*) Oh!

JOB. What's the matter?

WAL. Only the rheumatism; I am subject to it.

JOB. But these ballooning shares?

WAL. You're never going to buy ballooning shares—

JOB. Why not? When I tell you the balloons are—

WAL. Hollow! Nothing in them, I assure you. Were I your wife, I would no more think of lending you my diamond necklace—

JOB. What, sir, do you volunteer advice to my wife?

WAL. I don't advise; on the contrary, I only say if I were your wife—but then, I am not your wife; there's no chance of my ever being your wife.

JOB. No matter. Come, Maria, will you let me have it?

MRS. J. (*Very much agitated.*) Yes—at least I'll go and see if I can find it.

JOB. What?—do you mean to say you don't know where it is?

MRS. J. Eh? Yes—at least, it can't be far of.

WAL. (*Aside*) No, I wish to heaven it were!

JOB. You've lost it, a necklace of that value? Impossible! It must be in your room—go instantly, and look for it! Fanny, go and help your aunt. (*Mrs. J. and FANNY exeunt, D. R. H.*) Lost it! The thing's absurd. Here, Lucy! (*Follows them.*)

WAL. Thank heaven, alone at last! And now, then, where on earth to find a boot-jack? Eh! (*Looks in Mrs. J.'s work-box on table, R. H., throwing all the things out.*) No, of course not; the idea of a drawing-room pretending to be furnished without a boot-jack in it!

Enter LUCY hastily, D. R. H.

LUCY. Good gracious! Missus lost her necklace—it was here this morning.

WAL. (*Seeing her.*) Kind fate be thanked! (*Rushing to her.*) Speak woman, instantly and truly, as if your life depended on it—have you a boot-jack in the house?

LUCY. Lor, sir, you frighten me: You hav'nt seen a diamond necklace, have you?

WAL. A necklace? No! But have you got a boot-jack, I repeat?

LUCY. Well, sir, but—

WAL. (*Seizing her arm.*) Your bootjack or your life.

LUCY. Sir, what are you about? I'll scream!

WAL. No—no. Here, look! here's half a sovereign for you, if you'll take me somewhere where I can pull off my boot.

LUCY. What, does it hurt you so?

WAL. Horribly.

LUCY. Go into master's dressing-room. (*Shows him to room, L. H., and exit C. D.—POTTS L. H.*)

Enter FANNY, D. R. H.

FAN. Whatever can be done! If uncle only once suspected these horrible false diamonds.

Enter TITTLEBAT, C.

—Oh, Mr. Tittlebat, if you knew how delighted I am that you are come—

TIT. Oh, Miss Fanny, do I really hear you say so! If I could tell you how I bless the happy chance—

FAN. Yes—yes. But I want you to run to uncle George—don't lose a minute; tell him he must by some means get us back the necklace that you left with the jeweller this morning. Unless it's brought back immediately, I dare not answer for the consequences. My uncle has come home, and asked my aunt for it.

TIT. Well, she has got the other one to show him.

FAN. Impossible! He wants to take it out to borrow money upon it.

TIT. The devil! Excuse me, Miss Fanny, for giving utterance to that expression in your presence.

FAN. Yes—yes. Run instantly—pray do; my aunt pretends that she has lost it, and my uncle is half mad with rage. At any cost, that necklace must be got. Quick! I must go back, and see what my aunt is doing.

TIT. I fly, Miss Fanny—but if you'll let me tell you how I bless the happy chance—

FAN. Oh, pray make haste.

[Exit D. R. H.]

TIT. I don't know how it is, but somehow I never can get that girl to let me tell her how I bless the happy chance. It's Mr. Tittlebat go here—Mr. Tittlebat go there—Mr. Tittlebat do this, do that; and now I've got to go and see about this necklace again. Well, at any rate, this time, after all I've done—*(Going C. sees PORRS, who enters D. L. R., trying in vain to pull his boot on.)* Hollo! here's this infernal tuner again.

WAL. Hah, you here still? Have you a pair of boothooks in your pocket?

TIT. Pray, sir, is this your dressing-room? just now I found you with your coat off; and now you're putting on your boots.

WAL. *(Angrily.)* Have you or have you not a pair of boothooks?

TIT. No, sir, I have not.

WAL. *(Takes cane from him, tries to pull on his boot and it breaks.)* Oh, dear, what on earth did you buy such a stick as that for?

TIT. Hang his impudence.

[Exit.]

WAL. Go to the devil! *(Throwing stick after him.)* Take your stick with you. So I've got the diamonds. But how the deuce to get my boot on? *(walking about and pulling at his boots.)* What on earth do they make boots in this absurd way for? There's no getting them off when they are on, nor on when they are off, yet the fellows expect to be paid just the same. However, I've got the diamonds. Oh! this will be a fine lesson to me. If ever I touch anything not belonging to me again, as long as I live—*(seeing JOBSTOCK's hat.)* What a comical hat! *(Puts it on.)* Just fits me. It's very strange, surely there must be boothooks somewhere here about. *(Goes*

about the room as if in search of something, and returns to L. H. table.) A paper-knife, a pen; the very things. (*Tries them, they break.*)—Bah! what's the use of things like that! (*throws them away with disgust.*) The poker, yes; that will do nicely for one side. Now the shovel; confound the thing, too big. The tongs, no. (*Walks about with poker hanging to boot.*) Now, upon my life, this is a pleasant situation. (*Tries one or two other things, they break, at last he gets the leg of a chair in the loop and pulls at that and the poker.*) Hah! it's going; yes, another pull. Hah, it's on. (*Throws poker on table.*) Now for it. Here's the necklace, here's the case. (*Puts it in.*) And Mr. Jobstock may buy his ballooning shares as soon as ever he likes. Oh, Lord! a very pleasant morning's work I've had. (*Wipes his forehead.*) Well, I'll be off.

Enter JOBSTOCK in a great rage, R. H.

JOB. I won't believe a word of it. She'd have told me of it at once if her story had been true. A necklace of that value. Oh! young man. (*Seeing WALSHINGHAM with his hat on.*) Hey, do you wear a hat like mine?

WAL. Eh! Oh, I beg your pardon, a mistake, I assure you. (*Taking it off and placing it on table.*)

JOB. You'd better call again; I can't attend to you to-day, I'm in too great a state of agitation. Fancy a diamond necklace worth two hundred pounds. I ask my wife for it, and she tells me she has lost it.

WAL. (L.) Such things you know will happen in the best of regulated families.

JOB. (R.) I don't believe a word of it; and that young hussy Fanny—

WAL. Sir!

JOB. To come with her innocent face and say: "Don't be angry, uncle, aunt lent it to me last night to go to the opera, and it came unfastened somehow or other, and must have fallen off my neck."

WAL. (*Aside.*) Oh, bless her, she takes the blame upon herself on purpose to screen me. There's affection, there's devotion! But stop, how did she know I'd got the necklace?

JOB. Tell me, young man, what would you say to such a tale?

WAL. Well, as I know it to be strictly true—

JOB. You know it?

WAL. Yes, in proof of which behold the diamonds!

JOB. Eh? what—why, how the devil? Well, but—you found them—you. My dear fellow! (*seizes his hand.*) Here, Maria—Maria—here it is!

Enter MRS. JOBSTOCK, R. H.

We've found it, we've found the necklace.

MRS. J. (*Aside.*) Good heavens! found!

JOB. Yes; this worthy young man has found it and has brought it back to us. But, by-the-bye, what was the reason when you had it all the time you let us look all about for it so

long? Sly dog; I suppose you waited for a reward to be offered for it, eh?

WAL. A reward—nothing of the kind, sir, I assure you.

JOB. Well, you shan't lose by it, I promise. I won't forget your honesty. But come, Maria, you don't thank him; say something at any rate. (*Going.*)

MRS. J. (*Aside.*) Sir, you have ruined me.

WAL. Eh! what's that?

JOB. I won't be a minute. (*Taking his hat.*) I'm only going into the next street. [*Exit C. D.*]

MRS. J. Yes, sir; I say you have ruined me.

WAL. But how, madam, how have I ruined you? Explain a little.

MRS. J. Could you not see that I did not wish my husband to have the necklace?

WAL. No, madam; how on earth could I see without your showing me?

MRS. J. Sir, you must know—

WAL. Well, let me know, that's all I want; as long as I know, I don't care.

MRS. J. Then, sir, those diamonds are false.

WAL. False!

MRS. J. An imitation of my own, which I have had made without my husband's knowledge, for reasons which I need not explain. When he discovers it, what will become of me?

WAL. Well, that I can't say, I'm sure. I can't be expected to enter into those matters. (*Struck with a sudden thought.*) Good gracious!

MRS. J. Well, what now?

WAL. Why, madam, as you say when he discovers these diamonds are false, for of course he will discover it, what's to become of *me*?

MRS. J. Of you?

WAL. Exactly! he believes I found your diamonds last night at the opera; to-day I give him false ones in their place; that being the case, he will of course suppose—(*takes his hat.*) Madam, you will allow me to wish you a very good morning.

MRS. J. But, sir—(*stopping him.*)

Enter FANNY, & H.

FAN. Aunt, it's all right; Mr. Tittlebat has gone to uncle George's to get back your diamonds.

MRS. J. Get them back, indeed! Oh! Fanny! this gentleman has given the false ones to my husband.

FAN. He has, good gracious! What will uncle say, when he discovers it?

WAL. Ladies, I'm truly grieved to tear myself away; but the fact is—in short—allow me, ladies, to wish you both good morning.

FAN. I beg your pardon, sir. (*Stopping him.*)

WAL. To-morrow! I will have the honor of calling again.

FAN. To-morrow! no sir, get us out of this dilemma you have

placed us in, or you need not take the trouble to return, I assure you.

JOB. (*Outside.*) Bring it up the instant it arrives.

FAN. My uncle's voice.

Enter JOBSTOCK, c.

JOB. I've done it.

WAL. (*Aside*) He's done it.

JOB. I've sent them to a man I know just by here. In five minutes I shall have the money.

WAL. (*Aside.*) Five minutes! just time enough to get the start of them, before the thing's found out. (*Tries to get away.*)

JOB. Holloa. Here, you are not going?

WAL. Yes, I was; you see it's getting late.

JOB. O! nonsense; you must stop and dine with us to-day.

WAL. No! you must excuse me, really.

JOB. (*Taking his hat from him.*) Pooh! pooh! I insist.

Mrs. J. Oh! yes, we can't allow you, sir, to run away from us so soon.

WAL. But really, I assure you, I am engaged to dine with a most particular friend. Some other day I shall be most happy. (*He goes to take his hat, JOBSTOCK gives it to FANNY.*) I assure you it's a fact.

JOB. Well! you shall write and put him off. Come, come, sit down, and tell me where you found the diamonds; 'twas in the opera, I think you said?

WAL. Yes, in the opera, there. Now really I must go. (*Goes to FANNY for his hat.*)

FAN. (*Aside to him.*) Not if you ever wish to see my face again. (*Aloud.*) Yes, uncle, this gentleman was sitting very near our box, and—

WAL. (*looking at his watch.*) Upon my word, you must excuse me.

Enter LUCY, c., with a letter.

LUCY. The boy has brought this answer, sir.

[*Exit, c.*]

JOB. The answer—now then for it. (*Opens it.*)

WAL. Now for it, indeed!

FAN. Oh, aunt!

Mrs. J. What can we do?

JOB. What do I see?—no money! The diamonds false! What is the meaning of this?

WAL. (*Taking his hat, aside.*) The bolt has fallen! (*Aloud.*) Ladies, Mr. Jobstock, allow me once more to say—(*going.*)

JOB. (*Stopping him.*) I beg your pardon, sir!

WAL. But, indeed, I have a most particular engagement—some other day, I tell you!

JOB. One moment, sir.

WAL. But don't I tell you the people will be waiting for me.

JOB. I fear they will some time, sir, unless you can inform me how it is that you find real diamonds over-night and bring home paste instead of them next morning.

Mrs. J. One word.

JOB. No, let him speak. This matter seems a serious one.

WAL. (*Aside.*) He takes me for a thief. I knew he would.

JOB. Well, sir, you do not answer. Fanny, lock the door!

Mrs. J. But, my dear—

JOB. Lock the door, I say! (*in a rage.*)

Enter TITLKBAT out of breath, c.

FAN. (*Aside to him.*) What news? Speak!

TIT. I can't.

Mrs. J. (*Aside to him.*) You've got them.

TIT. Yes. (*Gives necklace.*)

Mrs. J. Thank heaven!

JOB. Who's that?

TIT. (R.) It's only I. Tell me, you hav'nt bought into those Balloon affairs, eh, have you?

JOB. (L. C.) Hang the Balloons. I've other things to think about just now.

TIT. No, but I hope you hav'nt, for as I came along I heard the news that the whole affair had gone smash, the directors absconded, and the shares are just worth their weight in waste paper.

JOB. The devil! But come, these diamonds; what have you to say?

Mrs. J. My dear, one instant. That gentleman is not to blame, here is the necklace.

WAL. (C.) No, this gentleman is not to blame. (*Takes necklace from case, gives it to JOB.*) Here is the necklace.

JOB. Why, what on earth!— (*Taking it.*)

Mrs. J. Listen, I did not dare to tell you this morning, but since there is no other way—

WAL. (*Interrupting her.*) The facts of the case are simply these. (*Aside to Mrs. J.*) Keep quiet, I'll arrange it. (*Aloud.*) The case is simply this—there's the case. (*Giving the case to JOB.*) This morning you had fixed your mind on buying these shares; you thought Balloons would rise in the market, I knew they would burst. Your wife very properly refused you her necklace, not wishing you to make an ass of yourself—excuse the word, I hate flattery—but I knew it was no use to argue with such a pigheaded old fellow as yourself—oh, I assure you I never flatter. So I substituted those false diamonds for the real ones simply to gain time until the smash should come; the smash has come, you hav'nt bought, and now, as you have seen your folly, you can be safely trusted with the diamonds.

JOB. Is it possible? Then but for you I should have lost two hundred and fifty pounds.

WAL. Of course you would, and you'd have hanged yourself from sheer vexation. You must have done so, couldn't possibly have helped it; so I have saved your life and your money. In return, may I hope at some future time to aspire to your niece's hand.

TIT. You, a pianoforte tuner?

WAL. Neither a tuner nor a clerk; but Walsingham Potts twenty-six years of age, five hundred a year—

JOB. Potts! Potts! I've surely heard that name before.

WAL. I knew it. In India, to be sure.

JOB. No; now I think of it, 'twas in the City

WAL. Just so, in Leadenhall Street, I suppose. India is only another name for Leadenhall Street. So I accept myself for your niece's future husband.

JOB. Well, I must say Fanny doesn't seem at all displeased, and since you are evidently so well versed in the matters of the Stock Exchange—

WAL. To be sure, there's no knowing what things I might put you up to.

TIT. But, my dear friend, I wanted to speak to you—

JOB. About your preferential shares, I know. We'll talk of them to-morrow.

TIT. No, but Miss Fanny, really—

FAN. I couldn't help it, Mr. Tittlebat.

WAL. Of course she couldn't, none of them can.

FAN. I trust you'll still remain the same kind friend. (*Holds out her hand to him.*)

WAL. To be sure he will. (*He takes TITTLEBAT's hand, puts it into FANNY's and shakes them.*) You see he bears no malice. Not a bit of it.

TIT. Oh, Miss Fanny!

WAL. Well, never mind, you have tried it on and failed; you are not the first great man that has failed in the world. I was *trying it on* just now (*indicates action in trying on the necklace*), and a very nice scrape I was nearly getting into. However, it's all right now, and as I know these things are always better brought to a speedy finish, we won't even ask the usual questions of whether our nonsense has afforded pleasure, but test the matter by "TRYING IT ON" every evening till further notice.

Disposition of Characters.

TITTLEBAT. MRS. JOBSTOCK. WAL. FANNY. MR. JOBSTOCK.
(L) (R)

CURTAIN.



THE STAGE-STRUCK YANKEE.

A Fable,

IN ONE ACT.

WRITTEN BY

O. E. DURIVAGE, Esq

WITH

ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY
MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER
OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
123 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Engle, Boston, 1845.</i>	<i>Federal St., Boston, 1847.</i>	<i>Lyceum, Boston, 1850.</i>	<i>National, N. Y., 1853.</i>
DOUGLAS DOUBLE, (a Travelling Manager,)	Mr. T. McCutcheon	Mr. J. Brougham	Mr. F. H. Hodges	Mr. Siple
CAPTAIN CHUNG, (a Captain of Militia, and Selectman,)	" G. E. Locke	" S. D. Johnson	" Munroe	" Herbert
CURTIS CHUNG, (his Son, stage-struck,)	" O. E. Durivage	" U. Whiting	" S. D. Johnson	" G. E. Locke
RICHARD, (a Servant,)	" Adams	" Adams	" Meer	" Rose
MISS FANNY MAGNET, (an Actress,)	Mrs. J. B. Booth, Jr.	Mrs. W. H. Smith	Mrs. Western	Mrs. W. G. Jones
JEDIDIAH, (a Yankee Girl,)	Miss Coombe	Miss Wagstaff	Miss Graham	Miss Barber

TIME OF REPRESENTATION. — Forty-six minutes.

COSTUMES.

DOUBLE. — Double-breasted blue body coat ; check vest ; gray pants and black garters, hat, stock.

CAPTAIN CHUNG. — French gray trousers ; dark coat and vest ; black hat and black stock ; gray head of hair.

CURTIS CHUNG. — Long-tail drab coat ; showy vest ; red, white, and blue checked trousers ; bell hat ; fancy cravat ; long flaxen wig and large dicky.

RICHARD. — Plain citizen's clothes.

MISS FANNY. — *First Dress.* Muslin. — *Second Dress.* Flowered tuck-up ; blue petticoat ; check apron ; thick shoes ; red wig, part in papers. — *Third Dress.* Same as first.

JEDIDIAH. — Long sleeve cotton frock ; printed cotton pinup ; high comb ; black shoes and sandals ; white stockings.

THE

STAGE-STRUCK YANKEE.

SCENE I.—*A room; breakfast laid for three; chairs, &c., around. JEDIDAH discovered.*

JED. Oh dear, oh dear, I haven't slept a wink all night, and all for thinking of that good-for-nothing Curtis Chunk. What a state he was in when he came home last night, or rather this morning, for it was after twelve when I let him in, and only think, that, although I'd saved his supper hot, he wouldn't speak a word to tell me where he had been, but kept talking of murdering, and killing, and such stuff, and then he'd laugh and tell me what a beautiful creature he'd seen, and how he loved her—the brute. This to me, when to-morrow we are to be married. The more I think of it, the more I am convinced he's been down to that plaguey theatre, that's been showing in Squire Josh's barn. What would his father say—he'd be the death of him. But I won't put up with such treatment; I won't have a word to say to him till he makes everything as plain as the nose on his face. But here's his father. Oh, Curtis Chunk! Curtis Chunk!

Enter CAPTAIN CHUNK, L. H.

CAPT. Ah, Jedidah, good morning, but how's this? you look as sad as a tombstone. This is no day to be sorrowful, to-day makes my son my partner, and to-morrow, he's your partner for life. But what is the matter?

JED. I—I—didn't sleep well last night.

CAPT. No, I'll be sworn, thinking of the happy day, eh? You sat up late with Curtis, too—ha! ha! Courting, eh?—ha! ha! Well, Curtis takes after his father. Just before I was married, the way I courted my gal was ridiculous. But where is Curtis?

JED. I believe he's not up yet.

CAPT. The lazy rascal!—but 'tis all your fault, what did you keep him up so late for, last night, eh?

JED. Will you have your coffee turned out, sir?

CAPT. Yes, "out with it," as the father said to his boy when he swallowed the nutmeg grater. (*Sits L. of table.*) Ah! here comes Curtis, I hear the clatter of his cowhides. But where's the boy's voice, he commonly begins the day with Yankee Doodle, and ends with Sally in our alley, or rather Jedidah in our kitchen. Eh? ha! ha!

Enter CURTIS CHUNK, L. H.

CUR. "Who see the sun to-day?"

CAPT. Not you, I'll be bound, until 'twas two hours high.

CUR. Ah! I've had such dreams.

CAPT. Dreams, oh! come, wake up, you are dreaming now come, rub your eyes and come to your breakfast.

CUR. It was only jest a dream, but then such an awful one, such a horrible one, oh! (*Falls into chair, R.*)

CAPT. I believe you've got the nightmare now,—give him a cup of tea. Come, come, partner of mine, you must wake up. Why you ought to have been stirring at daybreak, and down at the river to see if the sloop sailed. Do you think she's off, hey?

CUR. "I'm busy."

CAPT. Busy! you're crazy. Tell me, will the sloop Polly go this morning?

CUR. "Begone, thou troublest me."

CAPT. Troublest! Why, have you turned Quaker or a fool? Curtis, Curtis, you've been taking your habituais this morning, your breath smells of wormwood. Now tell me if you are sober, and which way the wind is?

CUR. "I'm not in the vein." (*Takes out playbill.*)

CAPT. I'm getting wrathful! But no, it's enough to turn the poor boy's head—partner one day, and husband the next. Curtis, you may talk nonsense till after breakfast, but then we must commence performing our business seriously.

CUR. (*Reading.*) "The performance to commence with the tragedy of—"

JED. He's raving—distracted.

CAPT. Yes, and you've helped to make him so. But I must bustle; here, Richard,—I suppose now, that rascal is out of the way,—Richard, I say! (*Enter RICHARD L. H. with boots.*) Why, you pimp, I had to call you three times, Richard.

CUR. (*Reading.*) "Richard three."

CAPT. Ah! you've brought my boots, that's all I wanted; now go out, or I'll throw the boot-jack at your head, and will—"

CUR. (*Reading.*) "Conclude with the death of Richard."

[*Exit RICHARD, L. H.*]

CAPT. Oh! go on with your jargon, I'll make you sing another song after breakfast.

CUR. (*Reading.*) "After which a comic song."

CAPT. Jedidah, pass the fool the bread and butter.

CUR. (*Reading.*) "Butter, and cheese, and all."

CAPT. That's right, now you've come to your senses, we'll eat our breakfast, and though you may feel perplexed, I hope, for the rest of the day, you'll conclude to act with a laughing face.

CUR. (*Reading.*) "The whole to conclude with a laughable farce."

CAPT. But come, move your jaws, and leave that account till after breakfast. A memorandum, I suppose, of the auction sales yesterday. By-the-bye, what did those boxes of sugar fetch?

CUR. (*Reading.*) "Boxes—fifty cents."

CAPT. Don't lie, Curtis, that's no joke. Think of the punishment of liars, the bottomless pit.

CUR. (*Reading.*) "Pit—twenty-five cents."

CAPT. You are mad or drunk. Never mind, marriage will sober you—it did me, and I was happy—so you will be, when you have been married a year or two.

CUR. (*Reading.*) "Children, half-price." (*Puts up bill.*) Ha! ha! ha! Oh! dad, you'd ought to have been there. Oh! dad, I see such sights last night.

CAPT. Pshaw!

CUR. Yes, you're right there, at the show. Was you ever at a show, dad?

CAPT. Yes, I went out to Brighton Cattle-Show.

CUR. But did you ever see anything acted right out?

CAPT. If you don't talk common sense, you'll see yourself kicked out.

CUR. Oh! you'd ought to seen that show down to Squire Josh's barn. I was there last night. It only cost me 25 cents. I sot in the pit.

CAPT. (*Starting.*) What! you go to see the play-actors? Can I believe my ears? And do you dare to tell your father that you were present at their diabolical abominations?

CUR. Oh! dad, you don't know once—I never see such hand some sights. There was a bloody tyrannical sojer, King Richard 3, that made nothing of chopping off heads by the dozens. But then he got rowed up Salt Creek at last, for there was another chap, that must have been a *Colonel* or a *Major*, tackled him, and fit like murder, and bime-by, he run his sword right through his body, so that it stuck out on t'other side, and that ere was the death of King Richard three.

CAPT. Zounds and the devil! I see it all, and this accounts for your conduct. But I'll never forgive you, you shan't sleep another night under this roof; I'm done with you forever, and you shan't have Jedidah.

CUR. Look here, dad, you don't know as much as a farrow hen. As for Jedidah, she's been marked at for more than her heft. I used to think that she went ahead of everything on the road, but I see a gal last night that cut Jedidah right out of her swathe.

JED. (*Rises and comes forward, c.*) Oh! dear! I can hold no longer. You good-for-nothing perjured villain! (*Cries.*)

CUR. Well, that's pretty fair; but you don't cry so natural as they did at the show, there they squaked right out.

CAPT. I shall go mad. (*Crosses to c.*) Are you my son? Is your name Curtis Chunk?

CUR. Yes, Curtis Chunk—called for short, Cur. Chunk.

CAPT. Out of my way, you rascal; out of my sight, or I'll be the death of you. I'll strangle you, you dog!

CUR. Dad, you'd be a first rate hand to act out King Richard Three. You're jest about as round-shouldered as him; got ~~you~~ such bandy legs.

CAPT. Out of my sight, sir!

JED. (*Crosses to c.*) And out of my sight, sir, if you don't want me to drop right down a stiffened corpse, for you'll be the death of me. But if I die, I declare and vow I'll haunt your bedside.

CUR. And, Jedidah, you'd do to act one of them women King Richard was so sassy to, for they did nothing but bulloch and beller, and jaw, and blow their noses. But oh! in the fuss, that ere splendiferous angel—oh! Jedidah! wasn't she a buster?

CAPT. Oh, miserable boy!

CUR. Dad, I reckon you've got the janders. I aint miserable no how you can fix it. I aint done nothing but laugh all n.ght. You'd ought to have seen the clown there; his name was Gregory. He was a real green one; but he made such sport. He sot out to set the table, and I'll show you how he done it. (*Takes crockery.*)

CAPT. Oh! he's beside himself. Put down the waiter! Where the devil is he carrying it to? (*Follows CURTIS, and JEDIDAH follows CAPTAIN CHUNK.*)

CUR. Yes, that's right! now you're acting it right out. Clear the coast. (*Turns round, runs against CAPTAIN CHUNK, crockery falls and breaks, JEDIDAH screams.*)

CAPT. I shall go mad! Oh, you scoundrel!

CUR. Yes, that's the idee! ha, ha! Then all the people laffed, and hurra'd, and clapped, and I couldn't stand it, so I snorted right out, and laffed so much I tore my trowsers, and my shirt. But why don't you laugh, dad?

CAPT. Laugh! I've made up my mind you shall have a strait jacket and go to the Insane Hospital, and as for these miserable play-actors, their license shall be stopped, and bag and baggage they shall leave the town.

CUR. Well, I've made up my mind too: if they leave the town I'll go along with them. They are a fine honorable set of fellows. After the play I took all hands into our store and treated 'em, and they said they'd make a play-actor of me. And as for that 'ere gal I see'd, I'm desperate in love with her, and I'll marry her right off. Miss Fanny Magnet is her angel-liferous name; I'm going to see her to-day, but first I'm going to write her a love-letter, to let her know how savagiously I dote on her. So, Jedidah, you needn't shine up to me any longer.

JED. Oh, dear! oh, dear!! (*crying.*)

CAPT. I'll go instantly and see this she-devil. (*Puts on his boots.*) Richard! (*Enter RICHARD, L. H.*) Saddle my horse directly.

RICH. What horse will you have, sir?

CAPT. Saddle the sorrel.

[*Exit RICHARD, L. H.*]

CUR. As Richard Three says, "Saddle the white sorrel for the field to-morrow."

CAPT. Go to the devil, you rascal. (*Throws slipper at him.*) And do you, Jedidah, go to your room; don't remain in the company of this madman. I'll soon give matters a new turn. Oh, Curtis, Curtis Chunk!

[*Exit L. H.*]

CUR. "Toot away, trumpets, beat the big base drums,
And make these women hold their tongues."

JED. I'll go and hang myself behind the door in the kitchen.
Oh, Curtis Chunk! Curtis Chunk!

[*Cries bitterly, and exit, R. H.*]

CUR. Well, she does take on desperate bad, but I can't help it. What's she, compared to that angelic and splendiferous Fanny? But I mustn't lose no time! I'll write a love-letter and send it right off, and she'll read it while I'm dressing in my Sunday clothes. I'll put on my yaller vest and stiffest shirt collar, and if my rig-out don't take her fancy, then she's fire-proof. (*Sits at table.*) I don't know hardly how to begin. I never wrote a love-letter. I suppose it must be in poetry. Gol darn it, this pen is as blunt as a rolling pin. (*Whittles it with a case-knife.*) Now for it. (*Writes.*)

"I write, dear Fanny, for to tell,
How in love with you I fell.
Except Jedidah, you're the fust
That ever made my heart to bust.
Jedidah, I have quit and cussed her,
All for you, you little buster!
Your eyes, like lightning bugs, do glitter,
You most consummate beautiful critter.
And I shall be in tarnal torture
Till you let me come and court you.
I guess you'll find a lad of spunk
Is Curtis, called for short Cur-Chunk."

Them's um.

"Miss Fanny Magnet, this side up with care." Richard!

Enter RICHARD, L. H.

Here, Richard, carry this letter down to—to the Columbian Hotel, where the show-folks stop. Give it to the bar-keeper, and tell him to give it, right straight off, to Miss Fanny Magnet, according to the direction. Now away, away! (*Exit RICHARD, L. H.*) I'll walk right through you if you longer stay. By mighty, I feel kind-o'-curious; I aint felt so since last Fourth of July, when I got so swizzled on gin and molasses. I'm afeard to see Miss Fanny. I shan't durst to say half as much as I've written in that letter—though when I get my best clothes on, I feel darned fierce. I hate most to see Jedidah take on so. I must be an everlasting loss to her. I hope she aint got no real notion of committing susanside. If I find her hanging up anywhere round the house I'll cut her down, by hookey! Then she talks about haunting my bedside—darn it, that would be worse than bed-bugs! I've heard of such things!

[*Introduces song, and exit R. H.*]

SCENE II.—Room in a Tavern.

Enter DOUGLAS DOUBLE and FANNY MAGNET, R. H.

DOUB. It's clear that something must be done. We're in the "Road to Ruin," and there's "*The Devil to Pay*." We're out but of "*Raising the Wind*," and I'm the man "*Who's a Guinea*." The landlord has grown as crusty as his o'ouldy bread, and I can't get credit at the bar even for a

FAN. Well, I've done all I could. You know I consented to be called Miss Fanny Magnet, when in fact I'm Mrs. Double, and you've called me a great attraction. Now, I should like to know how much I attracted last night?

DOUB. Six dollars, seven shillings, and four pence.

FAN. Well, we've done worse than that—hope for the best.

DOUB. Hope! so I do keep hoping. Haven't I been lingering here day after day? Monday was our last night; Tuesday—*positively* the last night; Wednesday—*definitively* the last night; Thursday—the ultimate performance. All depends upon my benefit to-night, when, if you really prove a *great attraction*, we shall quit the town with flying colors.

FAN. How are you going to play the endless variety of pieces you've advertised? Why you've put up half a dozen.

DOUB. Cut 'em, cut 'em. Cut and come again, my maxim. Ah! to-night I'll astonish them; show them what versatility of talent is! "Richard,"—"Bombastes,"—"Sylvester Dag-gerwood,"—"Caleb Quotem,"—"Hornpipe,"—Song, "Jim Crow,"—I'll do it all.

FAN. Well, I was so much amused at a country youth who sat in the Pit. I think he was smitten with me, or else he had never been to a theatre before, for every word I spoke he cried out "encore," "encore."

DOUB. Damn him!

FAN. What! "Is he Jealous?"

DOUB. No! no! no!

FAN. Well, I think you may count upon his patronage, to-night, for fifty cents.

DOUB. No, twenty-five; he sits in the Pit.

CAPT. (*Without L. H.*) I tell you I will come up; offer to stop me and I'll knock you down.

DOUB. Eh! what's the meaning of this noise upon the stairs?

FAN. I say, Double, if it's any one to see me, I'm not at home, you know.

DOUB. It may be somebody for tickets—business is business.

[*Exit R. H.*]

FAN. Well, well, I cannot easily forget the comical actions of that yankee. Ah! who comes here?

Enter CAPT. CHUNK, L. H.

CAPT. (*Aside*.) Ah! there she stands, the serpent. I can't bear to look upon the critter, for I never was in such company before. I dare say she's some old harri-*ridau*, all paint and wri-

kles. (FANNY turns to him.) Why she's as likely a looking gal as Jedidah. I thought I'd blaze away the moment I saw her, but somehow my spirit is leaking away as fast as it can. Oh! I'm so tender-hearted!

FAN. To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?

CAPT. (Aside.) I'll put myself into a bit of a passion.

FAN. Pray be seated. (They sit.)

CAPT. (Aside.) Dear me, how very polite! However, she can't fool me. (Aloud.) Pray, madam, is your name Fanny Magnet?

FAN. Yes, sir, that's my name—at your service.

CAPT. (Aside.) Yes, and anybody else's I suppose. (Aloud.) Pray, ma'am, do you know my son?

FAN. Why, what a strange question! I don't even know you.

CAPT. My name is Chunk, old Captain Chunk. I'm select-man and captain of militia. My son, a good-for-nothing fellow, came to see you act out last night.

FAN. Well, sir, I trust he was pleased with the performances?

CAPT. Pleased, ma'am! why the boy's as crazy as a coot. He has done nothing but holler and scream all the forenoon, and call for his horse, and talk about Richard, and Catesby, and the devil knows who.

FAN. Ha, ha! this must be the youth of last night. Well, sir, is this all?

CAPT. No, ma'am—it isn't all, ma'am. He has engaged to marry Jedidah Pratt, his cousin, ma'am, and till last night he liked her very well, but since he's seen you he's treated poor Jedidah shamefully, and talks of nothing but Miss Fanny Magnet.

FAN. La, sir, what could he see in my face to admire?

CAPT. Well, I don't know what, ha, ha, ha! You're not so bad looking, after all. Now I look at you again, you're a smart nice gal. But don't try to get Curtis away from Jedidah—it would break her heart.

FAN. My dear sir, I could not do it. (Smiles.)

CAPT. I don't know that; egad, if you smiled on him as you did on me just now, it would be all over with him. You pretty little—I mean, Miss Fanny Magnet.

FAN. Well, now, I declare, you're a nice old gentleman!

CAPT. Am I though? Well, perhaps I am, though I never found it out.

FAN. Yes, you are; and if your son is only half as well bred, and as good—

CAPT. Come, now, none of that, Miss Fanny Magnet, or you'll make me wrathful again. But between you and I, I should very much like to know what you did to tickle Curtis so last night? What did you act out?

FAN. Why, first, I spouted, for instance, and then I danced, and then I sang a little.

CAPT. Sang! what, can you sing? I dare say you can, you little rogue. I beg your pardon, ma'am. I love singing, and as far as Old Hundred goes, I'm something of a fist at it myself. Pray, let's hear you.

FAN. (*Sings.*) "An old man will never do for me,
For May and December can never agree."

CAPT. Why, will nothing but a young man serve your turn?
Egad! you sing like a bobalink. You've made me feel so merry,
I verily believe I could dance.

FAN. So could I, you dear old man. (*Sings "Buy a Broom,"*
and waltzes him round the stage.)

CAPT. Dear me, young woman, how improper. I declare
you've set my head whirling, and my brain keeps whizzing like
the in'ards of a clock in a quinsy. You've absolutely turned
my head. If you acted out so with my son, no wonder he
came home last night as crazy as a coot.

DOUB. (*Without, R. H.*)

"Limbs do your office, and support me well,
"Bear me but to her, then fail me, if you can."

FAN. There's my manager! for heaven's sake, go, old man—
if he sees you here he'll be in a dreadful passion.

CAPT. Well, well, I'll be gone. I can't find it in my heart to
scold you—but just try, and don't love Curtis Chunk. I know
it's hard to resist him, for he takes after me—but now, don't
spile him. I'm off. Think about Jedidah—I'm going—it will
be the death of her—I'm gone. [*Exit L. H.*]

FAN. Well, this is truly whimsical.

Enter DOUBLE, R. H.

DOUB. "The sun of heaven methought was loath to set."
Pray, Fanny, who was that tiresome old man? and what were
you talking about? Your conversation was full five lengths.

FAN. He's the father of the youth I captivated last night, so
now you know the secret.

DOUB. The deuce he was! Here, there came a letter to you,
which I assumed a husband's privilege of reading. It contains
a request to see you, enclosing the following verses. (*Reads*
and laughs.)

FAN. Oh! do let me see them.

DOUB. When he comes I'll kick him out.

FAN. No, Double, don't play the farce of "*Turn out*"; leave
him to me, and I'll show him how to play the "*Double Dealer*."

DOUB. What! trust you with a fascinating young man?

FAN. Yes, you must, Double. "Believe me for mine honor,
and have respect for mine honor, that you may believe so."

[*Exit R. H.*]

DOUB. Devilish fine woman, though I say it that shouldn't.
In the metropolis she'd draw—she'd be a great attraction. So
should I, I'm sure. We'd have a smashing benefit, and when
we were called out before the curtain, I should take her by the
hand, and, advancing to the footlights, say,—Ladies and Gen-
tlemen, we return you our most sincere thanks for your patron-
age this evening, and believe us when we say—

Enter CURTIS CHUNK, L. H.

Who the devil are you?

CUR. By Jehoshaphat! It's Richard Three!

DOUB. Douglas Double, at your service,—Manager of the Eagle Circuit Company.

CUR. And I'm Curtis Chunk; called, for short, Cur-Chunk. By beeswax, I'm glad to see you! You acted out that ere tyrant first rate; but you got an almighty thrashing at last. If that ere feller with the tin coffee-pot on his head, and the pot-kiver on his arm, didn't walk into you with that ere ironspit, then it aint no matter.

DOUB. "A sweeter, and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and no doubt quite royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford."

CUR. Bravo! Bravo! Hurrah for Richard Three!

DOUB. You seem to be a lover of dramas?

CUR. No, I'm a lover of Jedidah's; and as for drams, I don't make it a practice to, though I do get swizzled Fourth of July, and muster, regular as a tea-pot.

DOUB. I mean, you're fond of shows?

CUR. I want to know if I aint? though father keeps one up so darned tight, I can't get a lick at 'em once in a hundred years. Last night was the first time I ever seen a play acted right out. At first I thought you were all swizzled, and you might have heard me sing out "Tomatoes, do they act so day-times, or are they all tight?" But bime-by I began to see through it. Come to think, it wasn't the fust big show I ever see, 'cause I carried Jedidah to see the Mammoth Caravan,—and wasn't that a snorter! (*Tells story.*)

DOUB. Ha! ha! ha! You are no greenhorn.

CUR. I want to know if I am not. No, no, not I! Don't I know a thing or two? I rather guess I do. I can manufacture cat-skin into outer kids, and turn half a dozen wooden bacon hams in an hour, and, 'twixt you and I, if I could act out as you do, I shouldn't wonder.

DOUB. Nor I, upon my soul, you have a noble figure for the stage.

CUR. I've a darned good mind to go along with you. What wages do you give a green hand?

DOUB. Well, that depends upon circumstances.

CUR. Try before you buy, that's father's maxim. Well, I don't think I could act without a little practice. Guess I could go Richard three, arter I'd learned the lesson. (*Strikes an attitude.*) A hoss! a hoss!

DOUB. Bravo! bravo! you could do it very well.

CUR. And then, when it came to the fightin' part—by mighty! wouldn't I jump around and lick everybody I come across. I wouldn't let that tarnal Richmond lick me like he did you. I'd have that old skewer out of his hand, and kicked him out darned quick.

DOUB. But, as you say, you couldn't have done it, without practice or study. Now, I'll be your instructor. Come, let's rehearse a speech or two. I'll spout a line and you repeat it. Are you ready? Now, you must take the stage.

CUR. Where to, tarnation?

DOUB. Pshaw! observe me.

CUR. Go ahead, I'll follow you. Give us something solid now.

(DOUBLE *speaks*, and CURTIS *repeats every line*.)

DOUB. "A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
Advance your standards! Set upon our foes!
Our ancient word of courage, Good St. George!
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Charge!"

CUR. By gosh! this is as hard work as hoeing corn. I'm all out of breath. But I tell you what, I want you to introduce me to that splendid critter, Miss Fanny Magnet. I'll shin up to her like a hero! court her like I did Jedidah, and if she don't surrender, then it aint no matter. Go ahead!

DOUB. "Was ever woman in this humor wooed?"

[*Exeunt L. H.*]

SCENE III.—*A room meanly furnished, chairs, table, tumbler of water, band-box with bonnet, shoe brushes, men's shoes, theatrical dresses scattered about in disorder. FANNY discovered. Dress similar to "Nelly's" in "No Song no Supper"; pipe in her mouth, brushing a man's shoe.*

FAN. Well, I think this disguise will somewhat disgust my ardent lover. At any rate he'll not think me so beautiful as when he saw me on the stage last night. I shouldn't wonder if the scene between us would be worth dramatizing; but, eh! he is here! (*Puts pipe in her mouth and brushes shoe.*)

Enter CURTIS CHUNK, L. H.

CUR. How d'ye do?

FAN. Who are you?

CUR. My name is Curtis Chunk; called for short, Cur-Chunk.

FAN. Well, you can squat down, I 'spose?

CUR. Well, I can't stop, not now; I come to see Miss Fanny Magnet.

FAN. Say, you're her sweetheart, aint you?

CUR. I love her most extemporaneously. You're her servant gal, aint you?

FAN. Say, you bean't afeard of me, be you? (*Smuts her face.*)

CUR. I ain't afeard of no white gal, or nigger either, and your face is six of one and about half a dozen of t'other.

FAN. Say, don't give me no sass.

CUR. I thought you might like to know you've got a gob of blacking on it.

FAN. Say, did you come to see Miss Fanny Magnet?

CUR. Yes, that lovely, all thunderin' fine gal.

FAN. Take hold and brush that shoe, then.

CUR. Darn it, I just washed my hands, and I shall spatter my trousers all over.

FAN. Them's Miss Fanny's shoes.

CUR. These ere, go along.

FAN. Yes, they are, why not?

CUR. Why, darn it, they'd fit me, and my foot's a foot and a half.

FAN. Don't you know who I am?

CUR. Yes, you're the ugliest white gal I ever see.

FAN. Well, I'm Miss Fanny Magnet.

CUR. You git out.

FAN. Is this your love for me?

CUR. Love for you? Why you're no more like Miss Fanny Magnet, than a sowbug's like a woodchuck.

FAN. Will you just examine my face?

CUR. I can hardly see through that coat of Day & Martin. Why, no!—yes!—it is, by golly!—I'm blamed if it aint!

FAN. Are you satisfied?

CUR. Yes, ma'am, I hope I see you fine.

FAN. If you are my sweetheart, just take my hand and kiss it.

CUR. Oh, Miss Fanny, that would be taking too extravagant a liberty. (*Aside.*) I don't fancy the taste of Day & Martin.

FAN. Why don't you take hold?

CUR. Well, here goes. (*Kisses her hand. Aside.*) It's Japan blacking, and I've got a mouthful.

FAN. Ha! ha! ha! You are a proper nice man. (*Falls on his neck.*)

CUR. No I aint, by a jugful.

FAN. Yes! you are a dear man.

CUR. Hollo! this is more than I bargained for. Damn it! you'll smother me!

FAN. What! do you disdain me?

CUR. No, I don't want nothing to do with you.

FAN. Didn't you write me a letter telling me how much you loved me?

CUR. Yes! but I've rather concluded pretty much to change my mind.

FAN. Oh! I shall faint right off.

CUR. Now, don't you, it will make such a muss.

FAN. I will! Oh, you deceiver! oh! oh!

CUR. Here's a flare up. What on earth shall I do? Here's some water. I reckon that will fetch her to. (*Erings down tumbler of water, FANNY takes it, chases him round the stage, and finally throws it in his face.*) Darn your pcter! what are you about? You've taken all the stiffening out of my dickey, and now I shall tumble right through my shirt.

FAN. You traitor, won't you marry me?

CUR. I'll see you darned first. (*FANNY takes broom and chases him round stage, CURTIS crying.*) Help! murder! take her off!

Enter DOUBLE, R. H., with sword.

DOUB. Ha! what do I see? (*Strikes attitude.*)

FAN. Douglas! save me! save me!

DOUB. Villain! let go thy hold! (*Rushes forward and*

throws FANNY round to L. H., strikes another attitude.) Base ravisher! draw, and defend thyself!

CUR. Draw! why I aint got nōthing to draw.

DOUB. Ha! coward! then die the death of a dog! *(Drives CURTIS round the stage, thrusting at him; he defends himself with band-box.)*

FAN. Oh! I'm ruined! undone!

DOUB. And you shall be avenged! I demand satisfaction:

CUR. Why look here, King Richard, I never tackle no woman, nor wild cats neither, but I aint a mite afear'd of you; but put down that spit, and I'll plough and harrow you in less than no time.

JED. *(Without, L. H.)* I tell you I'll see her face to face, and I'll tear her all to pieces.

DOUB. The plot thickens; here is one of the legitimate wild cats.

JEDIDAH rushes in L. H.

JED. Where is the minx? Where is this Fanny Magnet?

CUR. I tell you what, Jedidah, you'd better keep clear of her. She'll walk right through you, like soap-suds down a sink.

JED. Stand out of the way, you perjured wretch. Where is Fanny Magnet, I say?

FAN. Here she is. What have you got to say?

JED. Be you she? and did you forsake your true love for this wretch, Curtis Chunk?

FAN. Yes, he has—and what have you got to say to that?

JED. I came here to give you a piece of my mind.

FAN. He promised to marry me, and marry me he shall, and if you aint careful what you say, I'll slap your face.

JED. If you do, I'll scratch your eyes out.

FAN. Take that then. *(Slaps her face.)*

JED. And you take that, and that. *(They fight.)*

DOUB. Ladies! pray don't expose yourselves.

JED. I'll be the death of her.

CUR. I say, King Richard three, we must choke them off. *(JEDIDAH and FANNY try to fight each other. DOUBLE holds FANNY, CURTIS holds JEDIDAH, who turns and beats him.)* Hello! thunder and lightning!

FAN. Oh! if I could but get at her!

JED. Let me go, you vile deceiver.

CUR. No, you don't! by thunder!

DOUB. Fanny, my dear, retire and compose yourself.

FAN. I will, dear Double, but if there's law in the land I'll have it,—I'll sue for a breach of promise. *[Exit R. H.]*

CUR. Good riddance, too! Now look here, King Richard three, these women have raised my dander, I've been so jofired-y—

DOUB. Beaten, bobbed and thumped.

CUR. Exactly so. Come on, King Richard three, and I'll lick you pretty darned suple.

DOUB. No, it must not be. The lady has shown you the

preference, and I'll resign all claims. You'll marry her, of course?

CUR. If I do, may I be drained through a saw-mill and converted into slabs. She talks of damages though, and I 'spose she can recover, though I didn't make her any decided offer of marriage. But then a chap in York State had to pay three hundred dollars just for dreaming he promised to marry a gal, but I wouldn't marry her, not if she was a conglomeration of specie.

JED. You wouldn't?—sartin true? and do you love me?

CUR. Tremendously!

JED. And will you marry me?

CUR. Sartin, you little domesticated wild cat. Kiss me and make up.

JED. Ain't you ashamed?

CUR. Not a mite—now don't be squeamish. (*Kisses her.*) There wasn't no Day & Martin about that. That was the raw material. Darn it, let's have another squeeze. (*Kisses her again.*)

Enter CAPTAIN CHUNK, L. H.

CAPT. That's right! keep at it! keep at it! Tol lol. (*Dances.*)

CUR. Hollo, dad! have you got the spring-halt?

CAPT. No, but I'm the happiest old fellow alive. That is, if my eyes don't deceive me. You've come to your senses. You'll have Jedidah, won't you?

CUR. Yes, dad, I reckon I've come to my oats. But I ain't got off so easily. This ere Fanny swears she'll marry me whether I will or no, or else she'll sue me for a breach of promise. Now I don't like the idea of going to law. Damages would make considerable of a hole in our specie, partner.

CAPT. Never mind,—what can't be cured must be endured! but, perhaps, we can compromise. Can't you give us a word of advice in the matter, Mr. Manager?

DOUB. I think I can. I have a little interest in the lady in question. The fact is, since we opened our establishment for the gratification of your enlightened community, we have met with considerable opposition from many who asserted that our performances were of an immoral tendency.

CAPT. A parcel of bigoted boobies. I was one, but my eyes are open.

DOUB. Well, sir, our receipts have been so uncomfortably small that we are in considerable arrears. Now, one crowded house would set us afloat, and if, through your influence—

CAPT. I understand, and I'll patronize you. I'll take every ticket, and pay you cash, and Jedidah shall come and see the beautiful rival.

JED. Beautiful! she's as homely as sin.

DOUB. Jealousy! nothing but jealousy! But don't be alarmed—Miss Fanny Magnet will give you no further cause for uneasiness.

CAPT. That's right. But, Curtis, you had a narrow escape. It's lucky you didn't see Miss Fanny; it would have been all over with you.

CUR. Well, I have seen her, and she was pretty nigh the death of me.

CAPT. She's most angelical.

CUR. She's most diabolical.

CAPT. Come, come, Curtis, you shan't slander her. She's an angel, I say! Such languishing eyes, such ruby lips, such polished skin—

CUR. Yes, polished with Knapp's Japan blacking.

DOUB. Hey-day! here's playing at cross purposes with a vengeance. But here comes the lady to decide the dispute.

Enter FANNY, in her first dress, &c. &c.

CUR. I hope she's cooled off a bit.

FAN. Am I a welcome visitor here, or shall I make my courtesy and retire?

CUR. This is her, in right down earnest, I swear!

CAPT. Well, is she diabolical!

CUR. No! she's angelical as when I first see her. Then that was your servant gal I see?

FAN. (*Imitating.*) Here, take hold of that shoe and brush it, can't you? and as for you, minx, I'll slap your face, I will.

CUR. By mighty! how cute!

JED. And then it was you, and in fun all along?

CUR. Yes, Jedidah, she was acting out.

FAN. Yes, and now, dear girl, let us embrace in token of friendship. (*They embrace.*)

CUR. I rather guess that was a little tenderer than you embraced jest now. Now, what do you think, Jedidah? Aint she a buster! By mighty! I love her jest as bad as ever!

FAN. My friend, were I ever so much inclined to favor your suit, it is not in my power. My hand is not at my disposal, I am not single.

DOUB. No, you are *Double*. Ladies and Gentlemen, (*taking her hand.*) Mrs. Fanny Double, wife of Douglas Double, Esquire.

CUR. What! married? Dad, I guess we are walked into rather scrumptiously.

DOUB. Not so, as some deception has been practised, you are at liberty to withdraw your liberal offer.

CAPT. No, I shan't, I won't grudge a cent of it. Gaa! I'd be willing to double it, to have the pleasure of hearing that charming creature sing, with fal-lal-lal. (*Dances.*)

CUR. And I'd give twenty-five cents extra, to rip out once more, A hoos! a hoos!

DOUB. Thanks, generous friends! And now may fortune favor us, and grant that our unceasing efforts to please, may indeed prove

A GREAT ATTRACTION

CURTAIN.

©

[No. 216.]

MY YOUNG WIFE,
AND
MY OLD UMBRELLA.

A Farce. -- In One Act.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY

BENJAMIN WEBSTER,

COMEDIAN,

AUTHOR OF "LAUGHING HYENA," "SWISS SWAINS," "QUEEN OF THE MARKET,"
"HELPHOGOR," "GOLDEN FARMER," ETC. ETC.

*With original Casts, Costumes, and all the Stage Business. As performed at
the principal Theatres in the United States. Marked and arranged by
Mr. J. B. Wright, Assistant Manager Boston Theatre.*

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

GREGORY GRIZZLE, PERZA PROO, GEORGE ALLEN, AUGUSTUS TOMKINS, DIXIE.	Orig. Haymarket, London, 1887.	National, N. Y., 1841.	Tremont, Boston, 1843.	National, Boston, 1846.	How'd. Athenaeum, 1848.	Museum, Boston, 1847.
GREGORY GRIZZLE, PERZA PROO, GEORGE ALLEN, AUGUSTUS TOMKINS, DIXIE.	Mr. W. Warren, " Strickland, " J. Webster, Miss Phillips.	Mr. J. S. Browne, " D. Anderson, " Madison, " C. Mestayer, Mrs. Marden.	Mr. W. F. Johnson, " Kenable, " Walcott, " J. M. Field, Miss Bequet.	Mr. J. R. Vincent, " J. G. Cartlitch, " J. A. Smith, " E. F. Keach, Miss L. Gunn.	Mr. W. Warren, " C. H. Saunders, " Malson, " Bradshaw, Mrs. Conover.	Mr. W. Warren, " W. H. Curtis, " C. L. Stone, " J. A. Smith, Mrs. C. L. Stone.

COSTUME.

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GEORGE ALLEN. — Black surtout and waistcoat, and white trousers.

AUGUSTUS TOMKINS. — Light-green surtout, crimson velvet waistcoat, light-jean drab trousers, and eccentric hat.

DIXIE. — Light-blue silk dress.

MY YOUNG WIFE, AND MY OLD UMBRELLA.

SCENE I. — *A Chamber 2 and 8 a. ; a door in r. centre ; window in flat, R., looking on a court and garden ; doors R. and L., 1 E. ; table on R. H., with pens, ink and paper ; two chairs on R. H., sofa on L. ; DINAH, L., and PROG, R., discovered seated ; DINAH at work, PROG reading the newspaper.*

Prog. It's all true, it's all true, my dear Dinah ; the news I received yesterday is confirmed ; my beautiful farm of Cutaway, near Eton, is burned to the ground !

Dinah. My dear father, this is a very great misfortune.

Prog. How do you know that ? Never judge by appearances.

Din. Why, surely, my dear papa, a destructive fire like this —

Prog. (Rising.) Hold your tongue, Miss Prog, or you'll put me in a rage ; imitate my philosophy, and tune up "The Light of other Days" on your piano.

Din. (Rising.) But you know, papa, my piano is out of tune.

Prog. What does that signify ? can't you play on the keys that are in tune, and let them that are not, enjoy the air with me in silence ? At any rate, you have no excuse for not getting it put in order.

Din. I have spoken to Mrs. Primmers, next door, and she has promised me her tuner this morning.

Prog. Well, in case she should forget it, just go jog her memory.

Din. Certainly, papa, I would not cross you for the world ; this fire is enough to put you out of temper.

Prog. Look at me, cool as a cucumber in an ice-pail. Thanks to the march of intellect, I know what philosophy is, and can bear this loss with the calmness of a Cato. I can afford it, especially as it was insured in the Sun fire-office.

Din. In the Sun ! excellent — why, my Cousin George is in that office ; and I'm sure, if he could be of the least service to you —

Prog. Miss Prog, never speak of that young man to me. His means are so small, he should neither make love nor marry — he can't afford it, so I have desired him to pay his addresses and visits elsewhere.

Din. I'm sure he's a very nice young man.

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GREGORY GRIZZLE, PERZA PROQ, GEORGE ALLEN, AUGUSTUS TOMKINS, DINAE.	Olympic, N. Y., 1847. Mr. P. C. Cunningham, " Henry, " Clark, " Conover, Miss Phillips.	Providence, R. I., 1863. Mr. P. C. Cunningham, " Townsend, " Hanly, " Strahan, Miss Pentland.	Pittsburg, 1866. Mr. W. Davidge, " H. Weaver, " W. Whalley, " D. Howard, Miss L. Cantor.	<p>GREGORY GRIZZLE. — Brown patched coat, buttoned close up to the neck; faded Naukeen pantaloons, rather large, black gaiters, beckerchief, and hat.</p> <p>PERZA PROQ. — Green Newmarket cut coat, yellow waistcoat, white small-clothes, drab gaiters, and broad-brimmed hat.</p> <p>GEORGE ALLEN. — Black surtout and waistcoat, and white trousers.</p> <p>AUGUSTUS TOMKINS. — Light-green surtout, crimson velvet waistcoat, light fawn drab trousers, and eccentric hat.</p> <p>DINAE. — Light-blue silk dress.</p>		

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Din. By his appearance.

Prog. Never judge by appearances.

Griz. Why, you — (*Calming his rage*) — I'm wrong, excuse me — misfortune has soured me — I am a lost individual !

Prog. O, I see, (*Aside*), a shabby-genteel beggar. I'll give him sixpence and get rid of him. (*Takes money from his pocket.*) Here, friend, I am not rich, and this is all I can afford. (*Offering him money.*)

Griz. Sixpence ! sixpence ! — do you mean to insult me ?

Prog. Who and what the devil are you ?

Griz. You don't know me — nothing personal ? Then all's forgotten — forgiven. I'm Mr. Gregory Grizzle, pianoforte-tuner.

Prog. Recommended by Mrs. Smith ?

Griz. Even so.

Prog. Why did n't you say so at first ?

Griz. I forgot it. When I looked at you, your face recalled a thousand things to my recollection ; above all, it reminded me of my wife.

Prog. Is she like me ?

Griz. Like you ! nasty brute ! I see you wish to insult me.

Prog. I tell you I don't.

Griz. Like you ! Not so bad as that, neither ; no, sir, no ; but we used to dine at your house together.

Prog. Ah, indeed ! then you —

Griz. Exactly so. Poor Emma ! Curses on the villain who stole my Emma from me ! for, spite of myself, I regret her loss.

Prog. Have you lost her, then ?

Griz. No, she has lost herself ; but don't let us speak of that (*Crying.*) Whenever I think of her my heart is ready to burst.

Prog. Indeed ! Poor man ; how I pity you.

Griz. Sir, I require no man's pity ; no one shall pity me, sir ; to pity me is to insult me.

Prog. Well, I won't pity you ; so go and tune my daughter's piano. To-night we sign her marriage-contract, and 't is a good occasion for showing off her talent.

Griz. I heard of this marriage, this morning, at Mrs. Jenkins' ! You know Mrs. J. — delightful woman to chat with — speaks ill of everybody.

Prog. Indeed !

Griz. She says that your daughter does not love Mr. Tomkins, and that she is very fond of her cousin, Mr. George Allen. It's no affair of mine, — I know neither one nor the other, — but, take my word for it, my Emma's example may be followed.

Prog. Well, time will show ; but I have to go out on business ; and, as it is going to rain —

Griz. (*Quickly.*) Is it really going to rain ?

Prog. Yes, and I must make haste before it comes down.

Griz. And to think that I don't know the scoundrel who has carried off what I prized so dearly.

Prog. Ah, your wife ?

Griz. No, my umbrella.

Prog. Your umbrella ?

Griz. There must have been a plot against me ; a man whom I have never seen ; — well, sir, he has deprived me of her.

Prog. Her ? Was it a feminine umbrella ?

Griz. No, my ma.

Prog. Your ma?

Griz. Yes, her name is Emma; for shortness, I call her ma, my lawful wedded wife, a lovely young creature, besides a family umbrella that had walked with grandfather, father, and son, on every cloudy day — only eighteen years old, with flaxen ringlets, a mouth like a rose, a Grecian nose — she wished to make a parasol of it.

Prog. Of her nose?

Griz. No, no, of my umbrella, an heir-loom; — the villain, to deprive me of them both!

Prog. 'Tis a sad business, but permit me to observe —

Griz. (*Quickly.*) On that very day it rained in torrents, and I had returned home for my lamented — umbrella; but, imagine my horror, I found neither umbrella nor wife.

Prog. My good friend, that is not the point in question.

Griz. But there's the crime, sir. Wives run away every day that's nothing. Very likely they have taken away yours; but they dare not take away your umbrella. There's the crime — your wife & not your goods; but your umbrella is. If a man run away with your umbrella, he's transported; but, if he runs away with your wife, he's delighted.

Prog. Well, sir, if you will not listen to me —

Griz. I'll show you proof; a note (*Feeling in his pockets*), — no I have n't got it about me, but I remember all the expressions: "Beautiful Emma, cease to be sorrowful; to-morrow, at two, I will tear you from your tyrant, and conduct you to — you *know* where" — but no name — no, no; the scoundrel! Well, sir, I was like a madman; I rushed into the street without my hat, went to all my friends and neighbors, and gave an exact description of her — covered with green silk, an ivory hawk's head, and mother-of-pearl eyes. Now, have I not cause to hate the whole human race? You have done me no harm, but I hate you; and, when it rains, I hate myself, I hate the world, I hate everything!

Prog. But, my good sir, what have I to do with your wife or your umbrella?

Griz. Enough, sir, I understand you. Where is your umbrella?

Prog. My what?

Griz. I beg pardon, your piano.

Prog. (*Showing him to room A.*) In that room — put it in proper order — I don't care about the expense — I can afford it.

Griz. (*Crosses A.*) Ha, ha, insult my poverty, do, do!

Prog. (*Aside.*) What a queer fellow! (*Rain.*)

Griz. (*Aside.*) An old, selfish, poisoning, shilling-ordinary rascal, to have made a fortune by the digestive organs, when, with tuning pianofortes, I am as poor as Job! but I was born to misery, so it's my fathers' fault, not mine. (*Goes into room A. H, I E.*)

Prog. I thought I should never get rid of him. Ah! there's the rain coming down in torrents; but it must n't prevent me from going to the insurance office. I must take a coach; I can afford it, and I will.

Enter AUGUSTUS TOMKINS, D. in F., closing umbrella.

Tomkins. (L.) Good-morning, father-in-law.

Prog. (R.) O! 't is you, Augustus, is it? What a storm!

Tom. Yes, horrid; I've just stepped over with a bouquet for my intended. (*Showing it.*) I would n't wait for a coach, so trusted to my umbrella. Where the devil shall I put it? It's famously soaked.

Prog. I'll put it in my study. (*Goes into room, 1 E., L. H.*)

Tom. Thank you. It's very strange he does not appear more serious; 't is a false alarm, no doubt.

Prog. (*Reëntering from room 1.*) Well, son-in-law, how goes on the music?

Tom. (R.) Better than ever; the age is decidedly musical, and we are daily becoming more melodious.

Prog. Glad to hear it; hope you will soon make your fortune.

Tom. Be assured I shall. I have several capital plans. You cannot imagine what I have in my head; I have millions there. By the by, I have come to ask you to advance me a few hundreds.

Prog. Sorry, my dear Tomkins, very sorry; but I am unfortunately in a very distressing position.

Tom. Indeed! then it's true that your farm is burnt down?

Prog. Too true, my dear friend.

Tom. The devil! (*Puts the bouquet in his pocket.*)

Prog. Consequently, you must feel that the fortune of my daughter must suffer by it, and, since you have millions in your head, it can matter very little to you whether I give my daughter a few hundreds more or less.

Tom. (*Aside.*) So, so, a few hundreds!

Prog. Have you any objections?

Tom. None, none, I assure you.

Prog. Very well, then we will sign the contract to-night; I must leave you now, for I have to go into the city on particular business. Dinah will be here directly, and I think you like her company better than mine. (*Exit, D. in R.*)

Tom. Ha! ha! ha! I won't contradict you. The devil! I am nicely taken in; I reckoned on receiving at least 4000*l.* with the girl; I dare say now he won't give her half, perhaps only 500*l.* cash; the other five I have already touched; he thinks I will marry his daughter — I had made up my mind to it. I have broken off my affair with Emma, old Grizzle the pianoforte-tuner's wife; she was invulnerable, and, I hear, is gone back to her husband. I will not marry old Prog's daughter; — but stay, if I refuse, the old fellow will be furious, and arrest me for the money I owe him, and I have not a shilling in the world. I must arrange that the refusal shall come from him. Ah! an idea — a double bass idea — my father-in-law does n't know my handwriting, and an anonymous letter will do the business. (*Sits down.*) I'll say I'm a drunkard, a gambler, and a libertine, without honor or honesty, morals or conduct; a liar, a scoundrel, and everything else that is respectable in that way. (*Writing at table R.*) "I heard, sir, that you are on the point of uniting your daughter" — um — um — um —

GRIZZLE enters from room R. H., 1 E. (Rain.)

Grizzle. (*Crosses L.*) My usual luck! I've broken two strings. I must go and buy some.

Tom. The devil! I'm not alone.

Griz. There is a shop close at hand. (*Perceiving TOMKINS.*) Ah! who's that?

Tom. I have never seen this person before; 'tis a new servant, no doubt. (*Writes again.*)

Griz. Can this be the intended of the young lady, or only the cousin?

Tom. There, it is done. (*Folding letter.*)

Griz. (*Going to window, in flat, &c.*) Let me see if it rains, still.

Tom. Now for the address.

Griz. Pouring!—never mind; I'll run through it, 'tis not far. (*Going.*)

Tom. I say, my friend!

Griz. His friend!

Tom. Do you know if there is a twopenny post-office in this neighbourhood?

Griz. There is one opposite the music-shop. (*Sulkily.*)

Tom. Is it far?

Griz. About one hundred and fifty yards.

Tom. Far enough to get wet; and this letter should be put into the office directly.

Griz. Give me your letter, and I will throw it into the box as I pass. (*Takes it.*)

Tom. Thank you, my good man. By the by, I can lend you an umbrella.

Griz. An umbrella! Do you mean to insult me?

Tom. Hey!

Griz. (*At the door.*) I had one once, a family relic—no matter, no matter.

Tom. I assure you, my dear fellow—(*Rain.*)

Griz. (*Going up to him.*) Your dear fellow! That's what my wife used to say, and when it rained, as it does now, would keep me dry as hay—no matter; your umbrella! ha! ha! ha! your umbrella! (*Exit, D. in f.*)

Tom. A monstrous queer fellow! What the devil did he mean? Never mind, he has done me a service; thanks to him, I can have an interview with my intended before I leave the house, and adroitly prepare her for the rupture I meditate. Ah! here she is!

Enter DINAH, D. in f.

Dinah. (*L.*) Did you wish to see me?

Tom. (*R.*) I am always wishing to see you, charming Dinah; but I fear the wish is not reciprocal on your part.

Din. Have I said anything to make you think that your presence was disagreeable to me?

Tom. No; but yet, in spite of yourself, I have perceived—perhaps another more fortunate than myself—

Din. Another! What would you say, sir?

Enter GEORGE, D. in f.

Tom. Your cousin, doubtless, can answer for me.

Din. George!

Tom. Come in, Mr. Allen; come in, sir.

George. How I detest the fellow! (*Aside.*)

Tom. I am sorry; one too many, I perceive.

Geo. What do you say, sir?

Tom. Nothing; but there are secrets that have not escaped my penetration. No, my friends, you do not know me. Augustus Tomkins, the natural protector of love and harmony, disunite two hearts beating in unison? Never! No—I'll sacrifice myself for you. Your happiness shall be mine. No thanks—adieu! What I feel here will reward me sufficiently. Adieu—be happy! be happy!

(Runs off, D. in F.)

Geo. What does this mean? Explain.

Din. Why, he, no doubt, knows you have paid your addresses to me.

Geo. He knows that I love you, and you think that he is generous enough to resign you? Hope returns to me.

Din. You conclude too fast; there is still my father's consent wanting.

Geo. Never fear; I have some good news for him—news that will make him happy.

Din. Indeed! then I begin to have hopes myself.

Geo. You love me, then? O, celestial cousin!

(Kisses her hand.)

GRIZZLE appears at door in F.

Grizzle. Ah!

Geo. The devil! *(Runs off, door L. H., 1 F.)*

Din. A stranger! *(Runs off, door R. H., 1 E.)*

Griz. So, so. I've spoilt their billing and cooing; 'twas Miss Prog—lets a young man kiss her hand before she is married! Hum—hum—they're all alike. This it is to teach girls to play "Love among the roses," on the piano; but, apropos, the young man who confided this letter to me must be mad. As I was putting it into the post, I looked at the address; and, to my astonishment, I read, "To Peter Prog, Esq.;" the Peter Prog, who lives here, no doubt; and so I thought I would save the old fellow twopence by delivering it myself. I hate the human race, but, such is my character, I will always save a man twopence, if I can, when it costs me nothing.

Enter Prog, D. in F.

Prog. (L.) I could n't find my nephew at the office.

Griz. (R.) Talk of the devil—Mr. Prog.

Prog. Ah, Mr. Grizzle! is the piano in order?

Griz. Not yet—an accident; these sort of things are always happening to me particularly; but that's nothing—there is a letter for you.

Prog. A letter! from my nephew?

Griz. Very likely, he looked like one of the family.

Prog. Yes, he's a fine fellow! *(Opening letter.)*

Griz. I merely meant in manners.

Prog. *(Trying to read.)* The—he—hear—hum—what a scrawl! 'tis impossible to decipher a syllable; only look at it. *(Giving letter to GRIZZLE.)*

Griz. Really, it seems to have been written by a fly that has accidentally dropped into the ink.

Prog. What's the signature?

Griz. It has none.

Prog. 'Tis very singular.

Griz. I think I can make it out. (*Reading.*) "I hear, sir, that you are on the point of uniting," — Surely I know this hand.

Prog. Why do you stop?

Griz. Be quiet, be quiet — "on the point of u-uniting your daughter to Mr. Augustus Tomkins. I think it necessary to warn you" — ah! warn you?

Prog. To warn you.

Griz. It looks exactly like warn — "to warn you that he is a libertine, a bad-conducted fellow, and a gambler."

Prog. What an atrocious calumny!

Griz. Mr. Anonymous may be a rival.

Prog. Ah, true, my nephew! The rascal has disguised his hand.

Griz. I should think so, or else he was educated before charity-schools were in vogue.

Prog. Go on.

Griz. "At this very moment he is living with a young woman whom he has carried off from her husband." (*Laughing.*) Ha! ha! capital! capital!

Prog. It makes you laugh, then.

Griz. Yes, yes; I have a sort of ferocious joy on such occasions. Another husband deceived, ha! ha! ha! — so much the better; the more the merrier. (*Laughing.*) Ha! ha! ha!

Prog. Go on, go on.

Griz. "You will not doubt what I advance, when you know the lady's name." Ah! ha! now we shall know who she is.

Prog. It seems to delight you.

Griz. To be sure, to be sure; you never had a wife taken from you, or you'd be as pleased as I am — "This young woman is called Emma" — O Lord! I'm very ill. (*Sinks into a chair.*)

Prog. Emma! (*Taking letter.*)

Griz. I must have made a mistake.

Prog. No; "Emma, and her husband is Mr. Gregory Grizzle, pianoforte-tuner." Why, that's you!

Griz. Yes, yes; I am the unhappy wretch! O, villainous Tomkins! I shall know you at last. You, then, have carried off my umbrella.

Prog. Still, I'll not believe that Tomkins —

Griz. But I'll believe it. Where is he? Where does he live? Name his place of abode, that I may annihilate him, crush him to bits?

Prog. Don't put yourself in a passion.

Griz. Why not? I ought to be in a passion, and I will be so. Has he not left me for the last fortnight exposed to all the inclemencies of society and the weather?

Prog. Still you must not condemn him unheard.

Griz. But I will condemn him unheard.

Prog. I'll go to him, and if he doesn't justify himself, I will find another son-in-law — I can afford it.

Griz. Perhaps you can, but I can't afford it. But where shall I find another family umbrella?

Prog. Will you wait for me here till the affair is explained?

Griz. Well, well, I will; but make haste, for I'm in such a state of nervous excitement I shall do something desperate. (*Takes up a chair and flourishes it over his head.*)

Prog. Be calm, be calm! I'll return immediately. (*Exit P. in F.*)

Griz. Now, Tomkins! damnable Tomkins! you cannot escape me. Hide yourself where you will, I'll find you — stay; on entering this room, a little while ago, the individual who was kissing Miss Prog's hand, — if it should be Tomkins! — he is there in that room. (*Pointing to door, L.*) O heavens! thoughts of murder and blood flash across my mind. (*George appearing at door L., with the umbrella.*)

George. Mr. Prog does not come, so I'll return to the counting-house, notwithstanding the rain.

Griz. There he is.

Geo. I have taken the liberty of borrowing this umbrella, which I found in the room.

Griz. (*R.*) Umbrella! my umbrella, by all that's horrible! 'Tis he, no doubt — Tomkins, the destroyer of my peace. ●

Geo. (*Going.*) I'll bring it back at night.

Griz. You shall not stir. (*Standing before the door in F.*)

Geo. What would you with me, friend?

Griz. I have found you at last, wretch! Look at me! Let me examine you face to face! He's not even good-looking.

Geo. Sir, I am as fond of a joke as any man, from those I know; but from you, a total stranger —

Griz. A stranger! You don't know me! but you shall, you shall! (*Mysteriously.*) Grizzle?

Geo. No.

Griz. Pianoforte-tuner?

Geo. No.

Griz. Air-street?

Geo. No.

Griz. Husband of Emma?

Geo. No.

Griz. No! you don't know me! But you have got my umbrella, infamous robber! Do you know me now? Do you deny my umbrella?

Geo. Does it belong to you, then?

Griz. You know it does.

Geo. For what do you take me, then?

Griz. For a reptile, a knave of hearts, a thief!

Geo. This is beyond bearing, and if you persist — (*Raising umbrella.*)

Griz. Strike — do — assassinate me — put the finishing blow to your crimes, and bring yourself to the gallows! Ah! you dare not do it; you fear the scaffold, coward that you are! (*In a sepulchral voice.*) The scaffold! the scaffold!

Geo. Stand out of the way then.

Griz. You stir not hence — give me back my wife! Where is she? Where is she — where is Emma?

Geo. Once more, will you leave me alone?

Griz. Give me back my wife.

Geo. Go to the devil!

Griz. Then let me go to my wife. You won't!—then keep her; 't will be a sufficient punishment; but, at least, give me back my umbrella; my wife is culpable, but my umbrella—give me back my umbrella.

Geo. Are you mad?

Griz. Yes—my umbrella, my umbrella! (*Seizing it.*)

Geo. You shall not have it. (*Holding it.*)

Griz. Leave go, sir, leave go! (*Pulling.*)

Geo. I won't! I won't! (*Pulling.*)

Griz. O, you thief! you unfeeling robber! (*Pulling.*)

Enter DINAH D. R. H., 1 E.

Dinah. What is the meaning of this noise?

Griz. Come here, Miss (*Pulling*), and let your presence confound him.

George. Don't listen to him, Dinah; he is mad.

Griz. Hold your tongue, you cannibal! hold your tongue! I despise you! Yes, miss; this man, who is making love to you, is a villain—you know you are! Taking advantage of the rain one day, he walked off with my wife,—a vile seducer!—and has lived, for the last fortnight, with my umbrella.

Din. Good gracious!

Griz. Never marry him, never! In the first place, I know you would n't like him—I know you would n't; besides, I can give you other reasons—I can, you highway robber, you know I can!—Mr. Prog knows all about it.

Geo. Mr. Prog?

Griz. (*Letting go the umbrella.*) Never mind, you cannot escape me. I go to seek for a letter—your rascally letter; after that, I will never leave you—never!

Geo. Leave the room, sir!

Enter TOMKINS, D. in F.

Tomkins. What's the matter?

Griz. (*To TOMKINS.*) O, my dear friend, thanks to you, I shall be revenged! (*To GEORGE.*) O, you villain!

Geo. Leave the room, sir, or by Heaven—

Griz. The scaffold—the scaffold—Newgate—Monday morning, eight o'clock—my wife—my umbrella! (*Exit, D. in F.*)

Tom. (O.) What does he mean?

Geo. (L.) Really, I don't know; he has been abusing me in an outrageous manner, but for what I cannot imagine.

Din. (R.) What he said was very clear;—your conduct is shameful.

Geo. Why, cousin, he's mad!

Din. No such thing, sir; I have seen him at Mrs. Primrose's often, and I believe everything he has said about you.

Geo. Indeed! (*Crosses to her.*) He told me just now that he knew you could not bear me.

Tom. (L.) What's all this? A quarrel between two lovers who adore each other.

Din. I can never love a man of intrigue.

Geo. Nor I a coquette. (*Crosses to L.*)

Tom. (c.) Come, come, be friends; follow my advice. I have a right to give it, since I have sacrificed my own love.

Din. You were wrong, Mr. Tomkins, for 'tis you alone whom I esteem, and I am ready to marry you.

Geo. Perfidious woman!

Tom. The devil! this will never do. (*Aside.*)

Din. When my father returns I will tell him so.

Tom. I beg pardon, I merely called for my umbrella. O, you have it in your hand!

Geo. Is this umbrella yours, then?

Tom. Certainly.

Geo. Indeed! it was claimed by another person just now.

Tom. Mr. Prog will certify to you that it is mine.

Geo. (*Giving it.*) That's sufficient — I know you — there it is. (*Aside.*) I'm out of that scrape.

Tom. Adieu, my friends — make it up — too happy that your happiness is my work. (*Going to exit through door in r., stopped by Mr. Prog, who enters d. r.*)

Prog. Ah! Tomkins, I have just been to your house.

Tom. Indeed!

Prog. (L. c.) I have learnt some fine things about you, sir.

Tom. (R. c.) (*Aside.*) Good! he has received my letter.

Prog. I hope you will be able to clear yourself; otherwise I — Ah, nephew! Well?

Geo. (L.) Some excellent news, — the insurance will be paid to the utmost farthing.

Tom. (*Aside.*) What do I hear? Your farm, then, was insured?

Prog. For a third more than its value.

Tom. I've made a nice thing of this. Father-in-law, I rejoice at your good fortune, and hope you will, at once, fix the day for my union with your charming daughter.

Prog. To the point. (*Taking out letter.*) I have been written to, sir; I have in my hand a letter relative to you —

Tom. A letter!

Prog. Which speaks of all sorts of dreadful things. Yes, sir, it states that you have enticed a certain Emma, the wife of a Mr. Grizzle; pianoforte-tuner, from her home.

Din. 'T is he then.

Geo. You see how everything comes out.

Tom. I have enemies, Mr. Prog, and, above all, a rival; there he is, and 't is he alone can have written that infamous letter.

Geo. (*Taking letter from Prog.*) Look, uncle, is this my writing?

Tom. Pshaw! You have, of course, disguised your hand, and he has put the Grizzle affair to my account, when he is the guilty party.

Din. Just now Mr. Grizzle had a dreadful scene with him.

Tom. You hear.

Geo. I shall choke with rage.

Din. Cousin, your conduct is abominable!

Geo. Mr. Tomkins, we must fight, sir!

Tom. Pooh, nonsense!

Prog. Go, sir, leave the house — I've done with you, sir, forever.

Geo. My uncle, you are deceived.

Enter GRIZZLE, door in F.

Grizzle. (Pointing out GEORGE.) Ah ! there he is ! My dear friend, let me embrace you. *(Embraces him.)*

Prog. Here's another.

Geo. (L.) You suffocate me.

Griz. (L. c.) Don't try to shun my gratitude ; you are the most generous of men ; yes, you see before you the most generous of men.

Prog. (c.) My friend, have the kindness to speak intelligibly, for upon my word, at present —

Griz. Mr. Prog, this morning you saw me melancholy, misanthropical ; the chain of my existence was unhinged ; I was like a piano with the strings broken, all jar and discord ; but now I'm in tune again ; for, on entering my house just now, I found —

Prog. Your umbrella ?

Griz. No ; my wife, my Emma !

Tom. (L. c.) (Aside.) Emma !

Griz. The dear Emma threw herself into my arms, — a thing she never did before ; and to whom do I owe this happiness ? To him whom I accused, to this excellent and good friend, Tomkins. *(To GEORGE.)*

Geo. You are still in the umbrella error.

Griz. Hold your tongue, you perfection of Mr. Tomkins' ! let me publish your virtues. Mr. Prog, my wife is very jealous ; my profession of pianoforte-tuner brings me in contact with numberless young ladies. Emma did not like it ; she was tenacious of her Grizzle ; so much so that she had almost determined to throw herself into the river.

Prog. Well, well.

Griz. I should, however, tell you she had taken with her my umbrella. This gentleman *(To GEORGE)*, passing at the time, saw, on Waterloo Bridge, my young wife leaning on the umbrella — no, no ; on the parapet ! He ran and found her drown'd.

Prog. Drown'd ?

Griz. In tears. He consoled her, and walked with her home, carrying in his hand my grandfather's umbrella, which in his hurry he forgot to return. *(Shaking GEORGE's hand.)* Good creature ! Emma begged him to escort her to her aunt's, who lives at Putney, and 't is that which gave rise to that letter which caused all my suspicions.

Prog. Yes, yes, " charming Emma ! "

Griz. " Dry your sorrows. "

Prog. " To-morrow about — "

Griz. " Two o'clock, " &c. &c., you know it was as well as I do. *(Giving letter to GEORGE.)* There it is ; I return it to you, generous man. You have triumphed over my blue devils, and I feel again in my heart love for my fellow-creatures. I wish every one to live a thousand years, with twenty thousand a year, and a dozen or two of children. The universe has changed its aspect, human nature appears beautiful to me, and the ugliest person seems handsome ; — even you, Prog, look handsome. By the by, generous man, will you allow me to ask you what you have done with my umbrella ?

Geo. Ask that gentleman there, — he says it belongs to him.

Griz. To him ? — has he the effrontery —

Tom. No, Mr. Grizzle, 't is yours, and I beg leave to return it.

Griz. (Taking it hastily.) Very well, sir — being without deli-

cacy ! I say it before Mr. Prog, though he is your nephew, he is a being without delicacy.

Prog. My nephew ! really, sir, I —

Griz. Don't defend him ; 't was he who wrote the anonymous letter against my friend Tomkins !

Prog. Against Tomkins !

Griz. I saw him myself concocting the devilry.

Tom. (*Aside.*) He will betray me.

Geo. (*Who has examined the note.*) Why, really this letter is in the same handwriting as the other, — look at it. (*Giving letter to Prog.*)

Prog. Can I believe my spectacles !

Tom. (*Aside.*) All is up.

Prog. O, Tomkins, I'm ashamed of you !

Griz. You mean George.

Prog. No, no, Tomkins. (*Pointing to TOMKINS, R.*)

Griz. No, no, that's George, and this is Tomkins. (*Pointing to GEORGE, L.*)

Prog. No, no; that's Tomkins, and this is George.

Griz. Is it possible ! (*Crosses to TOMKINS, and embracing him.*) My dear sir, I beg your pardon, you are my friend.

Prog. Really, I don't understand this.

Geo. But I do, and will explain.

Tom. (*Aloud.*) No further explanation is necessary, sir. You love Miss Dinah, she loves you, — take her, and be happy.

Prog. What ? what ? what ?

Tom. I resign her. Good-morning. (*Going.*)

Prog. Stay, stay ; you owe me 500l.

Griz. Never mind. I'll pay you.

Prog. You ! how ?

Griz. With my umbrella.

Prog. Pshaw ! it's not worth sixpence.

Griz. I beg your pardon, its value is immense ; it is an object of public curiosity. I could make a fortune by showing it at a penny a head. Look, is n't there something very patriarchal about it ? Observe this patch and handle ; is there such another umbrella in the world ? No ! in itself it is valuable for its singularity ; but when such an affecting story is connected with it, when it has been the cause of such unparalleled domestic distress, it becomes invaluable. Who would not like to possess such a treasure ? No individual can purchase it ! But, to accommodate the public and the world in general, I've hit upon an expedient — I'll raffle it ; and, to render the excitement greater, my wife, the affectionate and beautiful Mrs. Grizzle, shall superintend the arrangements. Now don't you see your paltry 500l. ? Come, generous friends (*To TOMKINS,*) come under this faithful shelter, and form, with me, an interesting tableau ! (*Puts up his umbrella.*) There, I've put up my umbrella — (*TOMKINS goes to Grizzle*) — long may it rain over us, and bear the heaviest shower of applause your approbation may pour down upon my

"YOUNG WIFE, AND MY OLD UMBRELLA."

SITUATIONS.

PROG.

TOMKINS.

DINAH.

GRIZZLE.

Tom. Yes, horrid ; I've just stepped over with a bouquet for my intended. (*Showing it.*) I would n't wait for a coach, so trusted to my umbrella. Where the devil shall I put it ? It's famously soaked.

Prog. I'll put it in my study. (*Goes into room, 1 E., L. H.*)

Tom. Thank you. It's very strange he does not appear more serious ; 't is a false alarm, no doubt.

Prog. (*Reëntering from room 1.*) Well, son-in-law, how goes on the music ?

Tom. (*E.*) Better than ever ; the age is decidedly musical, and we are daily becoming more melodious.

Prog. Glad to hear it ; hope you will soon make your fortune.

Tom. Be assured I shall. I have several capital plans. You cannot imagine what I have in my head ; I have millions there. By the by, I have come to ask you to advance me a few hundreds.

Prog. Sorry, my dear Tomkins, very sorry ; but I am unfortunately in a very distressing position.

Tom. Indeed ! then it's true that your farm is burnt down ?

Prog. Too true, my dear friend.

Tom. The devil ! (*Puts the bouquet in his pocket.*)

Prog. Consequently, you must feel that the fortune of my daughter must suffer by it, and, since you have millions in your head, it can matter very little to you whether I give my daughter a few hundreds more or less.

Tom. (*Aside.*) So, so, a few hundreds !

Prog. Have you any objections ?

Tom. None, none, I assure you.

Prog. Very well, then we will sign the contract to-night ; I must leave you now, for I have to go into the city on particular business. Dinah will be here directly, and I think you like her company better than mine. (*Exit, D. in F.*)

Tom. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I won't contradict you. The devil ! I am nicely taken in ; I reckoned on receiving at least 4000*l.* with the girl ; I dare say now he won't give her half, perhaps only 500*l.* cash ; the other five I have already touched ; he thinks I will marry his daughter — I had made up my mind to it, I have broken off my affair with Emma, old Grizzle the pianoforte-tuner's wife ; she was invulnerable, and, I hear, is gone back to her husband. I will not marry old Prog's daughter ; — but stay, if I refuse, the old fellow will be furious, and arrest me for the money I owe him, and I have not a shilling in the world. I must arrange that the refusal shall come from him. Ah ! an idea — a double bass idea — my father-in-law does n't know my handwriting, and an anonymous letter will do the business. (*Sits down.*) I'll say I'm a drunkard, a gambler, and a libertine, without honor or honesty, morals or conduct ; a liar, a scoundrel, and everything else that is respectable in that way. (*Writing at table E.*) "I heard, sir, that you are on the point of uniting your daughter" — um — um — um —

GRIZZLE enters from room E. H., 1 E. (Rain.)

Grizzle. (*Crosses L.*) My usual luck ! I've broken two strings. I must go and buy some.

Tom. The devil ! I'm not alone.

Griz. There is a shop close at hand. (*Perceiving TOMKINS.*) Ah! who's that?

Tom. I have never seen this person before; 'tis a new servant, no doubt. (*Writes again.*)

Griz. Can this be the intended of the young lady, or only the cousin?

Tom. There, it is done. (*Folding letter.*)

Griz. (*Going to window, in flat, &c.*) Let me see if it rains, still.

Tom. Now for the address.

Griz. Pouring! — never mind; I'll run through it, 'tis not far. (*Going.*)

Tom. I say, my friend!

Griz. His friend!

Tom. Do you know if there is a twopenny post-office in this neighborhood?

Griz. There is one opposite the music-shop. (*Sulkily.*)

Tom. Is it far?

Griz. About one hundred and fifty yards.

Tom. Far enough to get wet; and this letter should be put into the office directly.

Griz. Give me your letter, and I will throw it into the box as I pass. (*Takes it.*)

Tom. Thank you, my good man. By the by, I can lend you an umbrella.

Griz. An umbrella! Do you mean to insult me?

Tom. Hey!

Griz. (*At the door.*) I had one once, a family relic — no matter, no matter.

Tom. I assure you, my dear fellow — (*Rain.*)

Griz. (*Going up to him.*) Your dear fellow! That's what my wife used to say, and when it rained, as it does now, would keep me dry as hay — no matter; your umbrella! ha! ha! ha! your umbrella! (*Exit, D. in g.*)

Tom. A monstrous queer fellow! What the devil did he mean? Never mind, he has done me a service; thanks to him, I can have an interview with my intended before I leave the house, and adroitly prepare her for the rupture I meditate. Ah! here she is!

Enter DINAH, D. in r.

Dinah. (*L.*) Did you wish to see me?

Tom. (*R.*) I am always wishing to see you, charming Dinah; but I fear the wish is not reciprocal on your part.

Din. Have I said anything to make you think that your presence was disagreeable to me?

Tom. No; but yet, in spite of yourself, I have perceived — perhaps another more fortunate than myself —

Din. Another! What would you say, sir?

Enter GEORGE, D. in r.

Tom. Your cousin, doubtless, can answer for me.

Din. George!

Tom. Come in, Mr. Allen; come in, sir.

George. How I detest the fellow! (*Aside.*)

Tom. I am sorry; one too many, I perceive.

Geo. What do you say, sir?

Tom. Nothing; but there are secrets that have not escaped my penetration. No, my friends, you do not know me. Augustus Tomkins, the natural protector of love and harmony, disunite two hearts beating in unison? Never! No—I'll sacrifice myself for you. Your happiness shall be mine. No thanks—adieu! What I feel here will reward me sufficiently. Adieu—be happy! be happy!

(Runs off, D. in F.)

Geo. What does this mean? Explain.

Din. Why, he, no doubt, knows you have paid your addresses to me.

Geo. He knows that I love you, and you think that he is generous enough to resign you? Hope returns to me.

Din. You conclude too fast; there is still my father's consent wanting.

Geo. Never fear; I have some good news for him—news that will make him happy.

Din. Indeed! then I begin to have hopes myself.

Geo. You love me, then? O, celestial cousin!

(Kisses her hand.)

GRIZZLE appears at door in F.

Grizzle. Ah!

Geo. The devil!

(Runs off, door L. H., 1 F.)

Din. A stranger!

(Runs off, door R. H., 1 E.)

Griz. So, so. I've spoilt their billing and cooing; 'twas Miss Prog—lets a young man kiss her hand before she is married! Hum—hum—they're all alike. This it is to teach girls to play "Love among the roses," on the piano; but, apropos, the young man who confided this letter to me must be mad. As I was putting it into the post, I looked at the address; and, to my astonishment, I read, "To Peter Prog, Esq.;" the Peter Prog, who lives here, no doubt; and so I thought I would save the old fellow twopence by delivering it myself. I hate the human race, but, such is my character, I will always save a man twopence, if I can, when it costs me nothing.

Enter PROG, D. in F.

Prog. (L.) I could n't find my nephew at the office.

Griz. (R.) Talk of the devil—Mr. Prog.

Prog. Ah, Mr. Grizzle! is the piano in order?

Griz. Not yet—an accident; these sort of things are always happening to me particularly; but that's nothing—there is a letter for you.

Prog. A letter! from my nephew?

Griz. Very likely, he looked like one of the family.

Prog. Yes, he's a fine fellow! *(Opening letter.)*

Griz. I merely meant in manners.

Prog. *(Trying to read.)* The—he—hear—hum—what a scrawl! 'tis impossible to decipher a syllable; only look at it. *(Giving letter to GRIZZLE.)*

Griz. Really, it seems to have been written by a fly that has accidentally dropped into the ink.

Prog. What's the signature?

Griz. It has none.

Prog. 'Tis very singular.

Griz. I think I can make it out. (*Reading.*) "I hear, sir, that you are on the point of uniting,"—Surely I know this hand.

Prog. Why do you stop?

Griz. Be quiet, be quiet—"on the point of u-niting your daughter to Mr. Augustus Tomkins. I think it necessary to warn you"—eh! warn you?

Prog. To warn you.

Griz. It looks exactly like warn—"to warn you that he is a libertine, a bad-conducted fellow, and a gambler."

Prog. What an atrocious calumny!

Griz. Mr. Anonymous may be a rival.

Prog. Ah, true, my nephew! The rascal has disguised his hand.

Griz. I should think so, or else he was educated before charity-schools were in vogue.

Prog. Go on.

Griz. "At this very moment he is living with a young woman whom he has carried off from her husband." (*Laughing.*) Ha! ha! capital! capital!

Prog. It makes you laugh, then.

Griz. Yes, yes; I have a sort of ferocious joy on such occasions. Another husband deceived, ha! ha! ha!—so much the better; the more the merrier. (*Laughing.*) Ha! ha! ha!

Prog. Go on, go on.

Griz. "You will not doubt what I advance, when you know the lady's name." Ah! ha! now we shall know who she is.

Prog. It seems to delight you.

Griz. To be sure, to be sure; you never had a wife taken from you, or you'd be as pleased as I am—"This young woman is called Emma"—O Lord! I'm very ill. (*Sinks into a chair.*)

Prog. Emma! (*Taking letter.*)

Griz. I must have made a mistake.

Prog. No; "Emma, and her husband is Mr. Gregory Grizzle, pianoforte-tuner." Why, that's you!

Griz. Yes, yes; I am the unhappy wretch! O, villainous Tomkins! I shall know you at last. You, then, have carried off my umbrella.

Prog. Still, I'll not believe that Tomkins—

Griz. But I'll believe it. Where is he? Where does he live? Name his place of abode, that I may annihilate him, crush him to bits?

Prog. Don't put yourself in a passion.

Griz. Why not? I ought to be in a passion, and I will be so. Has he not left me for the last fortnight exposed to all the inclemencies of society and the weather?

Prog. Still you must not condemn him unheard.

Griz. But I will condemn him unheard.

Prog. I'll go to him, and if he doesn't justify himself, I will find another son-in-law—I can afford it.

Griz. Perhaps you can, but I can't afford it. But where shall I find another family umbrella?

